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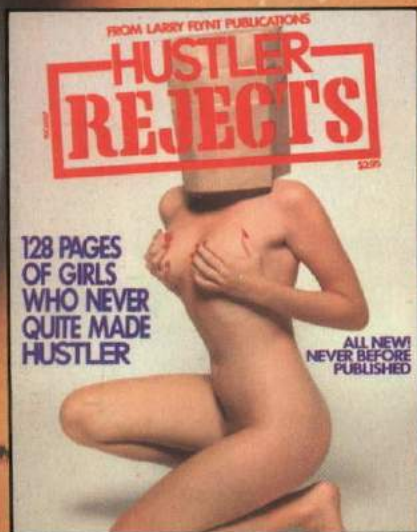
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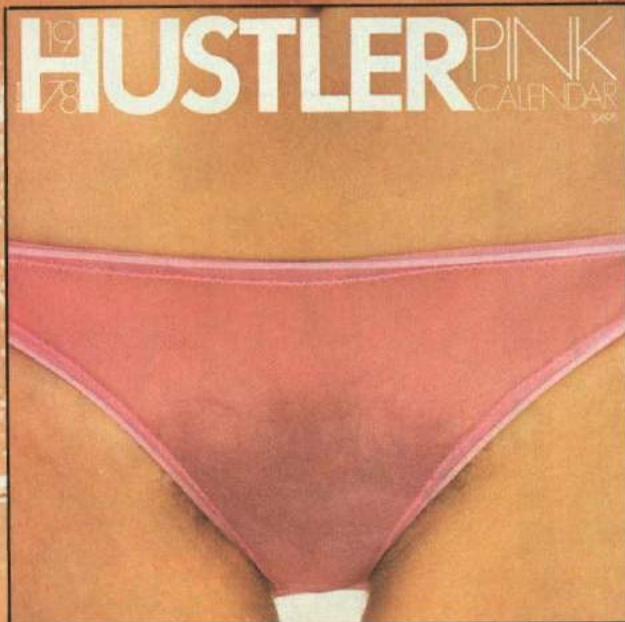
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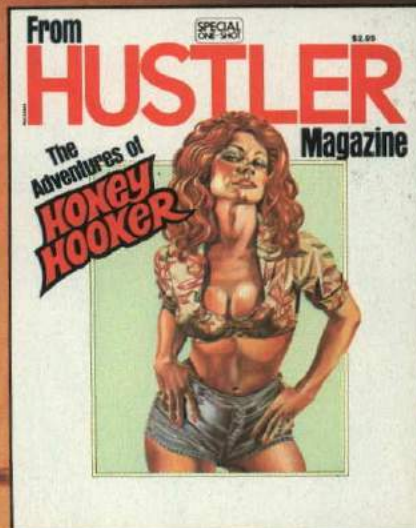
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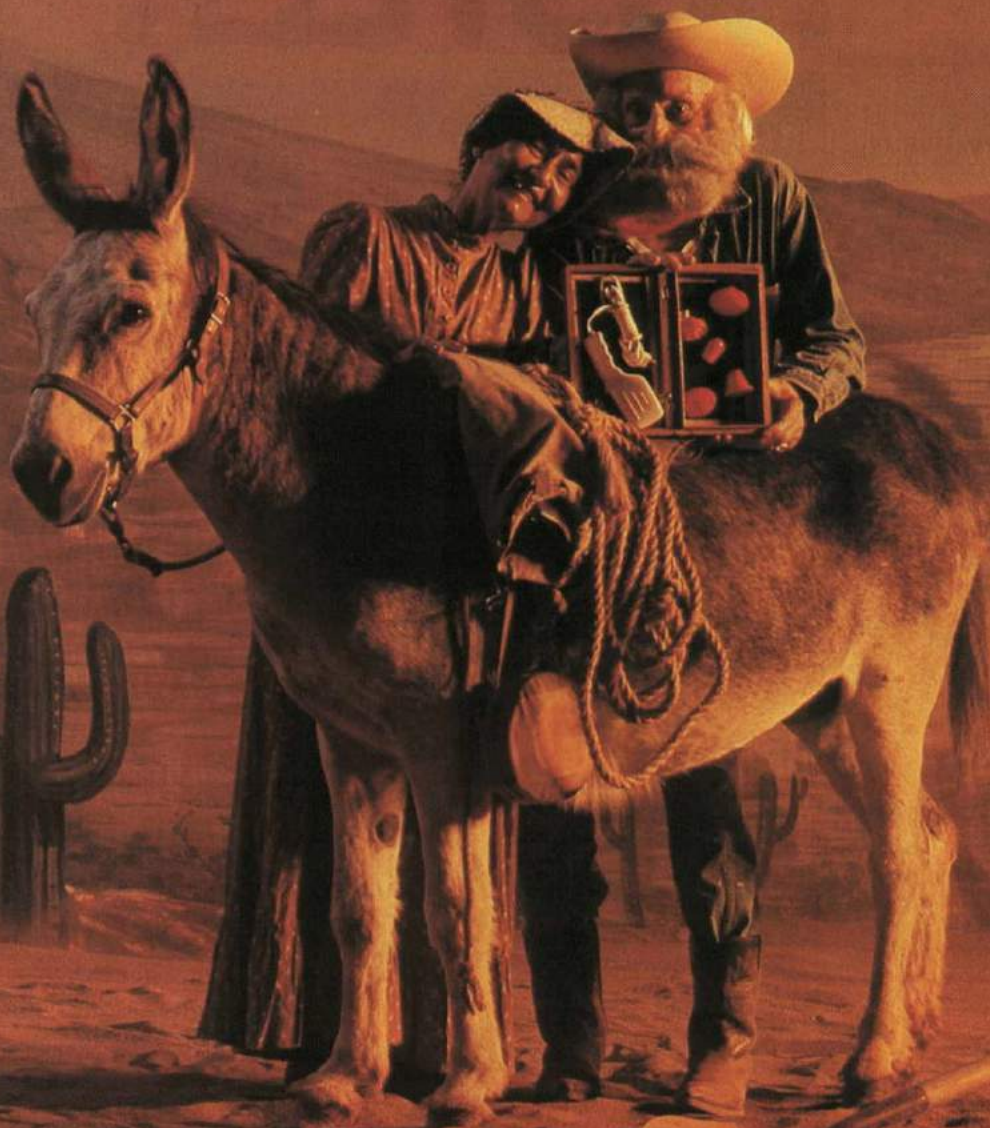
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DECEMBER 1977 VOLUME 4 NUMBER 6

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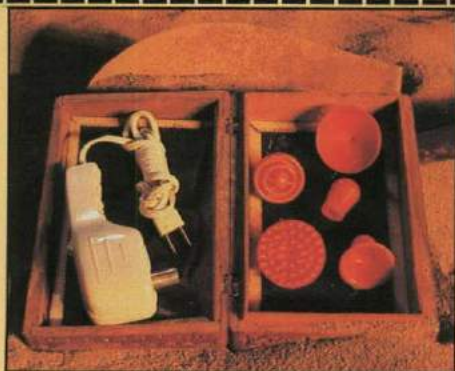
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STATEMENT



Publishing and the Law: Where Are We Now?

It has been a little under a year since a Cincinnati jury found me guilty of obscenity and charges of engaging in organized crime. Yet, despite the passage of time, little if any progress has been made in pushing back the forces of repression on either the local or the national level.

In part, this is due to the slow-moving nature of our American system of justice. While I remain out on bond, my lawyers are fighting to maintain my freedom by taking the Cincinnati case through the appeals process. As most readers know, we feel that we have a number of valid reasons for being granted a mistrial, not the least of which is the apparent bias of the presiding judge, William J. Morrissey, and the questionable constitutionality of the Ohio law dealing with organized crime. According to the law, organized crime takes place when five or more persons "conspire" for the purpose of committing a crime for gain (in this case, publishing HUSTLER).

Even so, I would feel a lot better about my chances in court if the federal government (which, after all, sets the tone for local prosecutors such as Cincinnati's Simon Leis, Jr.) wasn't once again attempting to prosecute my friend, Al Goldstein, publisher of *Screw*. Using tactics no less questionable than those used against me, U.S. postal inspectors in Kansas subscribed to *Screw* (using false names) in order to obtain a federal indictment against a publisher whose product would not otherwise have been sold on the stands in that state. Needless to say, the whole affair smacks of entrapment.

The case is made more odious since there is little doubt that the signal for the trial originated in Washington under the auspices

of then-Attorney General John Mitchell, now himself a convicted criminal serving time. Certainly we can understand why Nixon's Administration would attempt to silence a publication that regularly and accurately characterized our government leaders as crypto-fascists. Since Al's original conviction was overturned by the presiding judge, Frank G. Theis, I am dismayed that Carter's Administration would elect to retry the case. Surely this new round of censorship, under Democrat prosecutors, could not take place without Carter's sanction.

It makes me sad to see the First Amendment being trashed in the courts. However, the prosecution of Al Goldstein in particular strikes me as a travesty and a lousy reward for a man whose wit and insight have entertained and educated hundreds of thousands of people over the years. Let's not make any mistake: *Screw* is as much a magazine of politics and satire as it is a magazine of sex. Were it otherwise, it is unlikely the magazine would have ever been indicted.

It is in the pages of *Screw* that Al explored his sexual hang-ups with painful candor and a lively, self-mocking wit. In showing us himself in all naked honesty, he made us confront ourselves and our own hang-ups. As a result, Al came to be one of the leaders in our modern-day effort to explore the boundaries of our own repressed sexuality.

In the course of publishing *Screw*, he nurtured the artistic and writing talents of his staffers, many of whom have since gone on to such publications as the *New York Times*, *Penthouse* and HUSTLER. Without Al and *Screw* magazine, the world would have been an emptier place. And although I think HUSTLER would have come along anyway,

it might have come later rather than sooner.

Now Al is suffering the aftermath of a tracheostomy, an operation that allows him to breathe through a hole in his throat. Because of his obesity, the incision has not healed properly and he has been forced into a period of prolonged convalescence. Two doctors have testified in Kansas as to Al's inability to stand trial, yet repeated attempts have been made to drag him there. He is scheduled to be on trial as you read this.

When I was on trial in Cincinnati, I was fortunate to receive the support of the national press. Naturally I am grateful for that support. But I am also appalled at the silence accorded Al in the wake of his first conviction in Kansas. I hope for the benefit of us all, myself and Al included, that this time around the media will recognize that the government's case in Kansas seriously threatens the Constitution. But, on the basis of past experience, it does not seem to be something we can count on. So I am urging all HUSTLER readers to join in this battle with us. Stand up and be counted. If we lose the right to publish sexually candid material, you lose the right to read it. Make your protest known by writing to the judge hearing the case (Judge Frank G. Theis, U.S. District Court, P.O. Box 2396, Wichita, Kansas 67201) and to the U.S. Attorney General (Griffin B. Bell, Department of Justice, Constitution Avenue-10th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20530).

If you put off writing today, you may have nothing left to protect tomorrow.

Larry Flynt
Editor & Publisher

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FEEDBACK

SAVE THE CHILDREN

I have just arrived in the USA and am not fully acquainted with your magazine. Today as I was going home I stopped by a newsstand and picked up, by chance, your October issue. I would normally just have a look at it and then drop it in the trash can, but my attention was caught by some photos. I couldn't help but keep the magazine in my hands and gaze at the pictures.

I refer to the article on child abuse (*Child Abuse in America: Slaughter of the Innocents*). I was not able to read it, for my eyes were kept off the words by the shocking photos. I must confess that I cried and felt pain, pity, anger—a lot of sensations mixed in a way I cannot describe.

I am divorced. But I get along well with my ex-wife, and I do love my three-year-old daughter. Thus I think I am able to determine what parental love is, and it is impossible for me to realize what factors would drive a parent to do what the pictures show.

Why must such things happen? I don't know the answer, but I hope your article helps someone find it. If only one father gives up beating his child because of what he has seen in your magazine, you can rest in peace; it was worth it. Congratulations.

Name Withheld by Request
New York, New York

When I finished reading *Child Abuse in America* I actually had tears in my eyes. I believe children are a gift of happiness, and after reading of the beatings and abuse some of them suffer, I hope that their parents will burn in hell.

Having read this horrifying yet informative article, I just want to take those mistreated kids and raise them myself.

David Perez
Brooklyn, New York

I am writing to congratulate Dr. James Prescott and the *HUSTLER* staff for your fine article on child abuse. If more people were able to face grim facts like these, the world would be a better place. Thanks again and keep up the good work.

Mrs. K. McDede
Gardnerville, Nevada

I'm in the U.S. Navy, and after reading Dr. James Prescott's article *Child Abuse in America*, I wanted to write to you. I thought it was great, although I would have liked to know more about what we as individuals can do to solve this problem. It's time someone pointed out that child abuse is becoming an epidemic, a major disease in America.

My roommate, after looking at the pictures of battered children, shrugged them off as "gross" and went on to turn to the girl spreads. Like most people, he had screened



out the ugly fact that thousands of children are being beaten and killed by "sick" parents. I think it is something we would all like to forget, but we can't let ourselves do that if we want to save the kids. Thanks for bringing the problem to the public's attention.

Jeffrey Richard May
CSS-15
Pearl Harbor, Hawaii

Your article on child abuse was a chilling, but necessary, way to awaken the American public. The crime of child abuse in America is certainly one of our greatest sicknesses and it is a rapidly growing disease. I only hope that more people will be able to read your article and see for themselves that a cruel and inhumane sickness continues to plague the American home.

Mike Van Roo
Omaha, Nebraska

I think your article on child abuse will help people realize what it is all about and what a terrible thing child abuse is. My husband was abused as a child. When he was two years old his father pushed him down a flight of stairs. To this day he has a back problem that will never heal because of that incident. He was always shoved into a closet or the basement with the rats and water bugs. To this day he stutters because of the abuse he experienced as a child.

D. L. Henley
Long Beach, California

Your article on child abuse was a courageous, outspoken and factual overview. Articles such as Dr. Prescott's bring awareness to people, and awareness is essential to all our survival.

Duracotus
San Francisco, California

God bless you for your article on child abuse in America.

George Kleiber
Petersburg, Michigan

Your article on child abuse was really upsetting, especially the photo of the child whose identity was withheld because she may be legally returned to her father—the same man who severely beat her.

My husband and I have one daughter and we've been trying unsuccessfully for three years to have another child. We thought of adoption, but we never got past the telephone interview. Why? Because I was once an exotic dancer and my husband and I now own an adult-movie theater.

Why do the courts return these poor, abused children to the parents who are past offenders? Why not put these children in

homes where they will get love and tenderness? People like us, who want more children but can't have them, would welcome these children with open arms.

It really proves how backward the courts are when they send Larry Flynt to jail for pornography, while most of these animals who abuse defenseless children are free to beat them to death.

Some justice! I am outraged!

Candice Michaels
North Tonawanda, New York

I recently bought my first copy of HUSTLER—the October issue—and I almost wish I hadn't after I read the article on child abuse. There shouldn't be any place on earth for such cruel animals as parents who stoop so low as to beat their children.

What touched me most was the photo on page 100 of the little baby who had been scarred for life when his parents threw hot milk in his face. I wanted to cry, but tears wouldn't return his face to normal.

Dianna Lynn Self
Bristow, Oklahoma

Your October issue really got me! The facts presented in Dr. James Prescott's child abuse article were really terrifying. You hear about this sort of thing and forget it. But if you see it on paper or in person, it just makes you flat sick.

How could a person make love one night, have a baby nine months later, and then beat it nearly to death? Don't you think that out of an average lifetime, a person could find the time to have a baby, give it love and care for it?

I hope your readers think about those little babies before they do something they'll be sorry for. This article really got me worked up. I'd sure like to get my hands on the bastards who abuse these little ones.

Name Withheld by Request
Houston, Texas

Your recent article on child abuse points out a serious problem we should all try to solve. But a few pages earlier in that issue, there is a three-page spread on your favorite child abuser, *Chester the Molester*.

Child abuse is no laughing matter. How can you condemn it while trying to make people laugh at *Chester*? You wouldn't laugh if your kids were battered and raped. *Chester the Molester* cartoons aren't funny. They only encourage toleration of child molesters.

You should run a cartoon with *Chester* locked in a cage with a male gorilla in heat.

Nicholas Nagano
Honolulu, Hawaii

There is certainly nothing funny about real-life child abuse, as our article Child Abuse: Slaughter of the Innocents (October 1977 issue) made clear. For that reason, we ridicule the child molester and use Chester the Molester as a battering ram with which to attack the curtain of polite silence that has sheltered the child molester and his actions for so long. Perhaps black humor won't solve the problem, but no one was ever raped by a cartoon. We think the alternative, silence, can only make things worse.

TAKING SHIT

I've been a HUSTLER subscriber for a couple of years now and I think you have the best book on the market. You've had some pretty gross cartoons in HUSTLER, but your October 1977 issue surprised even me! Really... putting shit stains on *Chester the Molester's* underwear! My wife says I'm a pervert for liking *Chester* in the first place, although she's the one who noticed the hash marks. Still, I've got to admit that Dwaine B. Tinsley, *Chester's* creator, has me beat. Ol' Dwaine really gets into detail in his cartoons. Very realistic—and very funny too.

Name Withheld by Request
Neptune Beach, Florida

The anti-Semitic cartoon in your September 1977 issue is so obviously unfunny I

would like to express my opinion to the editorial staff, the cartoonist and in particular the publisher:

Go fuck yourselves.

Mrs. Walter R. Haims
Stamford, Connecticut

OK.—Larry Flynt

SUGGESTION BOX

While enjoying yet another issue of HUSTLER, I realized that I had never seen a picture of the woman in Larry's life, Althea. I tried to imagine what she looks like and, knowing Larry's taste, figured that she'd have to be the very best. How about satisfying my curiosity?

J. David Ackesson
Clarksville, Tennessee

Althea's photo appears on page 11.

I am a longtime reader of HUSTLER and I especially enjoy your photo spreads. I'm very interested in seeing more features on women with shaved heads, and I'm sure that there are many men out there who share my fascination with this fashion. Unlike shaved pussies, shaved heads are not something one runs into often. I'd also like to see some other unusual pictorial spreads—long breasts, hairy legs, etc. Pink has started to get commonplace. Finally, have you ever featured a pregnant woman in *Beaver Hunt*?

Martin Storm
Corona Del Mar, California

We have a whole sideshow of bizarre models to be featured in upcoming issues. Although we have never had a pregnant woman in Beaver Hunt, our April 1976 and February 1977 issues both contained photo features of pregnant women.

EQUALITY NOW

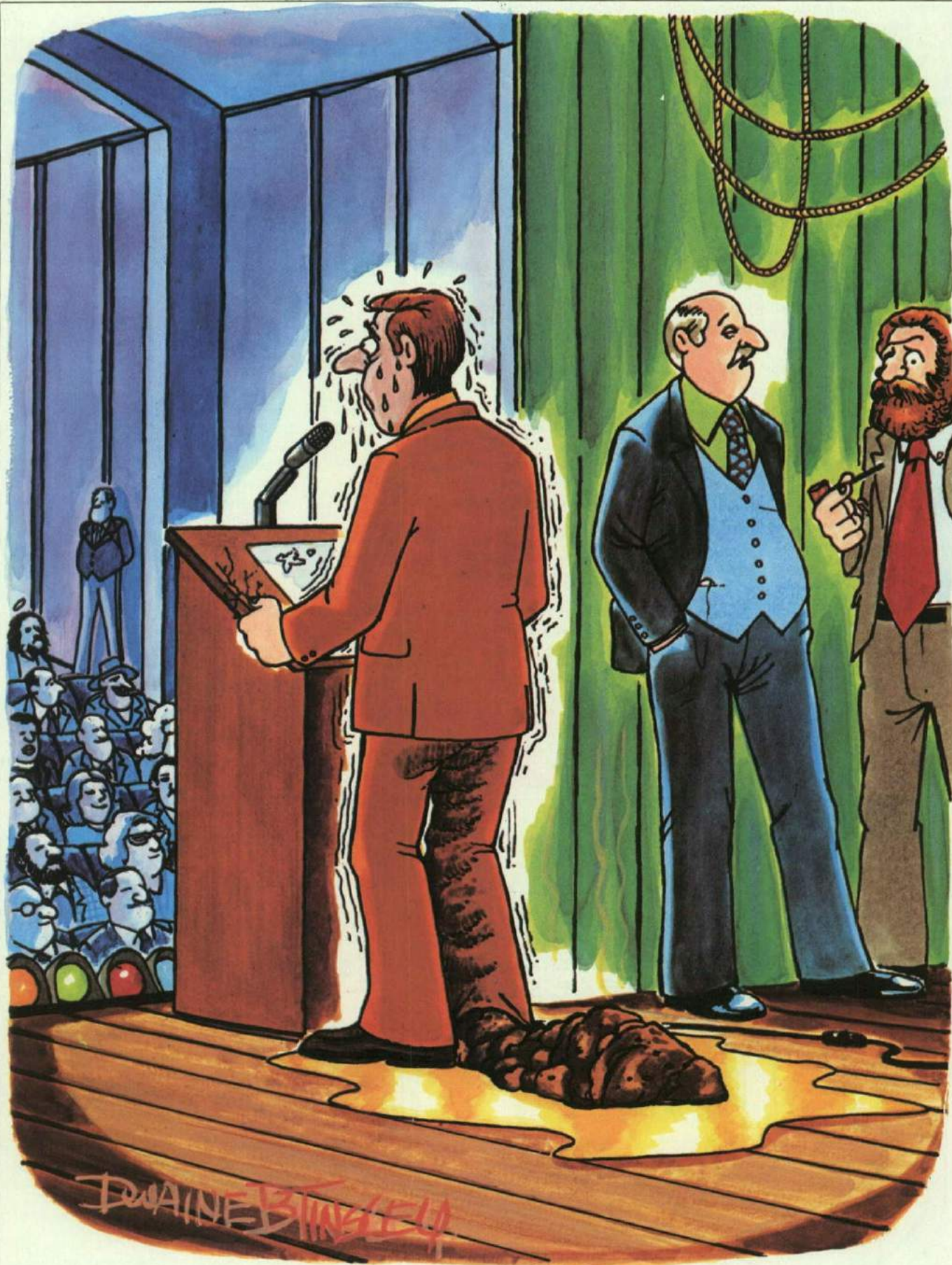
For my own reasons I observed all of your trial here in Cincinnati. I listened very carefully as your attorneys interviewed each prospective juror. Each female was asked the same distasteful question: "Are you part of the women's lib movement?" If her answer was no, then the attorneys said, "You must be a freethinking female."

I guess you had your reasons for that slight. You thought you could use any means to gain your rights. I disagree. I will not argue viewpoints with you as we already know where we are. What angers me is that after the misuse of the movement, you are trying in a manipulative and mercenary way to gather yet another audience. I will be amazed if my letter is printed in an undistorted fashion.

Sheri Katz Mayer
President, Cincinnati Chapter
National Organization for Women
Cincinnati, Ohio

Many feminists are opposed to men's magazines in general, failing to consider each individual





"Worst damn case of stage fright I ever saw . . ."

publication on its own merits. Our attorneys were concerned solely with keeping people with that particular bias off the jury, for reasons which seemed obvious to us at the time. *HUSTLER* has always lent support to the women's liberation movement and will continue to do so.

POEMS AND PRAISE

As an aspiring young poet, I was motivated to write this little piece for you:

The First Awhatment

Is it wrong to gaze upon
The gift that God has given?
Is it wrong to feel emotion
For these creatures we call women?
This man who lives next door to me,
He thinks I must be sick
For looking at pornography.
Oh tell me who is sick!
To see this man day after day
Just tending to his lawn,
Should I have the right to say
He leads his life all wrong?
But isn't this America,
The land that's known for freedom?
The land where I can speak my mind
And do what I would want to?
If so, how can this man next door
Decide what should be printed?
It seems this man should have
the right
To read what he should want to.
He sits there in his bubble,
Not thinking what others feel,

Only causing trouble
And ignoring what is real.

I feel I'm hurting no one
Flipping through this magazine.
But who am I to speak on
What they called the
American Dream?

Long ago our fathers gave us
The right to read and say.
But now we have these hypocrites
Who'll take that right away.

How can such few have the right
to decide
What's good for me and you?
Come out and speak, please do
not hide,
For we must stop these chosen few.

Butch D. Schneider
Hammond, Indiana

I just finished reading your "Supreme Injustice" *Statement* (October 1977 issue) and I want you to know I'm behind you 100 percent. It seems to me that telling people what they may or may not read is something typical of Communist countries and dictatorships.

In my book, your rights as a publisher and an American are being violated. I admire your fight to keep on publishing.

As far as I'm concerned, you should run for President. Althea would make a fine First Lady. She would show the rest of the ladies in this world what class is.

Rory S. DePalma
Santa Ana, California

KEEPING AN OPEN MIND

I'm impressed! Your *Scratch 'n' Sniff* (August 1977 issue) is a dream come true. I've been anticipating such a centerfold ever since I initiated the idea in 1972. My request for such a layout was sent to *Playboy*; I suggested they let the young lady use her favorite scent of perfume.

I naturally assumed my idea was beyond the comprehension of your immature competitor, as a common mail clerk replied, declining to produce my centerfold request.

Maurice Fernandes
Visalia, California

Letter from Playboy

Dear Mr. Fernandes:

Since *Playboy Enterprises* is such a vital, diverse corporation that is known the world over, you can realize that we receive a vast number of business suggestions, sales and promotion ideas each month. And although we are not unreceptive to new ideas, we find that many are duplications or variations of our own efforts—or have little practical application to our corporate marketing objectives.

Therefore, we have made it a general policy that material of this nature be referred to the clerk in charge for return to the sender without its being reviewed by anyone in the company. It is my function as the clerk to advise you, as a sender, that in accord with our general policy, we have not reviewed your material and cannot accept it for consideration.

Sincerely,
Susan Lange
Playboy Enterprises, Inc.
Chicago, Illinois

I am an amateur writer and photographer, and I would like to submit some of my stories and pictures for your consideration. How do I go about doing this?

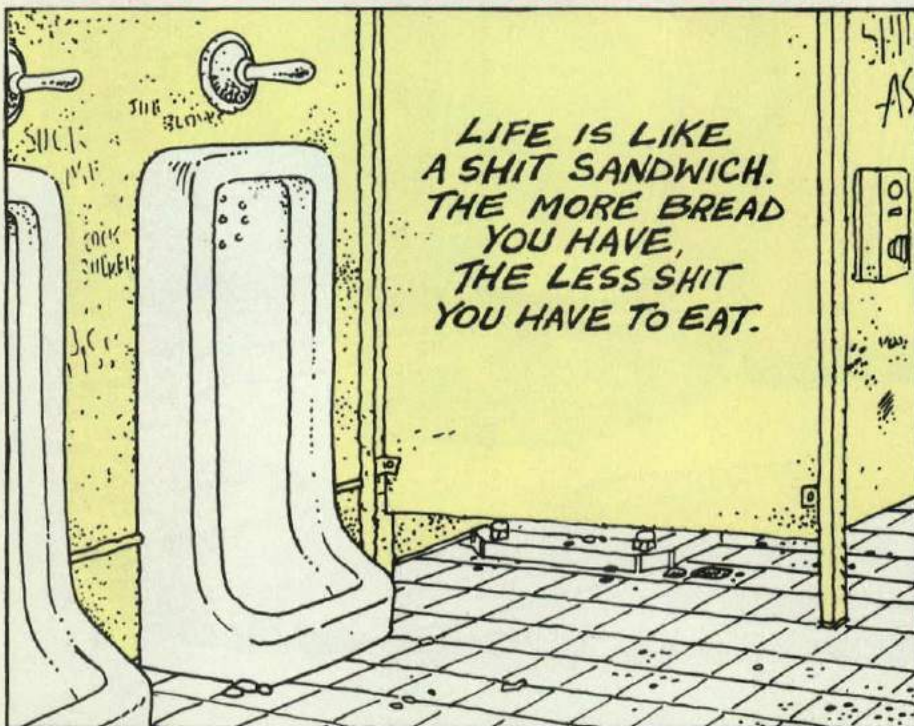
Lou Tindall
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Unlike some other publications, *HUSTLER* welcomes reader contributions, all of which are given serious consideration. Address your submission to the appropriate department (i.e., Editorial, Photo, Art, Humor) at *HUSTLER*, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. Be sure to include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want your material returned.

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Sex Bits

WORLD SEX NEWS ROUNDUP

Telerotica

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Dr. Connie Uri of Los Angeles, a Choctaw-Cherokee Indian and a medical doctor, says that the federal government may have pressured as many as one-fourth of the Indian women in the United States into undergoing sterilization. A government study tends to back up Dr. Uri's charges. The General Accounting Office report found that an unusually high number of Indian women had been sterilized. More than that, says the report, the consent form most often used by hospital authorities did not inform the women that they could refuse the operation.

Dr. Uri contends that there are now only 100,000 Indian women of childbearing age in the United States who have not been sterilized. "In almost every situation the woman is talked into it in a very coercive manner," she says. She goes on to charge that most Indian women become victims of involuntary sterilization during childbirth, when doctors coerce them to sign consent forms while still under sedation.

Professor Ivor Mills, of the medical faculty at Britain's Cambridge University, says that women who work too hard are liable to take on male characteristics, such as a deeper voice, body hair and a beard.

Mills says that in some cases, stress and overwork can alter a woman's hormonal functions. "It is vital that women recognize their limits before it is too late," Mills states. "The risk is greatest for women in their 20s."

Columbus, Ohio, the home of HUSTLER Magazine, has recently been the site of a rash of antiporn vigilantism. There have been antismut rallies on the lawn of the state capitol, full-page newspaper ads attacking HUSTLER specifically, and pickets in front of local adult-book stores and movie theaters.

Recently this sort of activity escalated to the point of terrorism when satchel charges were thrown through the windows of two adult-book stores in the early morning. Luckily no one was hurt or killed as a result of the bombings. A church group, which had been picketing one of the stores for two weeks previous to the incident, denied any involvement, although a spokesman for the antiporn demonstrators failed to condemn the act. Columbus police say that they have no real leads, but their investigation of the bombings continues.

For some time, nutritional experts have been singing the praises of breast-feeding, as opposed to the use of bottled baby formula. Now a study by the University of Michigan seems to indicate yet another benefit of breast-feeding...its value as a contraceptive.

According to Dr. Lawrence Burd, a Chicago pediatrician, the Michigan study, based upon a survey of women living in third world countries, will soon be the basis of research in the U.S. Early indications seem to be that breast-feeding mothers begin to menstruate much more slowly than non-breast-feeding mothers. This means that there is a correspondingly longer time before the breast-feeding mothers can become pregnant again. Researchers have gone so far as to state: "These comparisons clearly indicate that the chance of conception is greatly suppressed during breast-feeding."

Michael Miller, a New York City attorney, is suing Oui magazine and National Lampoon because, he alleges, the publications portray him as participating in "immoral and improper conduct." Also, Miller is upset because National Lampoon and Oui have cast Oliver, a chimp owned by Miller, in an unflattering light.

Oliver, who has been called "the missing link" by some, is a large chimpanzee with uncharacteristically human features and a habit of walking erect. One zoologist who has seen the beast describes him as a chimpanzee who has lived "a hard life."

The basis of Miller's suit is a rumor, reported by both magazines, that he intended to mate the chimp with a Japanese actress. The story went that the woman, a lady named Hiroko, volunteered for the experiment in hopes that the resultant publicity would land her better movie roles. Thus far, Oliver has withheld comment.

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ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers to sexual questions regarding fetishes, hang-ups or other problems of a personal nature. This column is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice and care of a doctor. If you would like to question HUSTLER about whatever subject may be on your mind, direct your inquiry to HUSTLER Magazine, Advise & Consent Editor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

Edited by Vicki Scott

My wife and I had always wanted kids, and when our first child was born, he looked healthy and happy. But within a couple of weeks he was sleeping more and not drinking his milk. The pediatrician said he had some kind of virus. Six agonizing weeks later he died. We found out that my wife had had herpes without knowing it, and the baby was infected by her when he was born. It got into his brain and even spread throughout his body. It nearly wrecked our marriage. Why can't they cure it?

O. S.
Grand Rapids, Michigan

About one out of 3000 babies is born with herpes and it is fatal to most of them. If the mother has active herpes sores in the vagina or on the outside of the vagina, the baby can pick up the disease as it passes through the birth canal. If the doctor is aware that she has herpes, delivering the child by Cesarean section can prevent such contact.

Herpes is a viral infection. For adults, it can simply be a nuisance when it appears in the form of cold sores or it can be a painful cluster of blisters in the genital area (similar to the sores of syphilis). There are hundreds of different types of viruses (the common cold, for example, can be caused by at least 100 different viruses). Scientists have had trouble finding an effective treatment for viral infections because there seems to be no simple cure that works against them all, as penicillin works against bacterial infections.

When a disease attacks the body, the body's own defenses (antibodies) usually start working to fight the invaders. The virus, however—with a protective shell of protein—takes up residence in living cells and begins to reproduce itself. The problem has been in finding an agent that can penetrate the cell and attack the virus without harming the cell itself. In recent years scientists have finally isolated "antiviral substances"—both natural and chemical. Researchers have been experimenting with a drug called adenine arabinoside (ara-A), which has cured laboratory cases of herpes encephalitis (of the brain) and other types of viruses. They are optimistic about its usefulness against genital herpes as well. The drug should be generally available by mid-1978, after all testing is completed.

This may sound silly but I get off on a man's facial expressions, especially when he's coming. When I give my boyfriend a

blow job, I can tell by watching his face how close to coming he is and how fast I should suck. I love watching the pleasure I'm giving him, and it also helps me to give him a better blow job. What I'm really curious about, though, is why a man looks more like he's being tortured than getting enjoyment. If coming is pleasurable, why doesn't he look happy?

T. K.
Fort Cobb, Oklahoma

The contorted facial expressions of a man (or woman) that seem to register pain at the time of orgasm suggest to some researchers that the person is actually suffering from a shortage of oxygen (anoxia). This is the same type of oxygen shortage a runner suffers at the end of a race. There is, of course, a degree of muscular tension as well. His facial expressions notwithstanding, you can be sure he's enjoying himself.

I'm beginning to feel fearful about my masculinity. I'm in the process of divorce and I feel I'm at the mercy of women's memories of ex-lovers. During the last month of my marriage my wife became very cold and finally said that her ex-husband had a bigger cock than mine and that I was never able to satisfy her. She left me and went back to him. Then I started dating another girl and we hit it off really well, but after two weeks of good times she left me for her ex-boyfriend.

Until now I've never had trouble turning on any woman and, in fact, I took pride in my sexual ability. Suddenly I'm confused and insecure. Where do I go from here?

C. C.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Go out and try once again. Two rejections don't make you a loser. Both women obviously had strong ties with their past, which probably had more to do with their rejections than you did. Worrying about the situation, though, could be harmful in the long run. Don't let this situation ruin your self-confidence. There are plenty more fish in the sea.

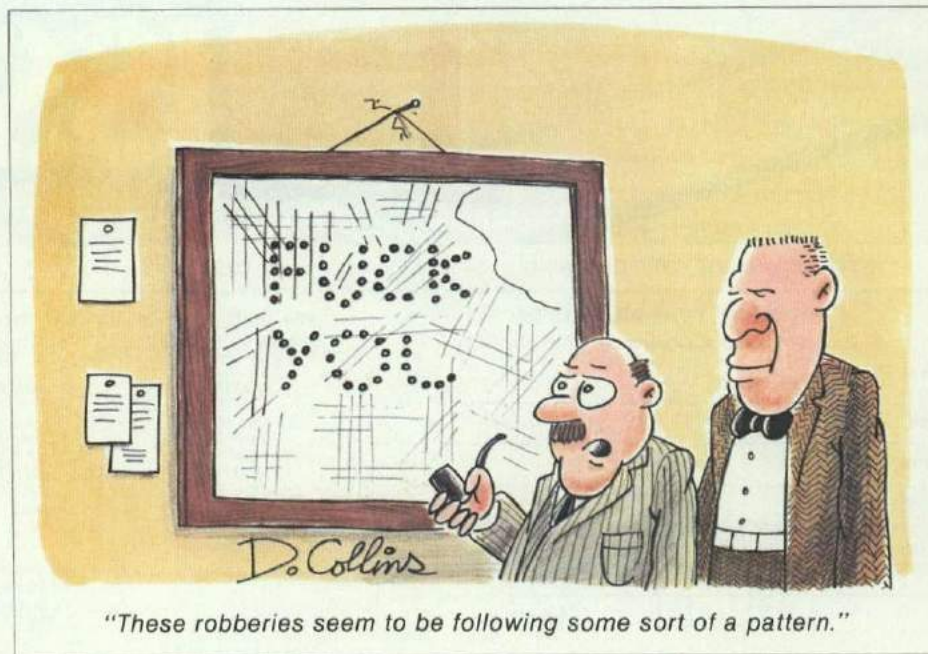
My husband and I have been married three years and have one child. Lately my husband has been going out a lot and I guess I feel that he should. But in return I feel that I should be allowed to do the same thing. We agreed to this, but for some reason I'm afraid that if I go out with other men and he finds out, he'll leave me. I know of at least one woman he's been with—and I didn't leave him. I feel that being married shouldn't stop you from having sex with someone else. Is this wrong?

L. W.
Houston, Texas

You obviously have some doubts about the arrangement. An undercurrent of envy or jealousy or simply the feeling that you are being left out of the scheme of things could do greater harm to the stability of your marriage than an affair. Try to let him know your concern, rather than suffering in silence. If you both agreed to it, then take him at his word. If he objects to your going out, he'll let you know.

This may sound like a weird question but I'm curious. Is it true that castration causes a man's voice to rise in pitch?

R. N.
Akron, Ohio





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Increased voice pitch is only one of the possible results of castration. This occurs because castration involves removal of the testicles, the glands that produce male hormones. This loss of hormones results in a change in voice level, a decrease of beard growth, a buildup of fatty tissues and a loss of sexual desire. These changes can often be corrected with hormone therapy.

My husband and I are always looking for new things to expand and improve our sex life, and we just came up with a new one. The first time we tried it, I got the fucking of my life and came eight times. My husband slowly rubs an ice cube up and down my pussy and then gently inserts it. It's absolutely electrifying! Can this be harmful?

R. F.
Rochester, New Hampshire

Ice cubes are great in bed but even better in a rum and Coke. There is little danger if you're not a glutton. However, there is a possibility that using too many may cause a "freezing burn" to the vaginal tissue. Then, too, they could give your husband a chilly reception.

I am 45 and sometimes I like to masturbate. Lately I have noticed that my load occasionally has a red color. It looks like it may be blood. I am not aware of any health problems and my sex life is completely normal. What could it be?

M. T.
Arlington, Virginia

Though normally milky white, the color of semen is sometimes affected by something as simple as a change in eating habits or as serious as an infection or even cancer. And while cancer of the prostate is still uncommon among men under age 50, in recent years it has been occurring more frequently. A physician should be able to tell you the origin of your problem.

My husband always says he is "off" sexually and it is very hard for me to play and get close to him. I try to give him blow jobs when he feels that way, but even those don't light his fire. I want him to feel good every day. Is it that difficult for any man to fuck every day?

A. S.
North Suburban, Illinois

A physically healthy man is capable of coming every day. But everyone has "off" days, emotionally, and it is unreasonable to expect your husband to be "on" like a machine every day. However, decreased sex is a common problem in virtually every marriage once the partners get too used to each other. Emotional problems such as trouble at work or fears about his ability to perform or lack of interest could all contribute to this. Make sure he gets a physical examination and try talking with him about what turns him on and what is turning him "off." He may show more interest if you try to introduce some novelty in the bedroom. There are as many different solu-

tions to this kind of stagnation as there are married couples, and they range from wearing a sexy negligee to swinging—and even to divorce.

I am a 19-year-old female and I started having sex when I was 11. They say when you first have sex it isn't very good but that it gets better. Well, for me it hasn't gotten any better. In fact, I should have remained a virgin. The problem is that I don't get anything from sex. I get horny and I think I could learn to love sex, but nothing makes me climax. The only thing I get from it is what I call a "feeling." I wouldn't call it an orgasm because all it does is throb a little. And the only way I get that is by direct stimulation of my clit—either by masturbation or oral stimulation. It's getting so I don't care whether I have intercourse or not—I just go through the motions or fake it. I know it helps my husband's ego to know that he can make me "hot." I just wish I could get the same results I give him.

B. W.
Toronto, Ontario

You're neglecting the matter at hand—which is mutual satisfaction. Since you already know that clitoral stimulation gives you the best "feeling," concentrate on that point of your sensations. Age does have quite a bit to do with it—most women reach their sexual peak during their late 20s and 30s. And even then many women describe their orgasms as gentle sensations rather than as explosions. If your husband doesn't know about your problem, tell him so that you can work together to solve it. Perhaps he can do more to help you through increased foreplay or oral sex—or even new coital positions. Having him practice giving you forceful, rhythmic strokes at an even pressure could help you too. Orgasms will begin to come more easily and frequently after that first one.

My husband often makes love to me in his sleep. I know he is not awake and faking it

because in the morning he doesn't remember our making love at all. In fact, the first time it happened and I told him about it the next morning, he thought I was crazy. Once I awakened him during our lovemaking and he was shocked. Is this unusual?

D. T.
Portsmouth, New Hampshire

Such physical activities as sleepwalking occur in what is called Stage Four of sleep (the dead-to-the-world phase). Approximately 80 percent of the population have nocturnal sex dreams that occasionally bring them to orgasm. Sexual responses to erotic dreams differ, but it seems that your husband prefers becoming a participant, rather than simply dreaming himself to orgasm.

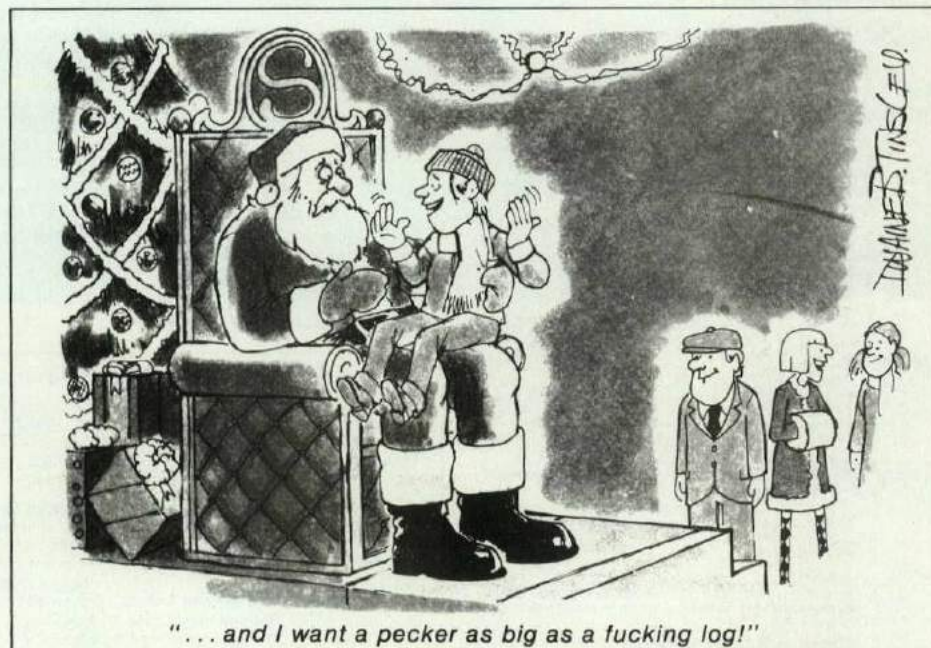
Like most men here in the slammer, I'd like to spend an evening with a sexy lady to release all the tension that's built up. But I'm not sure how to go about finding that lady when I get out. I don't want a quickie with a prostitute and I'll feel too darn eager to meet someone casually. Can you help?

B. D.
Bellefonte, Pennsylvania

One of the best ways to make sure you can ease the load when you get out is to have someone waiting for you. Try corresponding with a pen pal. You can write to a national organization that serves as a clearinghouse for prisoners seeking contacts on the outside: Pen Pals, c/o Mr. Lou Torok, P.O. Box 1217, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202. A lady who knows you will have more sympathy for your plight.

I'm 20 years old and a little bit on the gay side. I was forced to give a guy a blow job but I liked it. More recently I talked my best friend into letting me give him head. Do you think I'm crazy to enjoy it?

L. K.
Columbus, Ohio



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Two encounters don't necessarily mean you're gay. Kinsey found that 13 percent of the men he interviewed had some homosexual experience between adolescence and old age. However, the very fact that you want to know if you are "crazy" for enjoying homosexual acts suggests that you need some counseling to help you sort out your feelings. The National Association of Mental Health has stated that "homosexual behavior does not constitute a specific mental or emotional illness" and "there is no evidence... that homosexual behavior in itself endangers the health of the individual or of society." If you are confident about what you are, then just accept that fact.

Making love in the shower is one activity my wife and I indulge in quite often. Before intercourse we get all soaped up. Then about five minutes or so after we've begun screwing, my wife says she experiences a slight burning sensation. We were both wondering if there is some kind of chemical or substance in the soap that could be harmful to her vagina.

Name Withheld by Request
Wichita Falls, Texas

The chemicals in soap (especially the perfumes that are added) can often cause irritation, soreness and even vaginal discharge. The tissues of the vagina are extremely sensitive to different chemical irritants. Such things as strong soap and even some types of douches kill the body's own natural protective microorganisms called Doderlein's bacilli. When this happens, the normal acidity of the vagina is reduced and there is a greater chance of infection. (Doctors suggest plain yogurt or vinegar and water as a natural douche to keep the proper acidic balance and help prevent infections.) Unless you use one of the several brands of natural, unperfumed soaps such as those found in health food stores, it's best just to pass the soap.

My love and I have been together for a year now and we have a fantastic time together. People ridicule us because he is 55 and I am 30. They say, "He's old enough to be your father." I really don't see why age should keep two people from loving, living and pursuing happiness. My love is very alive and he enjoys being on the go as much as I do. I have never known a more sensuous and tender man who turns me on so. Until we met, each of us lived dull lives. Now we both look forward to each day and night. We enjoy pleasing one another and hope that we'll share a loving and lasting relationship the rest of our lives. People should realize that growing old doesn't have to mean you stop loving life.

C. M.
Lancaster, Ohio

You certainly have a healthy attitude toward life and sex, so don't worry about what society says. America has its hang-ups about youth. It is your positive, loving outlook that will keep you both going strong long after your friends have put themselves out to pasture.

Is it wrong for me to want sex 24 hours a day and never stop for anything? My better half was a virgin when I met him and he's not into sex as much as I am. I've been having sex with different guys since I was six years old. I'm going on 20 now, and many different fellows have told me that older women are more experienced sexually than someone my age. But that was proven wrong when they got together with me. I can show them that I know what's going on. But still, with all the experiences I have had, why do I still crave sex like a little child craves a candy bar? Am I a nymphomaniac?

C. C.
Parkville, Minnesota

True cases of nymphomania are very rare. A nymphomaniac cannot control her desires, to the point that she often becomes irrational and even self-destructive. It seems more likely that you are trying to prove your femininity or your value as a person through sexual outlets. Since you started having sex at such an early age, it may be that you never learned to use sex in conjunction with a loving relationship, but instead use sex as a means of gaining attention or recognition. The fact that you have to prove your knowledge of sexual matters to various men seems to show a basic insecurity or lack of self-confidence. Or you may be using sex as a method of retreating from other troubles. You may be able to find the root of the problem through self-examination or even through counseling, and that is half the battle in working toward more satisfying sex.

My girl is a fox. She's got a beautiful head on her shoulders and a beautiful ass, cunt and tits. We can fuck all night and she'll do everything I ask her. But she won't ever take the initiative. She loves to be close to me, but if I don't start it, nothing ever happens. I don't know how to approach her about it. Any suggestions would be helpful.

J. H.
Ellsworth Air Force Base,
South Dakota

A person's sexual attitudes are learned in youth from parents, peers and the community. Quite often, after becoming sexually active, a person does not bother to step back to examine those acquired attitudes in order to judge whether or not they are right for him. Your girlfriend seems to have accepted, perhaps without even thinking about it, early social conditioning that dictated that the male take the initiative in sexual matters. She may feel that you will think of her as aggressive if she comes on too strong.

Explain that the thought of her coming on to you excites you and that her active participation may actually add to the degree of satisfaction you both receive. Assure her that in no way would it make her less feminine in your eyes. Keep in mind, however, that once she experiments with taking the initiative, she may still find the role uncomfortable—you may be asking her to change a part of her character she does not wish to change. And remember, you were evidently satisfied with her at one time; asking her to change may be opening a Pandora's box.

I am circumcised, and the head of my dick is very sensitive to the roughness of my pants. I find that even sweating irritates my dick a lot. Is this sensitivity normal in circumcised men and is there anything that can be done about it?

C. C.
Albany, New York

Clinical tests have shown that circumcision does not necessarily make a man's penis more sensitive to friction. As a matter of fact, it is often the case that the head of the penis is irritated by a retained foreskin, rather than protected by it. Bacteria and smegma (odorous secretions) can collect under the foreskin and cause chronic irritation. Occasionally, as perhaps in your case, circumcised men are troubled with hypersensitivity in that area. If you've tried wearing soft, cotton underwear to protect your penis from the outer clothes and that hasn't helped, then a physician can prescribe a protective coating in the form of a jelly or medicated cream.



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Bits & Pieces

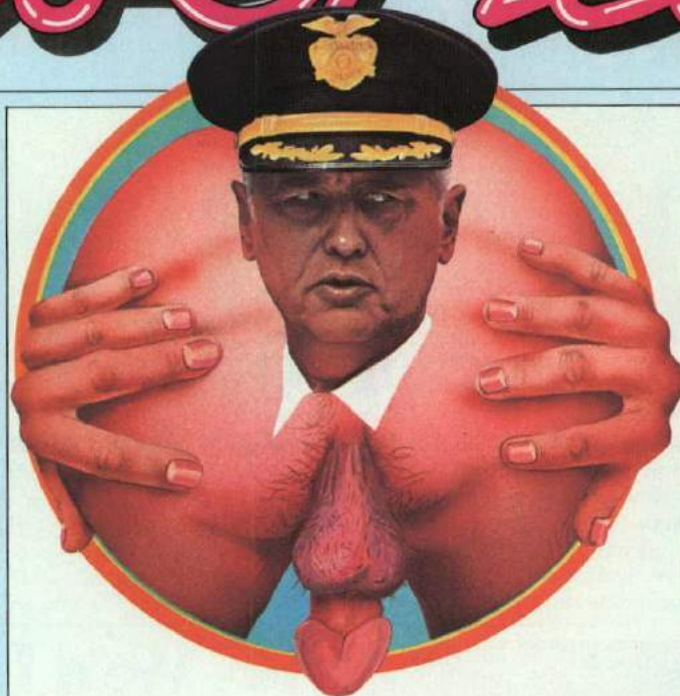
Los Angeles Police Chief Ed Davis (who appears likely to announce his candidacy for governor of California) is to democracy what herpes is to sex. It was Davis, you will recall, who responded to the rash of air hijackings by proposing that we curtail the Bill of Rights and execute suspected hijackers on the spot with a portable gallows. And it was Davis who responded to antiwar protests at the University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA) by threatening to arrest faculty members who refused to be deputized.

In consideration of the foregoing, we should hardly be surprised that Davis has also been challenged by blacks, Chicanos, gays and women over his hiring practices, and that the Western Center on Law and Poverty (supported by the University of Southern California) has charged Davis with the systematic harassment of inner-city residents.

It goes without saying that Davis is antiporn and antisex. He has been known to deploy cops outside massage parlors, where they check IDs in an effort to frighten customers away. Likewise, he is responsible for maintaining a regulation that prohibits unmarried male police officers from cohabiting with females.

On appearances, Davis seems unable to grasp the basic concept of democracy: a society in which different points of view are given free expression in the belief that all people deserve to be represented by their government. There can be no excuse for curtailing the dialogue necessary for free expression since the only alternative is, not to mince words, a police state.

Apparently he uses religion to justify his actions. In 1970, when UCLA students protested the killings at Jackson State and Kent State universities, Davis felt that he and his cronies were witnessing a planned revolution to take over the



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

United States. "I think the whole thing is in the Bible," Davis commented.

It's funny how often the Bible is used as justification for

repression. Davis, a staunch Episcopalian, frequently reads the Bible and has, at least on occasion, taught Sunday school. Is it a coincidence that

Davis mirrors the sexually repressed, violence-prone personality described by Dr. James W. Prescott in the October HUSTLER article on child abuse? Or that Chief Davis believes today's problems are the result of a breakdown in "self-discipline on the part of the American people"?

One can only speculate on Davis's sexual preferences. Certainly his attitude toward females is decidedly hostile. Clearly against women's liberation, Davis has reviled other police chiefs who've "caved in to liberal pressures and filled their departments with 'under-sized people'" — his personal term for women.

Will the cause of freedom be served by a California governor who supports the John Birch Society, as Ed Davis has in the past? The answer is obviously no. But unfortunately, Davis is indisputably a powerful figure within the city of Los Angeles and nobody doubts that he could be a serious contender for the state's governorship.

We just hope that the voters in California wake up before it is too late.

—Bruce David



DRAWING FIRE by Pete Wagner

UPDATE



WILLIAM MORRISSEY
May 1977

Hamilton County Judge William Morrissey, May's *Asshole of the Month*, continues the courtroom comedy he employed during the HUSTLER trial. His latest feat involved placing a dog under house arrest until its "trial" for attacking another dog.



MICHAEL THEVIS
May 1976

Profile subject Michael Thevis was in the news again when Jack Anderson reported that the FBI had tried to link Thevis and U.N. Ambassador Andrew Young in a conspiracy case to get Thevis out of jail. Thevis was seeking a furlough to undergo hip surgery. Busted for conspiracy to commit arson and for transporting obscene material across state lines, he sought aid from his congressman—at the time Andrew Young. The FBI not only charged that Young may have worked "too diligently" for his constituent but also "dropped dark hints" that Thevis offered Young a bribe. Thevis and Young denied the charges, and the feds dropped the case for lack of evidence. This appears to us as another example of the federal government's harassment of the erotic entertainment business.



AL GOLDSTEIN
October 1976

Screw publisher Al Goldstein's Kansas obscenity trial ("Screw on Trial") was declared a mistrial. Federal authorities promptly called for a new day in court—originally scheduled for July 20—which has been postponed due to Goldstein's poor health. He recently underwent a tracheostomy to correct a breathing disorder. At press time his new trial was set for October 25.

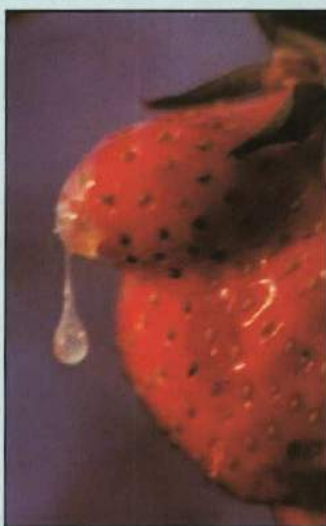


PLASTIC PERSONALITY

Since our August 1977 article "How to Pick Up Girls," horny males all over the country have gone out to try to improve their love lives. One fellow was particularly impressed with the

advice that people score more easily when they are just themselves. Letting his true nature show, this hard-shelled specimen of nightlife trekked to Mr. Brown's Descent in Columbus,

ready to be smothered with female flesh. As usual, our friend failed to score. In fact, he failed to get anyone to speak to him. This dildo was lucky to get a beer. After an experience like that, most men would be literally shaking with anger, but our friend tells us he only shakes when he gets laid.



Berry Interesting

Nature, in all its wonder, produces many fascinating, almost unbelievable sights. For example, this red fruit—a member of the rose family (no shit) that looks surprisingly like a well-known part of the human anatomy. Even in its normal state, this berry is suggestive of parts of the body and has often been used to describe some of those parts. Through a quirk of nature, this one has assumed a more definite shape. It looks, of course, like a human fist with an extended thumb.

Ads We'd Like to See

#5



Nobody Can Stomach Even One!

Some people are so particular about their brand of chip, they take their own bag with them when they go out to eat. At least that's the way it is with Buffalo Chips, the newest snack or mealtime favorite from Leave It Where It Lays—the people who brought you Turditos, toasted chips with a south-of-the-border flavor. Relive the exciting tastes and smells of the old days whenever you bite into a Buffalo Chip. And remember, they're great for the environment—they're made from recycled food.



PET POSITIONS

Dogs have done it the same way for thousands of years and, to our knowledge, none of them has ever complained. But this enterprising pair of canines learned that some humans get a special thrill doing it "doggy-

style," so they decided to try the missionary position. After a bit of dog-eat-dog foreplay, Lady was lubricated enough for Tramp to slide into her "puppy passage" and complete the act. Judging from the expressions on their faces, these two consider "human-style" as boring as their masters do.



Stereo Smut



The latest attempt to cash in on the sale of raunchy records is "Fist" Goodbody's *Traveling Torture Show*, an album on the Hot Waffle label, which consists of only two tracks—the first side and the second side. Neither of Fist's numbers has as much going for it as his makeup artist.

Side One, called "Warmin' Up," consists of a tinkling piano and light drum work, apparently to recreate the sounds of a dank dungeon, which sets the background for some heavy male breathing, not unlike that of a deep sleeper. Something on this side also sounds like a faked male orgasmic cry.

Side Two, called "Doin' It," features the same male moan-

ing, some cymbal clashes and, near the end, the words "No, no, no."

Anybody who'd send \$6 plus 50¢ postage and handling to P.O. Box 1051, Studio City, California 91604 deserves to be part of Goodbody's live show. This faggot sadist has made more than a million dollars from appearances at carnival sideshows since 1972. The sounds on this album are supposed to duplicate those of his "stage" act. Frankly, we think S&M freaks could get off better listening to a hemorrhoid surgery patient trying to take his first postoperative shit.



BROWN COW

HUSTLER's Associate Editor Michael Toohey was a bottle-fed baby. And since he is Irish, the nipple was most often attached to a bottle of Old Bushmills. What little he remembers of his childhood was happy, he says, but he nevertheless longed for the kind of human contact that only breast-fed babies enjoy. Well,

Michael finally got that wet nurse he always yearned for when HUSTLER's receptionist Ms. Prissy Cowhoon agreed to let him sample her special "chocolate surprise." Michael wasn't surprised that Prissy's milk was chocolate, since it only follows that if white women produce white milk, black women will produce the darker version. But he was surprised about the fringe benefits he got from drinking it—curly hair and a tan.

SECOND ANNUAL EROTIC MOVIE AWARDS POLL

In April 1977, HUSTLER established its annual erotic film awards in order to encourage creativity and high quality in the erotic film industry. To vote for this year's crop, simply fill out the 1977 ballot—remembering that one person may appear in more than one category and that the movie containing the noteworthy performance

must be listed after the person's name.

Then mail the ballot to HUSTLER Movie Poll, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. The results will be published in the April 1978 issue of HUSTLER. Ballots must be postmarked no later than December 15, 1977, in order to be considered.

Categories:

Best film: _____

Best actress: _____

Film: _____

Best actor: _____

Film: _____

Best director: _____

Film: _____

Best sex scene: _____

Film: _____

Most accomplished fellatio artist: _____

Film: _____

Most accomplished cunnilinguist: _____

Film: _____

FAIRY TALES CAN COME TOO

Adaptations of fairy tales seem to be the order of the day in the porn industry. That's probably because *Through the Looking Glass*, the X-rated film which started the trend, is one of the most successful porn films in history. *Seven into Snowy* is the latest challenger to *Looking Glass*, and judging from some of the stills in this exclusive for HUSTLER, we'd say *Snowy* (featuring Abigail Clayton) is right on the money.

Whereas in *Snow White* the heroine's stepmother is jealous because the girl is considered more beautiful, *Snowy's* stepmother, Fedora Weatherly (Kay Parker), is pissed that the girl is considered sexier. So the wicked stepmother attempts to

destroy *Snowy's* sensuality by arranging to put her through repeated and varied sexual exercises.

But this cunning scheme—which starts with *Snowy* being introduced to the world of sex by Fedora's chauffeur and boyfriend, Rodney (Paul Thomas), and ends with *Snowy* taking on seven leather-jacketed toughs—only serves to awaken and enhance *Snowy's* budding sexual nature.

Snowy's introduction to sex shows her not only how much she likes sex but also shows Rodney how much he likes *Snowy*—enough to come back for more. Men aren't the only ones *Snowy* cleans. A maid (Karen Kushman) enjoys

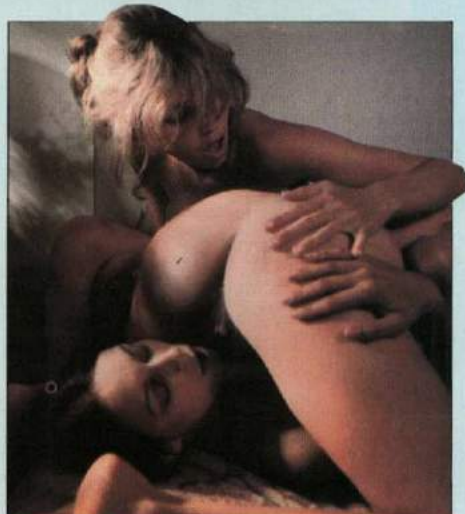
Snowy's freshness in a shower sequence and in a threesome with *Snowy* and Fedora's housekeeper (Bonnie Holiday).

In a final, desperate attempt to purge *Snowy* of her sexiness, seven men—not a dwarf among them—put *Snowy* through a variety of sexual humiliations and titillations, all of which she handles with the ease of a fairy-tale princess.

Obviously the adaptation of *Snow White* is very loose in *Snowy*, including the fact that our heroine serves as one of Fedora's maids. Even if that is

from the wrong fairy tale, viewers of the film won't mind—since it gives more opportunities for a glimpse of Ms. Clayton's private parts. And besides, where are you going to find seven dwarfs who'll fuck on film?

At press time, *Snowy* (shot in San Francisco by Entertainment Ventures, Inc.) was scheduled to open in New York on November 1. A full review—and more juicy photos—will appear in *X-Rated Reviews* by Larry Wichman in our February 1978 issue.





EROTIC FICTION CONTEST

HUSTLER's success is due in large measure to the support of its many readers and through the readers' participation in the magazine itself. In return, they get the best magazine on the market today.

Continuing in this tradition of reader participation, HUSTLER is launching an Erotic Fiction Contest to open the magazine's pages to writers who haven't been published in a major men's magazine.

Take a look at the outstanding fiction we've published to get an idea of the kind of story we're looking for—hard-hit-

ting, erotic and something every reader will be able to understand and enjoy.

If your short story is selected, you'll not only have the pride of being a HUSTLER writer but also the added compensation of a \$500 first prize. The first runner-up will receive a two-year subscription to HUSTLER, and the second runner-up will receive a one-year subscription.

Don't delay. Fame and fortune can be yours by sending your erotic short story to HUSTLER Fiction Contest, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

FULL OF SEAMEN

If anybody knows that sailors have a good sense of humor, it's former Navy man Larry Flynt. But in that venture, like in all of his others, Larry managed to keep his head above water. Not so with the crew of the nuclear submarine USS *Snook* (SSN 592), which commemorated the sub's 1000th dive with this clever, but simple, cake. The crewmen, who call themselves the "sub-humans," didn't report whether or not this repeated experience has given them long tongues and the ability to breathe through their ears. But their cake proves our



point about sailors knowing how to have a good time. They've figured out how to have their cake and eat it too.

STAR WHIZZ

Astronauts have to go to the bathroom like everyone else, but you've never seen a restroom built into the models of spacecraft on display at state fairs. Even if there was one, what's to keep the stuff from floating all over the spaceship? Astronaut Russell Schweickart, in the summer 1977 issue of *The CoEvolution Quarterly* (\$8 a year from Box 428, Sausalito, California 94965), explains some of the principles involved:

While wearing a space suit, an astronaut utilizes a type of rubber bag with a small opening like a condom into which he slips his dork.

Schweickart reports that if the opening a spaceman chooses is too small, he'll be unable to piss and will just turn yellow. If it's too big, he'll be covered with yellow.

Taking a crap is usually done outside the suit. During this hour-long process an astronaut

will tape a bag, about six inches in diameter and about a foot long, to his butt. Removing the bag, wiping, and keeping all the shit inside is a process few have mastered, says Schweickart. On Skylab a similar bag is used, but it fits in a small receptacle over which an astronaut sits—strapped down—while air is pushed through one side of the bag to keep the shit down. Pissing outside the space suit is simply done into a funnel.

Just as astronauts empty themselves like other people, they also enjoy a sense of humor and beauty. Although urine is no longer dumped into space, it was during Apollo flights. Apollo 9 spacemaker Schweickart says, "The most beautiful sight in orbit . . . is a urine dump at sunset, because as the stuff comes out and as it hits the exit nozzle it instantly flashes into ten million little ice crystals."

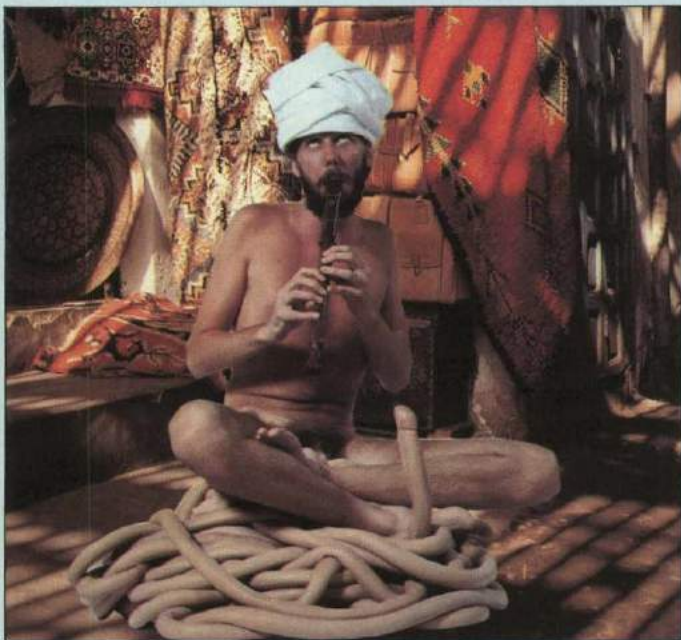


Illustration by Dan Collins

Lucky Charmer

Oriental fanatics who employ "mind over matter" techniques have been known to do amazing things with their bodies. Besides sleeping on beds of nails, these jokers stick metal hooks through their skin and pull heavy carts, balance their

bodies on lance points pressed against their eyes, and perform other clever stunts. This fellow has taken to great lengths the art of making his body do what his mind tells it to, while also using the old custom of playing music to soothe a savage beast. But our guru doesn't seem to realize that he's only making the beast jealous of his flute.



Passing Fancies

Shoppers in Westhampton, Long Island, need never be bored again. At least that's what Carol Ricci believes, and so her Vittorio Ricci—Riding High boutique uses window displays depicting fantasy situations.

A number of people, including the town's mayor, flashed on this display and got pissed,

but Ms. Ricci reports that there were more cheers than boos. She says she's not trying to offend anyone, just presenting facets of life—like Dracula biting a woman's neck, or a bondage scene.

While you'd expect her shop to catch hell from a lot of "morally upstanding" citizens, Ms. Ricci says smugly, "You just wouldn't believe how many old ladies have been looking to see if he has a penis."

It's Only Make Believe

If HUSTLER ran a comic strip like this one, we'd be accused of peddling kiddy porn. But when *Heavy Metal* magazine (\$10 a year from 635 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022) includes these panels

from Picaret and Tardi's "Polonius," then it becomes adult, illustrated fantasy. We wonder why HUSTLER, with its straightforward, adult-oriented photos and stories, is harassed while magazines that depict sex and violence together—even in cartoon form—can be found on major newsstands all across the country. Maybe it's the staples we use in our binding.



ENCOURAGING WORDS

We suppose that this sign at the intersection of Sunset and Selma NE in Los Angeles is turning the heads of passersby, but they shouldn't be surprised by its message. This new advertising campaign for America's most exciting magazine merely reflects a longstanding editorial

policy at HUSTLER Magazine—pride in our honest and unpretentious presentation of sexual material. That's something no other men's magazine can boast of, and that's why—out of all the men's titles fighting for success today—only one, HUSTLER, is in the pink.



HUSTLER INTERVIEW: JOHN HOLMES'S COCK

a candid conversation with america's favorite tool

Anybody can interview erotic-film star John Holmes, but we at HUSTLER decided it was time for an interview with John's Cock, and we recently succeeded in catching The Cock between shots on the set of a new film.

Born December 2, 1945, The Cock is believed by many critics to be the main ingredient in the success of its handler, Holmes. When our reporter arrived to interview The Cock, he noticed some reluctance on Holmes's part, probably due to the legendary show-biz rivalry that separates Holmes from his own penis.

Our man found The Cock relaxing in a makeshift tent, a ragged hotel towel draped casually over Holmes's lap. Holding his breath to adjust to the close quarters, our reporter ducked into the tent and met head-on with what many have called the King of Cocks. Even when viewed in a relaxed state, The Cock's size is astonishing. It was this dimension of its personality that led the impetuous Cock away from the family home in search of adventure in the early 1960s.

For a time Holmes and The Cock lived the life of street vagabonds. Then the two almost got arrested when The Cock stole some popcorn in a seedy movie house. That's when The Cock decided to find steady work. It had always been fascinated by movies, and the realization that there were so few penis actors on the screen convinced it that there was a demand. The Cock literally forced its way into its first film, *Black Socks and Me*, and has since made a continual climb to the top.

Prior to this interview, The Cock's viewpoint was tucked away. Now we give it a chance to let fly with its own opinions.

HUSTLER: What's it like being a big prick?

COCK: It has its ups and downs.

HUSTLER: Well, what are some of the benefits?

COCK: The fame is nice. Some movie stars are big pricks, but I'm the first big prick to be a movie star. I've probably been photographed more times than Jackie Onassis. I also get to spend one day each month in a Cruex-lined jockstrap, and I have \$1 million in testicular insurance in case anything happens to Steve and Eydie, my balls.

HUSTLER: What about disadvantages?

COCK: Condoms are a bitch since none of them fits me right. If you want to know what it's like, try having a good time with a Glad Sandwich Bag over your head.

HUSTLER: Was it hard to get established?

COCK: John and I have fallen on hard times, but I've been noticed since I was born. You know how doctors hold you up by your ankles to give you that first slap? The doctor used me to hold John up. And John's mom was a great help. She'd use me to carry John around the house.

HUSTLER: What was the next step?

COCK: John's mother tied weights around me every evening after school.

HUSTLER: That accounts for your size?

COCK: It accounts for my being able to lift my own weight—six pounds.

HUSTLER: Are girls frightened by you?

COCK: I've had a few of them clam up before I was formally introduced to them. Others will smother me with affection.

HUSTLER: You've been accused of poking your head where it doesn't belong. Like into orifices that don't belong to the feminine gender. Is this true?

COCK: I'd like to think that wherever I lead, John will follow. But he keeps telling me that he has a head of his own. Some-

times I get pissed, but John leans over and gives me a kiss and it's OK.

HUSTLER: You sometimes have trouble getting up for a job. Why is this?

COCK: If you had seen some of the gaping hatchet wounds that I've faced, you'd try to keep a low profile too. Believe me, often I'm glad I can't smell.

HUSTLER: How does it feel being followed around by an asshole?

COCK: It's nothing to raise a stink about. Sometimes it's a gas.

HUSTLER: Has anyone ever complained about your habit of spitting?

COCK: They usually complain only if I don't spit. You figure it out.

HUSTLER: Do you have any regrets?

COCK: No, it seems like I've been in the pink since the beginning.

HUSTLER: Do you know any other pricks here in LA?

COCK: I prefer to hang out by myself. I guess that comes from having the other pricks look up to me. And it's kind of uncomfortable to be overshadowing them all the time.

HUSTLER: What do you do for recreation?

COCK: I really like Vaseline body rubs—and I always enjoy playing "Up Periscope" in the tub.

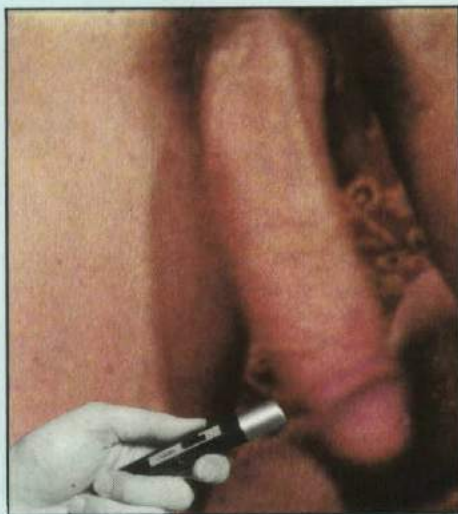
HUSTLER: Does John bring home a lot of girls to meet you?

COCK: No, I prefer to keep a working relationship with them. At the root of it, I guess I'm just a working stiff.

HUSTLER: Tell us about your fondest, most arousing sexual memory?

COCK: Meeting Barbi Benton. You see, she bent over at this cocktail party and kind of winked at me, and right away I

(continued on page 8000)



"Occasionally some Jewish broad mistakes me for a Hebrew National salami and sinks her teeth into me. I've almost been flushed down the toilet four or five times."



"What's really surprising is that a lot of girls just can't get close to me. Whenever one of them tries to keep her distance, I do my best to get under her skin."



"Everything is looking up. I'd like to get my own act together in Vegas, but I'll probably never get the chance as long as I let John keep dragging me around."



BLUE-COLLAR HABIT

HUSTLER Photo Editor Frank (Deadeye) DeLia's practice of necrophilia has finally paid off. During one of his cruises through the cemetery, Frank spied this heartwarming scene. Two gravediggers, typical hard-working American men, had

just rushed to the aid of a young nun who had fainted. Lo and behold, Frank realized that she wasn't wearing panties.

"I can really dig it," Frank said reverently. "Some people just aren't in the habit of putting on underwear."

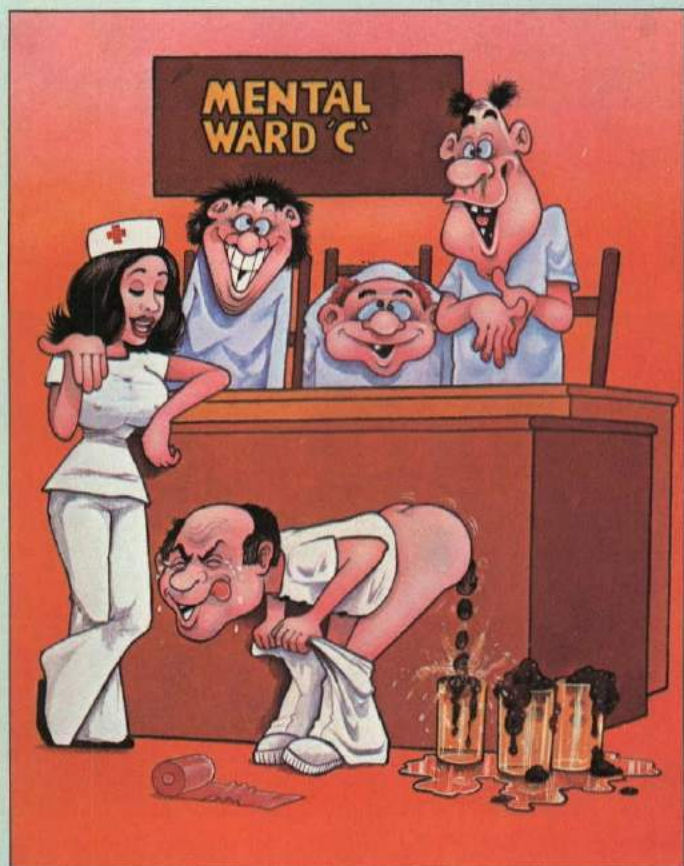


SPREADING HER LEGACY

Except for tax hikes and wars, most people could care less about what presidents leave behind them when they move from the White House. That's pretty much the way it was when President Zachary Taylor died in office in 1850. But those citizens might have changed their tune if they were around today to see Taylor's great-great-granddaughter, Morgana. The Rome-born actress,

featured in the July 1977 issue of the British magazine *Mayfair* (available from 95 Chancery Lane, London WC2, England), did some rodeo riding in the States before deciding to bring her talents to the screen in Federico Fellini's *Satyricon* and in her own Italian TV series. But those rodeos must linger on in Morgana—she's now trying to establish herself as a country and western singer.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



"We have a treat for you today! Root beer floats!"



There is a different set in each pack, with one of the cards used as the back cover of the package, giving you a hint of what you're in for.

Now that Larry Flynt has taken the trouble to develop

PAPER TRIP

X-Rated Papers, any HUSTLER readers caught using lesser brands are subject to being named Asshole of the Month. And if you think you can handle that, remember that the use of competitive brands will make your cock fall off. If you want to get it up while getting off, buy HUSTLER X-Rated Rolling Papers at your local convenience store. Or order two packs for a dollar—or four packs plus a Rolling Paper poster for \$5—from Leisure Time Products, P.O. Box 2206, Columbus, Ohio 43216. You can also order by calling toll-free: 1-800-848-9107 (in Ohio: 1-800-282-9216). The prices aren't high, but you will be.

Did you ever try to roll a joint and end up with a wad of paper wrapped around two seeds and a stem? That was because you weren't using HUSTLER X-Rated Rolling Papers. The fine-quality, European rice paper is a beaver-and-a-half wide to make rolling as easy as getting hot over a HUSTLER centerfold. And only HUSTLER X-Rated Papers include four different collectible photos and cartoons from the pages of America's best magazine.

HUSTLER pays \$100 for interesting visual items and stories for Bits & Pieces. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return original art on request. Submissions should include a stamped, self-addressed envelope. For December, we're sending \$100 to each of our contributors: Michael N. Arpino, Greg Cyr, Miller C. Johnson and the crew of the submarine USS Snook.

TALES FROM THE KIT



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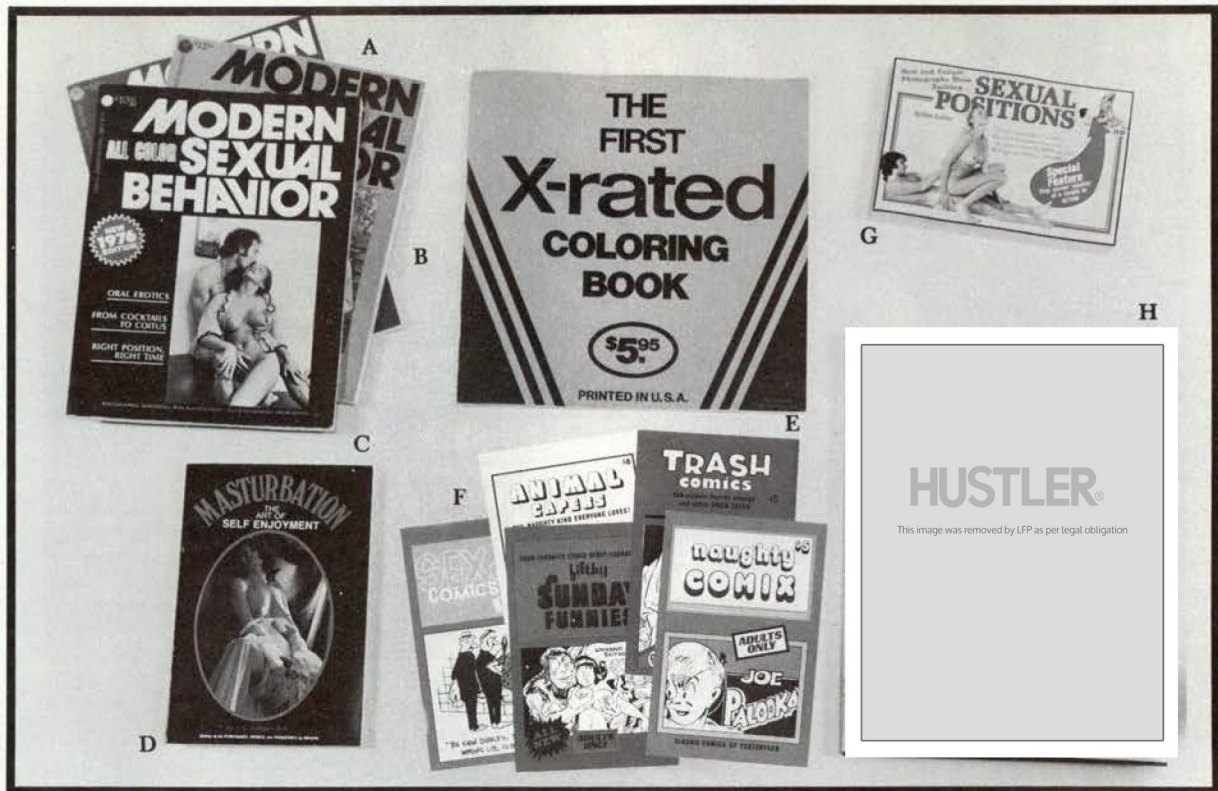
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This book introduces an unusual concept in adult entertainment. It combines the pleasure of looking at ancient and modern erotic art classics with the childhood joy of coloring pictures. Each book is 11 1/4" x 11 1/4" and contains an 11 1/4" x 22 1/4" centerfold.

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X-RATED REVIEWS

MOVIES

By Larry Wichman

Swedish Minx

 With a \$350,000 budget and stars such as Bie Warburg, Maria Lynn, Brigitte Maier and Harry Reems at his disposal, renowned director Mac Ahlberg (*I, a Woman* and *Fanny Hill*) could have made *Swedish Minx* a porn film to remember. Unfortunately, this comedy from Sweden is the kind of humorless smut one is more likely to forget.

Warburg and Lynn star as Juliette and Justine, two beautiful sisters who attempt to make it on their own after being kicked out of their house. Juliette chooses to make a living with her body and begins working at an elegant brothel, while the more virtuous Justine falls in (and eventually out of) love with a mate-swapper who demands that she share her body with his friends.

The girls' different approaches to life are played off against each other—the humor of Juliette's whoring versus the melodrama of Justine's romance. Even though this technique gives a feeling of plot movement to *Minx*, the constant flip-flop from one girl's experiences to the other's only frustrates the audience.

The abrupt volley from hard-on to humor fails because the comedy is unrefined slapstick that in no way complements the deep passions being presented at the opposite end of the emotional spectrum. Ahlberg chooses to get his laughs with fast-motion photography and absurd action (a car smashing through a haystack while the driver is getting his rocks off). The film fails to present effectively such silly antics alongside serious, tender scenes—like the one in which Justine hes-



In *Swedish Minx*, Harry Reems checks for lumps while Brigitte Maier looks on (top), and lovely Bie Warburg engages in water sports (below).



HUSTLER's reviews of porno films and sex books will keep you up to date on the latest from the erotic film and publishing industries. Our hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make certain that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE



ERECTION

A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.



THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.



HALF ERECT

So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.



ONE-QUARTER ERECT

A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.



TOTALLY LIMP

A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

itantly gives up her cherry.

Most of *Minx's* production costs must have been wasted on the ineptly executed comedy scenes, and as a consequence the print quality—a major production cost in films—is marred either by a hazy focus or harsh lighting.

Reems plays a rich sex maniac with a heart condition who is bent on committing suicide by fucking until his ticker gives out. But his is a minor role—he doesn't make his appearance until the end of the film. Although Harry gives a fine performance, his talents are never fully exploited.

To be fair, *Swedish Minx* does feature pretty women and contains some eroticism—the most erotic of which is a live sex show/dance routine. In contrast to schlocky American porn, *Minx* has much to offer, but it is 100 minutes long and disjointed. With everything it had in its favor, *Minx* should have been a much better film.

Inside Jennifer Welles



Following her hard-core debut in *Honey Pie* two years ago, Jennifer Welles became one of the most sought-after actresses in the fuck film business. However, you can't stay on top forever.

So instead of drifting off into oblivion, Welles has decided to end her acting career with *Inside Jennifer Welles*, a wall-to-wall sex film, which she herself also directed.

While the rapidly aging starlet may have picked a good time to exit from acting (she will continue to direct), Welles has ironically picked a bad movie. *Inside* is little more than a feeble attempt to exploit her farewell to acting.

Based on a nonexistent

book, *The Memoirs of Jennifer Welles*, the film has no plot development whatsoever—it is merely a series of vignettes, each a reminiscence of Welles's promiscuous past. In the opening vignette, Welles is driving through Manhattan on her way to a gang-bang where she will be the only female (supposedly one of her recurrent fantasies). On the way she recalls encounters with her dentist, a cabby, a fat man, some college students, a porn-theater projectionist, and so forth. But all the scenes are cut from the same, pedestrian porn mold, and the repetitious scenarios of Welles-meets-man (or woman—she has a fling with a dyke) are enough to put most viewers to sleep.

Most of the film's 107 minutes are devoted to Welles, and only two other females are featured, Marlene Willoughby and Cheri Baines. The sex scenes are overabundant and tedious, and occasional bad camera angles make Welles look like the Goodyear blimp. But the most objectionable aspect of the film is its lame dialogue: "Hair, ah, hair," Welles coos. "Attractive, hairy men drive me crazy. I love to run my hands through a guy's curls. . . ." One would think the screenwriter had just finished a gig writing commercials for Vitalis.

Ultimately, the film is an insult to the viewer's intelligence while serving as an IQ test for Welles.

A Coming of Angels

If a producer could get Farrah Fawcett-Majors to bare her buns on screen, he'd have a film capable of outgrossing *Jaws*. But since Hollywood's newest sexpot is about as likely to drop her drawers for the public as Anita Bryant is to kiss a faggot's ass, horny Farrah fans will



Abigail Clayton and John Leslie romp in *Angels*, a Farrah-ly hot movie.

just have to fantasize over a juicy porn flick entitled *A Coming of Angels*—produced and directed by Joel Scott.

Angels is a take-off on ABC-TV's *Charlie's Angels*. Annette Haven, Leslie Bovee and Abigail Clayton play Carrie, Robin and Jennifer, respectively—three policewomen who try to penetrate a white-slave ring. As the film opens, Clayton has been taken captive by slave traders (Jamie Gillis, John Leslie and Amber Hunt) and taken to a dungeon, where she and fellow captive Susan McBain are trained and readied for sale. Most of the film concerns Haven's and Bovee's efforts to free the prisoners.

Along the way there is plenty of good, hot sex. On the kinky side, the training sessions between Gillis and his captives provide plenty of kicks for those who are into female submissiveness. In the most graphic of these scenes (and perhaps the best scene of its kind in porn), Gillis choreographs the mating of John Leslie and Susan McBain, provoking the latter to be used willingly as an ashtray. There is also some nicely shot straight sex—the best of which involves Bovee and her boss (Eric Edwards) together in a greenhouse. Bovee's lusty enthusiasm makes this one of her most inspired performances.

In spite of *Angels*' varied and well-photographed sex,

competent acting and good script, the filmmakers forgot to add the subtle touches of parody the audience expects. Although the stars are the prettiest in the business, there isn't one Farrah look-alike among them. Plus, the producers blew the most important scene in the film—a lesbian triangle featuring the three lead actresses. Anyone who's seen *Charlie's Angels* has fantasized such a tryst, but when it occurs in this flick, it comes off as shallow and unimaginative. The girls do nothing more than lick pussy. What today's audience would really like to see is a 12-inch dildo being stuffed between a Farrah look-alike's cheeks. Now that would be a scene worth twice the price of admission.

Amber Hunt sticks it, in *Angels*.



Sylvia



There are plenty of strange chicks in this world, but producer Armand

Peters really hooked a gem when he cast Joanne Bell to play a woman with a multiple personality in *Sylvia*—a smut flick fashioned after the successful book-turned-TV-movie, *Sybil*. As a matter of fact, since the shooting of *Sylvia*, Bell has been in and out of two mental institutions. And it's probably safe to assume that her unstable condition helped her carry out her part.

Sylvia—a religious, guilt-ridden psychotic—experiences spontaneous Jekyll and Hyde changes in her personality. At the slightest sexual innuendo she becomes Mona (a hot-boxed slut), or Toni (a bull dyke) or Mary (a husband hunter). At the end of the film, when it seems that Sylvia has been cured, Iris—a virgin ready to be deflowered—becomes the final incarnation.

Each personality change, also accompanied by a slight physical change, is immediately followed by a sex sequence played to suit the particular character that Sylvia has become. These shifts make the role of Sylvia exceptionally demanding. However, it seems to come quite naturally to Bell, and she can switch personalities in mid-sentence.

Bell best demonstrates her capacity to switch characters in a powerful scene in which the raving, intimidating Mona forces herself on a Catholic seminarian (Joe Fisher), who just moments before had been counseling the shy, sedate Sylvia. Bell's energy-packed performance allows the audience to get caught up in the tension of the scene, and even though she merely gives the seminarian a blow job, her frenzy makes this episode quite hot.

Overall, *Sylvia* is not a very erotic film, since Bell's marginally attractive body is featured in all but two sex


scenes. Penny Servant, who plays a long-lost cousin out to aid Sylvia, and Helen Madigan, who plays the cousin's girlfriend, provide the only other glimpses of tits 'n' ass, and that makes for very little variety.

The sex scenes are not photographed very well. An amateur, undergraduate crew shot the film, and many lighting mistakes mar the final product—such as shadows covering genitals during the performers' close-ups.

Nevertheless, *Sylvia* is an intriguing film. Bell, Fisher and John Salvatore, who plays Sylvia's shrink, turn in good performances in spite of the mediocre dialogue.

An R-rated version of the film, in which all the graphic sex scenes will be replaced by dialogue sequences, is also to be released. Even though the sex in most of the X-rated version isn't the best, it's hard to imagine that such cutting would improve the product.

The Jade Pussycat

 *The Jade Pussycat* is not a great sex film, but it does have something no other porn film has ever had: a flesh-to-flesh meeting between superstars John Holmes and Georgina Spelvin. Additionally, *Pussycat* is a slightly above-average production. It packages a hefty




In *Jade Pussycat*, John Holmes interrogates newcomer Christian Sarver.

serving of well-photographed erotica in a casually interesting, fairly well-written detective story that may or may not be a takeoff of the film *The Maltese Falcon*. It's hard to tell whether or not the few similarities are intended or are merely coincidental.

Holmes once again plays Johnny Wadd, the film character Holmes has made famous. This time he plays a private eye whose not-so-private foot-long dong explores every hole in San Francisco as he pursues a stolen Chinese art treasure called "The Jade Pussycat." The sex is, as in most porn films, gratuitous. And the audience must suffer through some bad acting by newcomers Jessica Temple-Smith, Bonnie Holiday and Christian Sarver. But such problems are quickly forgotten once Spelvin enters.

Spelvin plays the accomplice of a rich art collector, and although her role is

small compared to Holmes's, it gives her the opportunity to display her acting and fucking talents in two super-hot scenes. The first of these is a lesbian encounter with Linda Wong, who is cast as a smuggler. The scene is both graphic and imaginative, and the women really seem to get off. Georgina has a very convincing orgasm, during which she screams, "Put your finger in my ass! Yeah! Oh, God! Oh, shit!" But even though the lesbian scene is erotic, it is poorly edited, jumping quickly from one woman's orgasm to the other's.

However, when Spelvin and Holmes get it on it is truly coitus noninterruptus. Although no new kinks are added to the historic encounter between these porn superstars, Spelvin manages a deep-throat number on Holmes that alone makes *The Jade Pussycat* one porn flick which should definitely not be missed. 

John "the Wadd" Holmes packs a potent pistol as a private dick who is looking for The Jade Pussycat.



ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic movies that were reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. These films may currently be showing in your neighborhood.



Erection

Autobiography of a Flea
Desires Within Young Girls
Hard Soap, Hard Soap
In the Realm of the Senses
Jail Bait
Kinky Ladies
Odyssey
Punk Rock!
Sex Crazy
Sweet Cakes
Through the Looking Glass



Three-Quarters Erect

Bel Ami
Captain Lust
Count the Ways
The Keyhole
Portrait of Seduction
The Spirit of Seventy-Sex
Sweet Taste of Honey
The Violation of Claudia



Half Erect

Babyface
The Beast
The Devil Inside Her
My SeX-Rated Wife
The Porn Brokers
Reflections
The Sinful Pleasures of Reverend Star
Tonight We Love



One-Quarter Erect

All Night Long
Candy Lips
Funk
Kinkorama
Overnight Sensations
Sharon Underage



Totally Limp


Cherry Hustlers
Cinderella 2000
Let My Puppets Come
Reunion

BOOKS

Edited by Mike Sheeter

Dogs Bodies

By Ralph Steadman
 Paddington Press, Ltd.
 Distributed by
 Grosset & Dunlap, Inc.
 51 Madison Avenue
 New York, New York
 10010
 \$1.25

 There are 24 pen-and-ink drawings in Ralph Steadman's new book, *Dogs Bodies*. Ten of the drawings, comprising the first half of the book, depict dogs taking a shit. Dog shit has never received much attention in artistic circles, but it was only a matter of time before Steadman got around to drawing it. As anyone familiar with Steadman's work can tell you, the artist likes to offend as many people as possible. When at the same time he can take on something most people hold sacred, he's at his best.

In America nothing is more sacred than the family

mutt. And to some people—those who purr sweet nothings into the ears of Chihuahuas and Pekingese—*Dogs Bodies* will probably be the biggest outrage since Lassie was unmasked as a female impersonator.


Steadman is anything but sentimental. The animals in his book bear no resemblance to Snoopy or Pluto or to any of those darling cartoon canines that college girls like. Instead we are given funky, knee-humping, true-to-life mutts. Steadman's dogs don't talk and they don't play World War I flying ace. They're dogs that shit on the sofa whenever they feel like it.

Steadman first attracted a following by supplying the classic series of drawings that accompanied Hunter Thompson's best work for *Rolling Stone*. Steadman's cartoons were every bit as tough-minded as Thompson's own acid-spiked reportage. Thompson and *Rolling Stone* have since come to a bitter parting of the ways, but Steadman has remained on the masthead as "Gardening Editor."

In this capacity the artist, who is only faintly interested in actual gardening, probably often turns writer. *Dogs Bodies*, however, has no text apart from a few captions. And the book is perhaps stronger for it, since Steadman's writing often lacks something—call it the killer instinct—that gives his drawings their cutting edge. Going for the throat is what Steadman's drawings do best. His artwork is full of devilish glee and leads you to believe that he enjoys watching the objects of his satire twist on the hook—it never fails to cheer us up.

Delta of Venus

Erotica by Anais Nin
 Harcourt Brace
 Jovanovich, Inc.
 757 Third Avenue
 New York, New York
 10017
 \$10

 In her now-famous diaries the late Anais Nin told how, in 1940, her friend Henry Miller was approached to write erotica

for a wealthy collector. Being a young writer in Paris at that time was exciting, but often hungry, work. Soon Nin and her writer friends were supplying the collector with smut for one American dollar per page. (One wonders if the man ever realized how famous some of his private stable of writers would become.) Nin decided to publish the best of her surviving erotic fiction only last year, shortly before her death. She wanted to demonstrate that erotica written by women has been as good as erotica written by men. And this book of short stories proves her point.

Some of the stories are short parables. Others are narratives that relate the adventures of several persons: stories-within-stories-within-stories. Nin touched upon nearly all phases of sexuality, from straight humping to bizarre perversity. A character named Mathilde opens a hat shop that quickly becomes a haven for the opium-smoking young men who share her sexual favors. She blissfully floats along with her drug-induced sensuality until, one day, she opens her eyes only to find her lover of the moment on the verge of ripping open her cunt with a knife.

In another story, a girl's parents object to the romance of two young lovers. Both lovers are saving their virginity for the day they can lose it together. The boy even goes so far as to wear a tight ring around his penis as a sort of male chastity device and reminder not to screw anyone else. Eventually the two run off (after having a doctor cut the ring off our hero) and settle down to live happily. However, one night the boy comes home to find his girl talking to the night watchman. In a jealous rage, he takes her to the basement and trusses her up. To their mutual surprise, she loves it and they enjoy the best sex ever. This story, like all the others in *Delta of Venus*, deals with peak sexual experiences.

With *Dogs Bodies*, satirist Ralph Steadman of *Rolling Stone* offers the best in biting social comment.



Nin managed to write detailed accounts of her characters' sexual encounters without using the traditional four-letter words that make up most pornography. Consequently, each sex act in this book has a grace and beauty in the telling that arouses the reader. Nin's characters are more than just cocks and cunts. They are sexual beings with clearly drawn personalities. Readers looking for down-and-dirty, truck-stop porn will find *Delta of Venus* dull. But people who turn on to good writing as well as to juicy erotica will love it.

—Patricia Ryan

Desire

Photographs by

Ron Raffaelli

Distributed by

Leasure Time Products

P. O. Box 2206

Columbus, Ohio 43216

(order stock #2675)

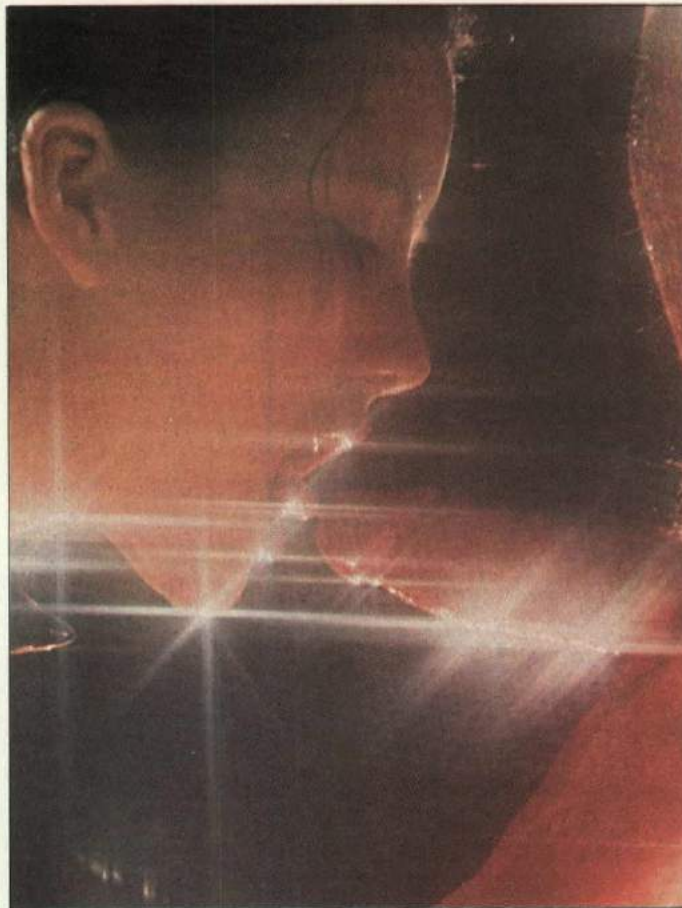
\$14.95



Ever since Ron Raffaelli's debut in 1975, when he first earned attention for shooting erotic films, Raffaelli has defied convention by openly seeking credit for his work. As a craftsman, he is competent. When you compare the quality of his work to the general run of photographic hackwork that dominates the erotic scene, you may be tempted to call him a master.

Desire is the second of Raffaelli's picture books. The first book, *Rapture*, seemed to suffer from severe indecision. Raffaelli was apparently unable to decide whether his work belonged in the bedroom or on the coffee table. With *Desire*, Raffaelli has dropped most of the annoying artsy pretensions that marred his earlier work. He has had the good sense to aim for readers in the bedroom.

Naturally, the consensus here at HUSTLER is that any move toward the bedroom is a move in the right direction, and we congratulate



Ron Raffaelli's *Desire*: A bright new star rises on the erotic horizon.

Raffaelli for making this decision. Still, it seems he could take us where the action is by a more direct route—and with less beating around the bush. Raffaelli is unduly fond of the *Penthouse*-style, Vaseline-smeared-on-the-lens, soft-focus shot. This is a technique popular among art students trying to get a lazy sensual feeling on film. However, they should find some other way to make their point, and so should Raffaelli.

There are almost 30 pages of color plates in *Desire*. The color reproduction is not all it could be, but in general the full-color shots are a turn-on. The 50 or so black-and-white shots that make up the rest of the book are also quite good. They are distinguished by a quality that all other erotic photographers should hope to capture—all the people in the pictures seem to be genuinely enjoying themselves.

In short, the good thing about Ron Raffaelli's work

is that it gets better all the time. For today at least, he is the photographer who sets the standards for erotic pictures. And *Desire* stands as the best collection of its kind to date.

The Film Maker's Guide to Pornography

By Steven Ziplow

Drake Publishers, Inc.

801 Second Avenue

New York, New York

10017

\$6.95




The Film Maker's Guide to Pornography might be taken as a sign that the porn film is coming of age as an art form. Blue movies have always been more or less an amateur proposition, and even now—at a time in which they are starting to receive production budgets comparable to those of straight feature films—the

amateur still has a hope of breaking into the business. But will he do it right?

Anyone with the balls to risk the money necessary to make a good dirty movie will have a general idea of how pictures are made to begin with, as well as a certain level of technical skill. As good as it is, the *Guide* is no filmmaker's bible. Many things you should know before you undertake so ambitious a project as making a movie are not discussed.

On the positive side, Ziplow's book is valuable because it serves several purposes. To begin with, it will give the person toying with the idea of filmmaking a good notion as to just what is involved. In doing this, it will probably discourage a good many would-be Cecil B. De Milles. Well and good. If you can be talked out of making porn movies, you shouldn't even be toying with the idea.

The *Guide's* chief value is that it will give the beginning filmmaker a sense of form. If read and followed literally, it may even give his work a sprinkling of class. Author Ziplow, a man with a background in legitimate theater, has learned the hard way what he knows about making porn. After coming up through the ranks—in almost every capacity connected with blue movies—he now writes, produces and directs his own films.

We have only one complaint with his book. It is that Ziplow spends very little time considering a series of developments that are bound to set the small-budget porn filmmaker on his ear. This is the age of self-developing movie film and home video units. There is going to be a porn boom all right, but the new films won't come out of makeshift city studios. They will come from suburban bedrooms. We wish Ziplow had spent a little more time considering this trend. There is enough material there for another book. We hope he will be the one who writes it. 

A close-up photograph of a person's hand with red nail polish and a ring, holding a green ribbon over a hairy chest. The text "Not Everything White This" is visible in the top right corner.

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SEXPLAY

By Dean Latimer

The goal of every man: to get into broads as clean and pink-nippled and long-straight-legged as those centerfold cuties. Miss October (38-22-36), graduated from an exclusive Ivy League college, lives in a knotty-pine bungalow, drives a shocking-pink Volkswagen convertible, is decidedly partial to classical music and just *might* screw a guy like you if you were very careful to set it up just right.

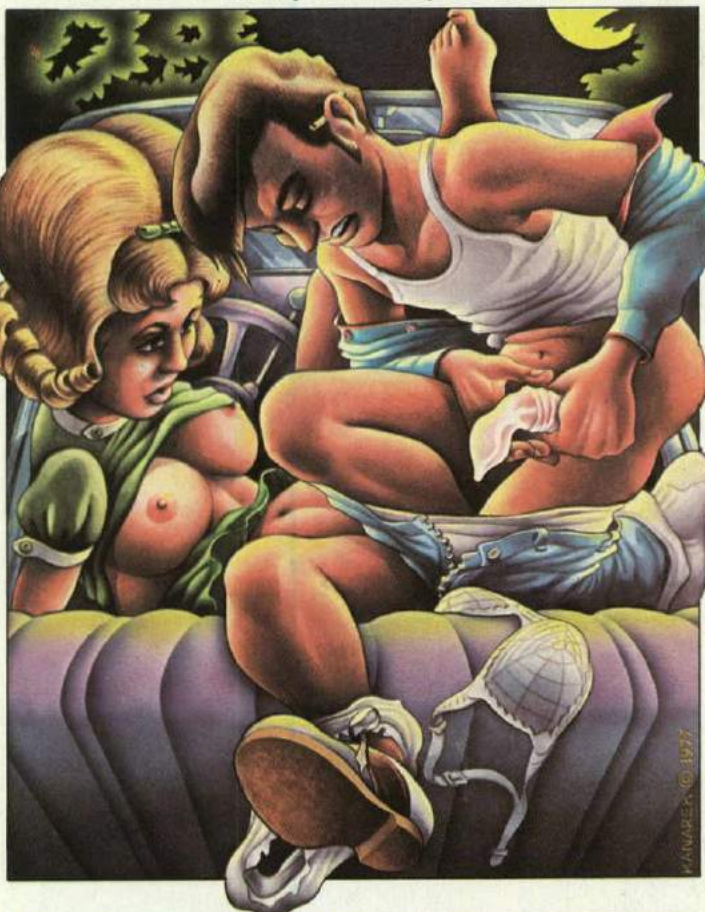
In your fantasies you make plans: You take Miss October to your bachelor pad. Bach or Beethoven is playing on the stereo. You have a rheostat built into the wall over the red leather couch, so with one hand you can unobtrusively mute the indirect glow from the treelamps as the evening wears on. There's a handy bar with plenty of gin and vermouth. ("It's a *dry* martini, m'dear. I just hold up the vermouth bottle and bow twice toward Italy.")

Once Miss October is suitably foxed on cocktails, you emerge from the master bedroom in a deep-burgundy dressing robe and silk cravat, puffing some expensive aromatic blend through your gleaming black briar. You might even suggest a quick game of backgammon. But more than likely you get right to the point and suggest that she investigate the marvels of your revolving circular bed—complete with bar and color television installed in the exquisite mahogany headboard.

Any man so tastefully equipped, we are led to believe, will never go around with a dry dork. That is the way to be—how to live—and the high-quality pussy will be kicking in your door. If only you could establish the ideal Atmosphere, Miss October would be yours.

A setup like that is expensive—you realize that, of course—but you also realize that it is essential to a full sex life. Miss October is not the type of woman who would roll in a haystack with an

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy for too long. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that repression of natural, healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



THE ATMOSPHERE OF SEX

impoverished college student or give herself up to a young soldier on an army cot. Beautiful, classy women only spread their legs if the Atmosphere is right. And the right Atmosphere costs money, a lot more money than you have.

Remember the early days? To be sure, most of us got it first in the backseat of a car, bracing an elbow awkwardly against the front seat, trying to keep the girl from sliding off the seat and onto the drive-shaft hump by clutching her school sweater with our free hand, while dodging alien headlights that flashed through our back window every few

minutes. Others got it first in the bushes down by the river, or out by the golf course at night—grass stains on everything and deerflies in the short hairs, hoping to Christ the rubber would hang tough.

But no matter how perplexing or ultimately disagreeable the experience might have been, you knew the flaws would one day be overcome. There would be plenty of time and money to create the ideal Atmosphere later on. And you pictured a place that's outfitted straight from an accessories layout you saw in a certain men's magazine—the very same issue in which Miss October appeared.

But the next step was college or, worse yet, the Army, depending mainly on how much money your dad made. The U.S. Army is horrendously deficient in Atmosphere, all veterans agree. From the murderous off-base whorehouses near Fort Dix and San Antonio, to the crab-ridden, muggy brothels of Nam, to the R&R blow-job factories in Tokyo, there isn't sufficient Atmosphere to fill one *Playboy* magazine gift guide. Two American dollars for a knob job or a 99.9 percent chance of catching a good dose of the clap does not make for much Atmosphere.

Sure, you might even be able to pick up a few of the accessories for seduction dirt cheap at the PX, but what the hell good is a treelamp in a barracks? Privacy is an essential part of the ideal Atmosphere. For the military man, creating the classic Atmosphere is a job that just has to wait until enlistment runs out.

Even campus life, with all its free-thinking women and open dorms, comes up short of that ideal Atmosphere. For the college student, a mattress on the floor, a headful of dope and an earful of Peter Frampton is the most common Atmosphere for sex. And it might be considered ideal, except for the fact that

incense and candles are a poor-man's Atmosphere, something to make do with until you can afford the expensive, enviable items that make up the Real Thing. The women are pretty, sure, but they lean more toward feminism than hedonism. They want you to appreciate them for their minds, and only for their minds. Miss October, on the other hand, has a true sense of values where pleasures of the flesh are concerned.

When college is done—it is generally believed—a guy can get a job and knuckle down to the task of setting up that old Atmosphere at last, the setting that will finally lure Miss October into the satin-lined sack.

But mysteriously, without warning, marriage intervenes. This has an Atmosphere all its own, sufficient for a while, but fundamentally temporary. Sex occurs in the cozy bedroom of the newlyweds' apartment or trailer, on crisp sheets smelling of Downy. At first it is wild, abandoned sex, even with her treasured Snoopy poster beaming white-light down from the wall.

But when the initial aroma of baby formula and undisposed Pampers wafts into the Atmosphere, sex comes gradually to be associated with these sweet and homely things. It becomes domesticated, a bland but satisfying function like tinkering with the Chevy or throwing a barbecue. By the time there is enough money in the bank to think about squandering some on a little Atmosphere—a mirror on the ceiling, perhaps, or anything else that might serve to stir up a stagnant sex life—a person might be half-tempted to settle for a case of Budweiser and a big-tit magazine. After all, you don't *really* need an ideal Atmosphere to seduce your own wife.

At this point in time a man turns to adultery in his search for that lurid Atmosphere. The ideal remains basically the same: to set up Miss October in a fancy penthouse, complete with sauna, so you can visit her twice a week when your wife is off playing bridge. But such an arrangement is out of the question for anyone who can't afford to maintain two separate households, which is just about everyone.

So, instead, your encounters take place in the monotonous, antiseptic Atmosphere of motel rooms—and what kind of Atmosphere is *that*? Percale sheets are the same in any bedroom. And your mistress, be she ever so pink-nipped and long-straight-legged, lies there distracted and unresponsive despite the imaginative Oriental foreplay techniques you picked up from *The Joy of Sex*, which she gave you for your

birthday. Besides, your mistress snores in her sleep. And Miss October never, never snores.

So at length you drop in at the friendly neighborhood massage parlor. Massage parlors are universally designed and operated by people who are perfectly aware of what the ideal Atmosphere for sex requires, and go to no end of trouble setting it up.

A massage parlor lobby is one place where a guy is sure to find a red leather couch, muted indirect treelamp, well-stocked bar and Miss October (38-22-36). Oh, well, the piddling details of the environment may vary a little from one place to the next, but is not the general

The quest for the ideal Atmosphere is often at the root of sexual frustration, unhappiness and broken homes.

effect straight out of a 1958 issue of *Escapade* magazine? "The Man-About-Town's Country Hideaway!"

Here in the lobby you are at last, by golly, drowned in soft lights and good music, touching the edge of your elegant cocktail glass to one held in the hand of a lively young girl. She's incredibly attractive and has very little clothing on. You can look idly down her cleavage all you want, or gaze up the underside of her thighs right up to her hips. She understands everything, she's willing, she's Miss October all the way. And here you are, here she is, she's going to let you screw her, finally. It's happened. You have *arrived*!

Presently you walk into a cubicle the size of a closet, lie down on a narrow bench and negotiate with the girl as to how long the blow job's going to last, how much extra it will cost to fondle her tits while she does you, and how much she'll take to hear the story of your sad life afterward.

Is it any wonder so many of us are disappointed with our sex lives? It really starts gnawing at you after awhile, not being able to achieve that ideal Atmosphere that you know must exist somewhere.

Everybody has heard tell of certain guys whose very existence is *lousy* with Atmosphere, guys who drive around in vans or even buses *full* of Atmosphere—waterbeds, fur rugs, crystal chandeliers, for Chrissake!

These guys get the daylights screwed

out of them by waitresses, stewardesses, divorcees, meter maids and lady lifeguards, just because they have the money—and whatever else it takes—to create the perfect Atmosphere for seduction. Guys like that can really make your average, beer-drinking, pot-bellied, Pinto-driving married slob feel cheated by comparison.

Any psychoanalyst (or advice-to-the-lovelorn columnist, for that matter) will tell you not to envy the lot of those guys who get all the pussy just because they're careful to maintain an erotic Atmosphere in their homes or cars. Those poor wretches, the "experts" say, are simply incapable of establishing a profound, meaningful, permanent relationship with a woman. But such a "professional" opinion affords little consolation to the man who feels as though he's dug himself into a hole by taking on the responsibility of a wife and kids. Where is that ideal Atmosphere he was promised, that he promised himself?

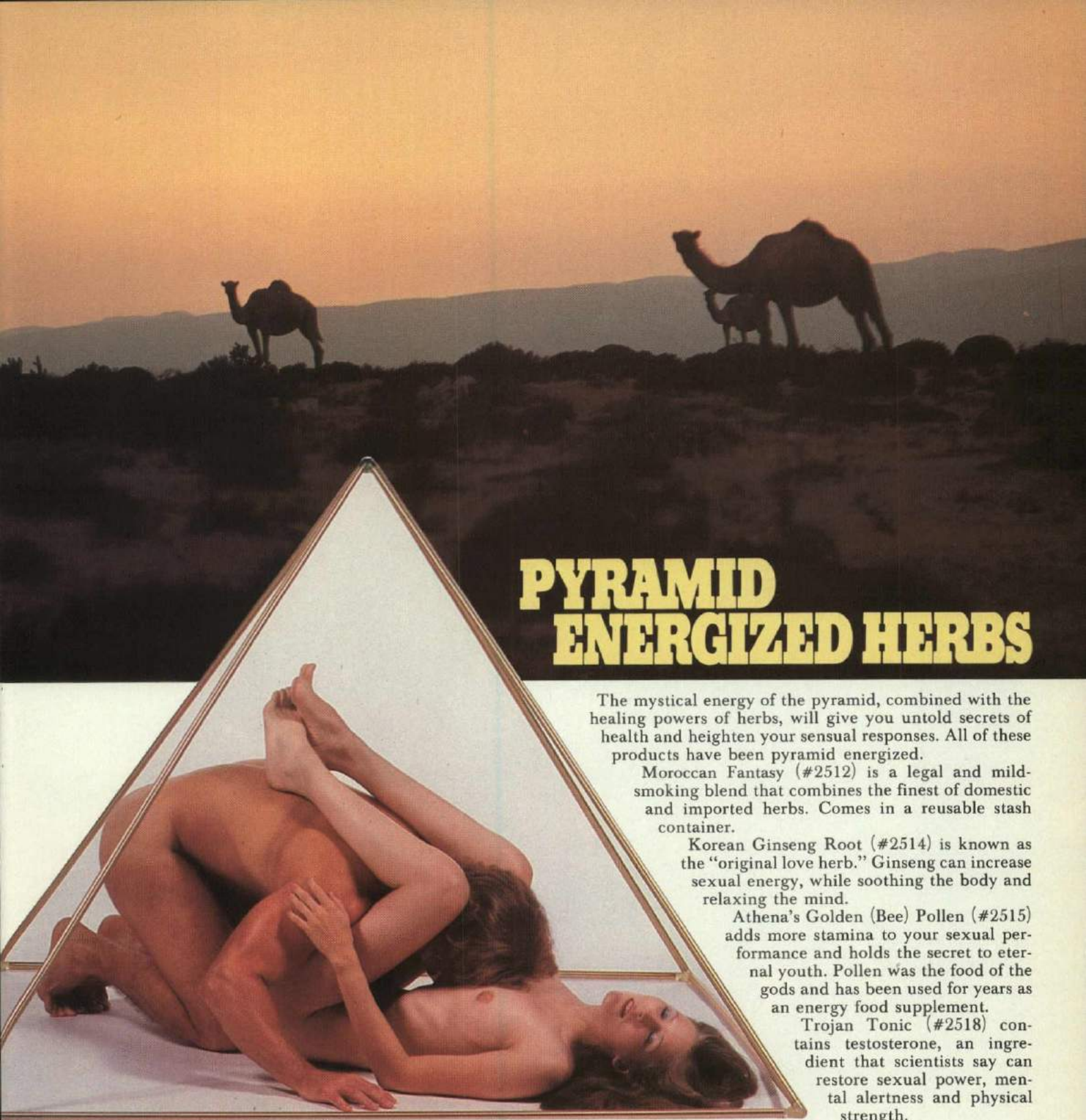
And so the quest for that ideal is often at the root of sexual frustration, unhappiness and broken homes. The sad, ironic fact of the matter is: The ideal Atmosphere, the one that will have Miss October swooning at your leather slippers, is seldom, if ever, reached. No matter how good we have it, there is always that nagging notion that things could be better, if only. . . .

There are so many factors that make up the ideal sexual encounter—the perfect woman, the perfect setting, the perfect performance on your part—that the chances of everything always being right for you are almost nil. There is always something wrong, a major flaw in the Atmosphere.

You can spend a fortune on stereo equipment and blue light bulbs and bearskin rugs, but chances are it won't make much difference in either the frequency or quality of your sexual episodes. It's more than likely that the day you move into that den of sin you have wanted for so many years, you'll spot your Miss October hopping on a motorcycle with the guy who mows your lawn and speeding off to his house because his parents have gone away for the weekend.

The point is simple: The pleasures of sex are meant to be enjoyed in any Atmosphere. True, some sexual encounters are more enjoyable than others, but ultimately we all have our share of good and bad. The loftier your goal, the more likely you'll be disappointed.

So pick up a copy of *HUSTLER* on the way home from work, son, and a cold case of Bud. Right there's Atmosphere enough for everybody. ☹



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Cuba

CHANGES IN
PARADISE

ARTICLE BY
FRANK FORTUNATO



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29/5/77

PASSPORT

States

Now that Cuban-American relations are normalizing and the U.S. travel ban to Cuba has been lifted, HUSTLER wanted to find out how much Fidel's tiny island-nation had changed from its old days—when Cuba was one of the most open sexual playgrounds in the Western Hemisphere. We assigned Contributing Editor Frank Fortunato to steep himself in Cuban history, then go to Cuba for a firsthand report. He turned in a surprising account: the first sexual-political analysis of the New Cuba.

December 1959: Havana is a city in transition—from the capital of decadence in the Western Hemisphere to the capital of Socialism. Vestiges of the past remain: nightclubs, casinos, lavish hotels, sex shows and bars overflowing with prostitutes. A 20-year-old American tourist and his friends arrive at the airport. Although Fidel Castro and his Revolutionary government have been in power for a year, nothing seems strange to the newly arrived Americans as they ride through the streets. And they wonder why everyone in the States had told them to “be careful in Cuba.” Their hotel is the brand-new and luxurious Havana Riviera. It's practically deserted. There's at least one hotel employee per guest. The bellhop complains that Americans have stopped visiting Cuba since the Revolution.

The young tourist and his friends take a taxi from the Riviera to one of the other hotels to see a performance by the legendary “Superman.” Their driver is the only man they will encounter in Cuba who is wearing a tie. The tourist engages him in conversation, and at their destination the cabby discreetly offers his services in procuring women. He hands the tourist a card with his phone number and name: Gonzalez. The tourist is impressed: Gonzalez is a professional.

“Superman” is also a professional—a man with a horsecock who lives up to his moniker. Over a period of several hours nine women walk down a ramp to the hotel's theater stage—and “Superman” fucks them all.

After the show the tourist's friends head for a brothel, while he begs off, claiming to be tired. He doesn't mind the ragging he has to take from his friends. He has something else in mind. For a 20-year-old, the tourist has sophisticated tastes. He calls Gonzalez and has the cabdriver pick him up at the hotel. On the ride back the tourist fumbles for words in an attempt to describe what he wants. Finally he just blurts it out: “I want to spend the night with a Lolita—I mean, a young girl no older than 15.”

He is afraid that Gonzalez will laugh at him, but Gonzalez doesn't. He nods and says, “I will arrange it for tomorrow night—seven o'clock.”

The following night the tourist meets Gonzalez at the arranged time. They drive to a new residential area of Havana, stopping in front of an apartment house. Gonzalez goes upstairs and returns several minutes later—with a young, stunningly beautiful girl wearing a peasant dress. The tourist can hardly believe that she is a prostitute. She sits next to him in the backseat for a few minutes, scrutinizing him from

head to toe, until Gonzalez asks her something in Spanish. She nods in acquiescence, then disappears into the building. Before the tourist can protest, Gonzalez says that he must go back upstairs to get the girl's mother. Shortly he returns with an elderly woman—wearing a huge crucifix—who also scrutinizes the tourist before nodding her own agreement. The girl returns in a new outfit—skirt, blouse and heels—dressed like any 15-year-old Cuban girl on a date.

The tourist tries nothing more than holding her hand on the ride to the waterfront hotel where they will spend the night. He is intimidated by her beauty and the fact that what he is doing is illegal in the States. “Fifteen will get you twenty” keeps going through his head. His anxieties are relieved at the hotel, where the desk clerk

Cubans live under total governmental censorship, including a typically Communist tight-assed attitude toward things sexual.

seems to know her. Up in the room she insists on total darkness, but works over the tourist's body with the expertise of a woman twice her age. The following morning she reluctantly accepts a tip. The tourist offers to take her home in a taxi, but she refuses: “That has been taken care of.”

The entire experience has cost him \$22. Seventeen years later the tourist experiences a twinge of guilt over participating in a situation where 15-year-old girls are experienced prostitutes, but he can also recall the night in vivid detail—right down to the taste of her diaphragm lubricant.

The tourist and his companions were among the last Americans to experience “Old Havana,” the wide-open playground where everyone and everything could be had for a price. One year later—in 1960—the remaining 4000 American nationals were evacuated as Castro expropriated nearly \$1.6 billion of American property on the island. In 1961 Cuba was declared a Socialist state. Then in 1962 came the missile crisis, which finally severed relations between the two nations—until March 1977, when President Carter lifted the American travel ban to Cuba.

My first move after being handed the Cuba assignment by HUSTLER is to call the U.S. State Department for hints on how to get into Fidel's Socialist paradise. The department confirms that Cuban travel is now legal, advises that I should have the Cuba travel-ban provision deleted from my passport and then directs me to write the Czechoslovak Embassy in Washington (they handle Cuban affairs in this country) in order to obtain the necessary entry visa as a visiting journalist.

My second move is to look up a Cuban acquaintance, Ramon, whom I

know to be *simpatico* with the Revolution and who has visited Cuba a number of times in the past few years. Ramon describes Cuba as a country that, while still quite poor, has managed to cut illiteracy from 23.5 percent in 1953 to 3.9 percent today, offers free medical care and free, compulsory education, and has managed to feed nearly all of its 10 million people. Before the Revolution, in former dictator Fulgencio Batista's time, millions lived on the edge of starvation. Ramon also admits that Cubans live under total governmental censorship, including a typically Communist tight-assed attitude toward things sexual. Among the commodities restricted for importation are any type of “sex literature”—i.e., HUSTLER, etc.

“What did you say the name of the magazine was?”

“HUSTLER.”

“That's a pornographic magazine, no?”

“Well, it's a men's magazine.”

“Makes no difference—Cuba is a puritanical society. They'll never let you in if you tell them. It's better you go to the Cuban Mission in New York. Don't call—the phones make them nervous.”

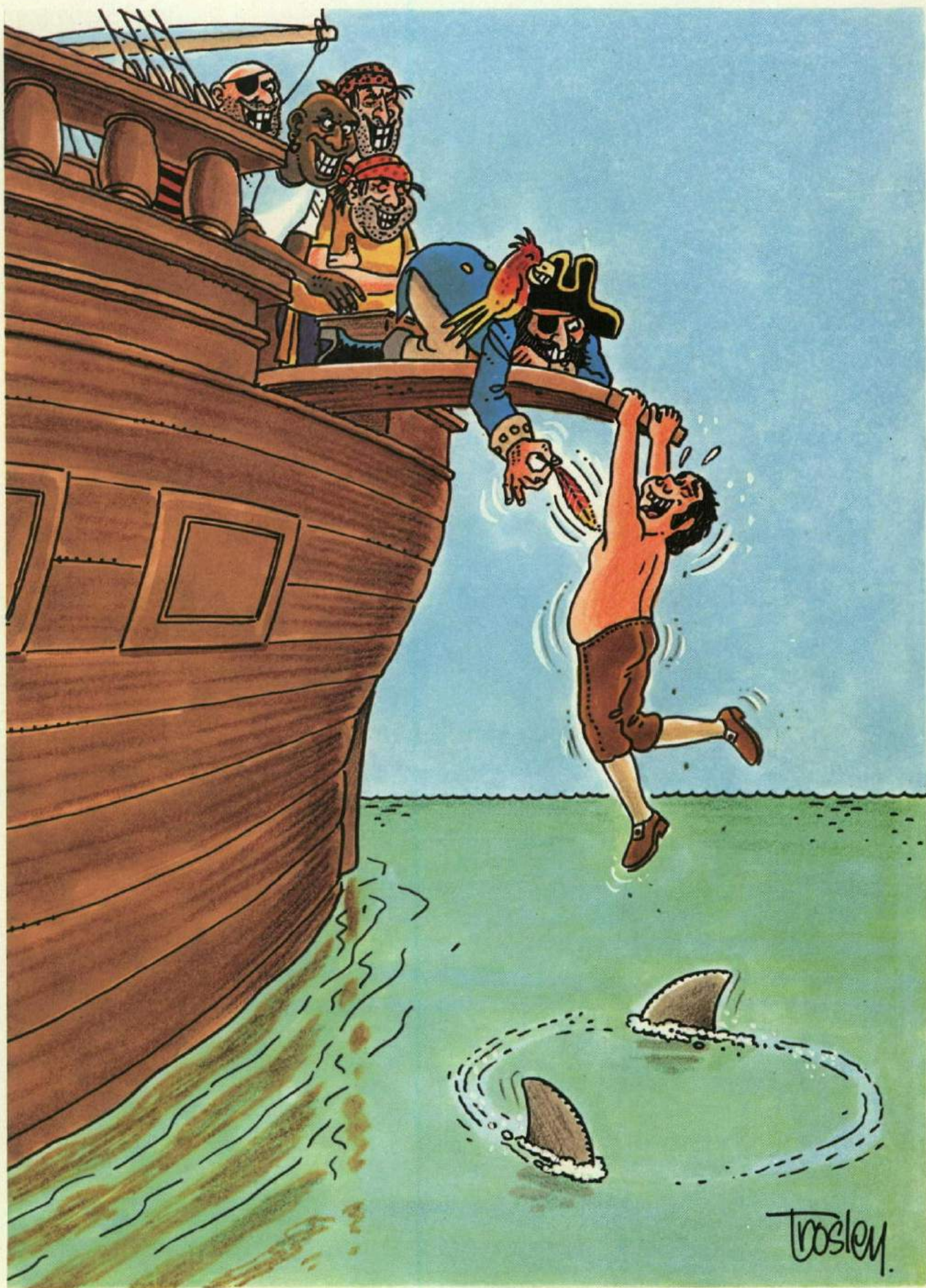
The Cuban Mission to the United Nations is housed on a fashionable East Side Manhattan street. After being buzzed through a wrought-iron door, you face a man sitting behind a bullet-proof-glass partition. If the man feels you're not there to blow his head off, he opens a small window and speaks to you. I tell him what I want, and he gives me some phone numbers in Montreal and Toronto—the Cuban Trade Mission and Consulate, respectively. I call both cities without reaching a live human voice—instead, recording machines that request messages.

Meanwhile the visa application arrives from Washington. It is depressing. With four pages of detailed questions, it looks more like an application for the Cuban secret police than a tourist visa. Moreover, they want to see copies of my last three pieces and a letter of introduction from the publication that is sending me. If I send them a letter and some of my work for HUSTLER, they'll hang my picture at the airport and mount my head in the marketplace if I show up.

I am beginning to despair. *No shit*, I think while reading the headline over a piece in the *New York Times*: “Trade Ban Slows Cuban Tourism.” But then my luck changes: The piece goes on to name a New York travel agency that is beginning to book tours to Havana by way of Canada. I feel as if I've finally hit the lottery.

The lady at the travel agency eyes me suspiciously when I hand her the \$484

(continued on page 54)





Photographed by Suze Randall



Marleynn
Solid Sender

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Marlynn works at a southern California television station as a receptionist. Ironically, the men who work with her find the signals she sends are more interesting than those going out over the airwaves.

This 29-year-old beauty digs television newsmen. "There's something so appealing about broadcasters," she confides. "All day long I take phone calls from women who—like me—get off on well-dressed, well-groomed men with smooth, deep voices. It makes me wet to know that I have the inside track with the kind of men other women only dream about. Any of the guys at the station can tell you that I'm a doer, not a dreamer.

Still, I do have one daydream. I'd like to do an X-rated show right from my apartment. I got the idea from a guy in the building across from mine. He keeps training his binoculars on my place, and I like to give him an eyeful. I'd love to do the same thing for other guys, coast to coast. I guarantee my performance would be a television first."

We're sure that after watching Marlynn on the boob tube, even Walter Cronkite would have to admit, "That's entertainment!"









(continued from page 44)

tour fee in cash—which I had just picked up at HUSTLER's New York office. I am to be among the second group from New York to visit Havana. Filling out this tour visa is simple, and it's the only requirement other than the money and my passport. The single stipulation limits me to travel within Havana Province except when on an official guided tour. While looking over the receipt, I notice a line: "Confirmation of your tour subject to visa approval." I point to the line and ask as innocently as possible: "Do you have much trouble with visa approval?"

She stares at me for a moment: "You're not a member of the military, are you, sir?" I laugh it off and she laughs me out the door. The trip is finally on wheels—HUSTLER is about to smuggle their horny young representative into Cuba.

Although U.S. citizens are free to travel to Cuba, neither direct money transfers nor flights to Cuba are allowed from the United States proper. Consequently the deal involves flying on my own from New York to Montreal, then taking the hour-long bus ride from the domestic airport at Dorval to Mirabel International Airport, where Cubana Airlines departs for Havana. Never having been in a tour group before, I envision being trapped for seven days with a covey of blue-haired ladies complaining about everything from their bowel movements to my cigarette smoke. But that is the least of my problems. Straightaway it dawns on me that I, a pot-puffing *Yanqui* pornographer, will be spending a week in a rabidly anti-American dictatorship that routinely hands out two-year sentences for first-offense grass possession, that bans the importation of what they call "sex literature" and that is, at the very least, a neo-Victorian society. Naturally I'm eager to avoid a dose of "Revolutionary" justice, so I carry no drugs or anything that could vaguely be construed as sex literature. What I do bring along is some Jack Daniel's and a healthy amount of paranoia, which escalates somewhat at New York's LaGuardia Airport when I remember there is a HUSTLER press card in my wallet. I buy an envelope and stamp, and mail the card to my home.

At Mirabel, I encounter the first sign of Cuba: Montecristo No. 1 cigars for sale at a newsstand for \$2.55 apiece. And then the first Cubans—flight attendants for Cubana Airlines, who conduct a thorough luggage search at the baggage counter. Awhile back, on a flight

from Barbados to Havana, refugee terrorists had planted a bomb that exploded shortly after takeoff, killing all on board—including Cuba's Olympic fencing team.

While waiting for my flight, I amuse myself by leering at the French Canadian girls—appetizing little creatures with sensual facial features—who are into the agreeable style of sheer, ankle-length dresses that exhibit their laundry right down to the stitching. I mentally ravish about a half-dozen of 'em until my reverie is coolly interrupted by an aggressive-looking old biddy sitting next to me. "Are you going to Cuba,

Throngs of jubilant Cubans stepped over the corpses of murdered cops when Castro entered Havana on January 8, 1959.

young man?"

"Ahh, yes."

"Why?" she demands.

Why? I think to myself: *To watch donkeys rape Cuban virgins—why else?* Instead I use the line that I will hear myself repeat endlessly over the next week: "Well, I guess I've been curious about Cuba for quite awhile, and now that the President has approved Cuban travel. . . ." *Ad nauseum.*

The Cubana jet is a rather flight-worn DC-8. I notice during the flight that the glass in my window has last been replaced in 1965, but then out beyond the window is New York! Apparently airspace has nothing to do with politics, and I wonder if the thousands of Cuban refugees in the New York area have any idea that the People's jets are flying over their homes on a daily basis. Probably not—and it's a good thing, lest they get up on their roofs with 30.06s.

I cruise the aisle of the plane in order to get a preview of what and whom I will be living with the next week. Sure enough, there is a sizable contingent of oldsters prattling away a mile a minute and driving an obviously gay tour director out of his gourd.

"Jesus! We haven't even landed yet and they're driving me crazy," he says to no one in particular. I just hope they're staying at another hotel.

The stewardesses, who serve our meals—and later banana liqueur and cigars—remain grim-faced throughout the four-hour flight. In contrast, there is a cheerful black Cuban lady sitting next to me. She works as an official of the Fishing Ministry: "Did you know that

Cuba is the second largest exporter of lobster in the world?" She is rather chubby. Obviously she hasn't heeded the government edict that "fat is counter-revolutionary." She has her own house and car. Clearly she has benefited from the Revolution. As a woman in pre-Castro days, she would have relied on a man for support, worked for peanuts or hooked for a living. Today in Cuba a third of the women work, a high percentage for *any* country.

The fact that I am an American and she's a "Revolutionary" who has been force-fed reams of anti-American propaganda over the years doesn't seem to matter as we speak face-to-face. She makes a giggling reference to this: "Ultimately we are all just people." She brings to mind the ocean of details I have read and heard concerning Cuban-American relations.

History shows that Cuba has much to resent concerning its relations with the United States. Anti-Americanism began in Cuba around the time of the Spanish-American War in 1898. We intervened in what then-Secretary of State John Hays described as a "splendid little war," after the Cubans had been fighting the Spanish for some 30 years. Our involvement lasted less than three months and cost us 6,200 lives—mostly due to malaria. On the other hand, after 30 years of war the Cuban loss was estimated at 60,000. Nevertheless, the United States refused to allow the Cuban guerrillas and their leader—Calixto Garcia—to enter Santiago and take part in the Spanish surrender. It's a snub that still rankles many Cubans.

The immediate result of the "splendid little war" was an onslaught of American business investments on the island and American political control, obtained by handing over the government to those Cubans who would cooperate with U.S. interests. For the most part, these men were greedy and corrupt. Until the Castro takeover in 1959 the majority of Cuba's exports—which is to say the sugar crop—went to the United States based upon an import quota set by the U.S. Congress and established without consulting the Cubans. Generations of Cubans grew up seeing their nation's wealth controlled by the *Yanqui* colossus.

Before 1959 the Cuban government was riddled with corruption. The last U.S. Ambassador, Philip W. Bonsal—who was completely hostile toward Castro—had this to say about the situation: "I know of no country among those committed to the Western ethic where the diversion of public treasure for private profit reached the proportion that it attained in the Cuban Republic." There

(continued on page 102)



"Well, asshole, did you get the raise?"



HUSTLER INTERVIEW

ANDREW KOWAL

PUBLISHER OF HIGH TIMES

Andrew Kowal, 26, is the publisher of counterculture *High Times* magazine. In this interview with *HUSTLER* Executive Editor Bruce David, Kowal talks about the legalization of drugs and the effects of drugs on users. Although we don't agree with everything he says, we do believe that he has a right to express his personal views.



Kowal's opinions began forming in the late 1960s, when he took a job as a reporter for *Promethean*, an anti-administration weekly newspaper at Syracuse University. Within two years Kowal was publisher. Armed with that experience, he left for Long Island—where he began an underground weekly, *The Express*. Then three years ago—bored with *The Express* and titillated by the idea of publishing a national magazine about drugs—Kowal, with some friends, started *High Times* magazine.

Kowal considers *High Times* to be an extension of his political philosophy: He participated in the Cambodian-invasion protests that closed down Syracuse University in 1970 and in the May Day march on Washington in 1971. Even so, Kowal concedes that *High Times*'s readers are middle-class, not politically radical. But he believes that they comprise a new, young middle class, who want to throw off their parents' double standards and hang-ups. Through *High Times*'s reports on subjects untouched by the Establishment media, Andy Kowal hopes to influence this changing middle class.

HUSTLER: Obviously *High Times* is a drug magazine, but what else is it?

KOWAL: There's no question that *High Times* is a drug magazine, a magazine about getting high. But from the beginning there was a concerted plan

to expand it into an overall cultural context, and today it's a lifestyle magazine. Right now our editorial content doesn't deal exclusively with dope, which it did in the beginning.

HUSTLER: OK. How about comparing *High Times* to *Rolling Stone*?

KOWAL: We do feel more in competition with *Rolling Stone*, for

example, than another dope magazine that might start up now. When it started out, *Rolling Stone* was super avant-garde. It presented new and radical ideas and opened some new modes of political thought. Of course, it's gone more and more Establishment—John Dean covered the Republican Convention for it; it had Jack Ford working as an assistant to the publisher. It's gone totally straight. All the long-haired ad-sales people have been fired and replaced by older business-types. We picked up where *Rolling Stone* left off—just a natural evolution.

HUSTLER: What editorial features do you have now that our readers might be interested in?

KOWAL: We're trying not to lose our roots, not to go overboard in our dealings with a general lifestyle, not to lose sight of the fact that our readers are really fascinated with dope. For example, we run features on the ten best dope-smuggling ships—ships ranging from a capacity of 100,000 pounds down to a 100-pound load. One recent cover story was an interview with Andy Warhol. We also have more rock music coverage coming up. Mick Jagger has volunteered to pose for a cover because *High Times* is his favorite magazine, and he'll be doing some work for us now. We're expanding to become a general-format magazine.

HUSTLER: Were you *High Times's* publisher from its inception?

KOWAL: No. As a matter of fact, in the beginning we had two or three different names listed as publisher—one was a nonexistent person; the second name belonged to a guy who was an all-around handyman and who was willing to accept the title of publisher. None of us wanted to put his name down until we realized that there wasn't any problem of being sent to prison.

HUSTLER: Obviously America has a heavy drug culture and you knew there was a market, but how did *High Times* actually evolve?

KOWAL: *High Times* evolved as a result of a stoned idea—like sitting around and saying, "Wow, wouldn't it be far-out if there were a magazine about getting high?" We realized that a lot of people were smoking dope—getting high. A lot of rolling papers and pipes were being sold, but there was still no way for this paraphernalia industry to market its products to the public.

HUSTLER: Where did the financing for *High Times* come from?

KOWAL: Actually it cost virtually nothing to start *High Times*. We borrowed office space and telephones; we didn't pay our writers or artists—we had no paid staff members. The first issue was put together purely on a voluntary basis. The initial 20,000 copies sold out in two weeks. Before the second issue came out we had sold four printings of the first. Sales of the first issue—all cash

"Government officials have said we provide a service. We tell readers when a drug is harmful."

up front—literally paid for the second issue and the second paid for the third.

HUSTLER: In the beginning did you have problems getting distributed?

KOWAL: The national and local distributors didn't want to hear about a magazine related to grass or any aspect of getting high.

HUSTLER: But that's extralegal censorship. What does that say about freedom of the press in the United States?

KOWAL: There are people in the business sector who are certainly in a position to inhibit what you do. Any successful enterprise involves mass marketing, mass communication—and there are a lot of staid, conservative people in charge of those areas who stand between you and the public. Underground publications have always run into the problem of censorship by virtue of not being able to get out their message.

HUSTLER: How did you finally manage to get yourself distributed?

KOWAL: We had to create our own network of distributors. We became the

only magazine selling as many as 400,000 copies a month that was distributing itself. People started selling *High Times* because they felt very much a part of it from the beginning. Even if they weren't making money on it, they wanted to distribute *High Times*. Personal involvement got us off the ground.

HUSTLER: Doesn't *High Times*, aside from being an entertainment vehicle, also really double as a trade magazine for dope dealers across the country?

KOWAL: Much more so in the past. In our monthly feature "Trans-High Market Quotations" we used to indicate the price of dope by breaking it down by American city or state. Now we just present prices by country, from Afghanistan to the USA, because we don't want the listing to have an effect on local market prices.

HUSTLER: And how reliable are *High Times's* price quotations?

KOWAL: Less reliable now than in the past. Let's face it, they're always at least a month and a half old by the time the public sees the list. We make no bones about it.

HUSTLER: Aren't you letting your readers down?

KOWAL: Well, we really don't want it to be a trade magazine for dope dealers. We want to be a magazine for someone who sits home and smokes a joint after work or snorts some cocaine when he can afford it.

HUSTLER: Why is it that some people would rather purchase *High Times* on

Abuses of the civil rights of innocent people by various drug-enforcement agencies—local, state and federal—are nothing new in America.

In the middle of the night of April 23, 1973, Herbert Giglotto and his wife were victimized by federal narcotics agents. Approximately 15 shabbily dressed men broke down the door of this Collinsville, Illinois, couple's apartment. The heavily armed men shouted obscenities, handcuffed the Giglottes, held them at gunpoint—then proceeded to ransack the apartment in search of illegal drugs.

Less than an hour later the same thing occurred at Mr. and Mrs. Donald Askew's home, also in Collinsville.

Ironically, both families were innocent of any wrongdoing. Yet the agents, who were from the Nixon-established White House Special Action Office for Drug Abuse Prevention, had the wrong addresses, didn't identify themselves until the raid had begun, didn't have authorization from a superior to pull off the raid and didn't have search warrants. Furthermore, at least one of the agents involved had used similar strong-arm tactics in the past.

Just a few months earlier, state and federal agents broke into the home of William Pine of Winthrop, Massachusetts, toting shotguns. The 15 agents forced Pine's wife and 13-year-old daughter onto a couch, telling them, "Just don't move." Several agents rushed upstairs to find Pine, who was still asleep, since it was only 10 in the morning. Pointing their shotguns at the startled Pine, they asked him his name. When he replied, "William Pine," the men stared at one

Drug-Enforcement Agencies

another and suddenly ran from the house. It seems that these so-called "professionals" had intended to "investigate" the residents at 30 Underhill Avenue and instead ended up at 32 Underhill, the Pine home.

Twenty-four-year-old Dirk Dickenson wasn't as lucky as the Giglottes or Askews or Pines, who lived to tell their stories. On April 24, 1972, local and federal agents were closing in on a supposed drug laboratory operating in the mountains near Eureka, California. The heavily armed agents approached the "lab" on foot, with dogs at their sides, and by air in a borrowed helicopter. They opened fire. Dickenson bolted out of fear—since the officials hadn't identified themselves—and died with a bullet in his back. The agents didn't find a lab.

These four raids, and countless others, occurred prior to the founding of DEA, the Federal Drug Enforcement Agency, in July 1973. The DEA was to stem the flow of drugs in America while gathering drug information overseas. Both these functions had formerly been part of the Customs Service's operation, and Customs' loss of these functions created a jurisdictional dispute between the two agencies. Since creation of the DEA, most warrantless break-ins by federal officials have been stopped, or are at least being covered up

the newsstand than subscribe to it?

KOWAL: There's no question that some of our best readers will not subscribe. Getting high on drugs is an illegal activity. It's something that you become paranoid about. But we have 40,000 people on our subscription list who apparently don't feel that way.

HUSTLER: We have heard that the government recommends that people read *High Times* because you indicate which drugs are harmful.

KOWAL: We have written statements from top officials saying that we do present a service—we do tell when a drug is harmful. We are one of the best means of distributing this information. Federal Drug Enforcement Agency (DEA) fieldmen often use the dope prices that are listed in *High Times* when they fill out their reports.

HUSTLER: What you're saying then is that the government reads *High Times*.

KOWAL: Yes, because we publish news and editorial ideas that haven't been presented by the national media before. For example, we ran a report on America's supplying Mexico with helicopters and chemical defoliants—which our government banned in Vietnam because the chemicals caused cancer in humans—in order to eradicate Mexican marijuana crops.

HUSTLER: What are your feelings about the Drug Enforcement Agency?

KOWAL: The DEA and most other drug-enforcement agencies probably violate the law more offensively and

"There are cases where federal agents searching for drugs have stuck shotgun barrels in the mouths of innocent people."

more detrimentally than any dope dealer ever could.

HUSTLER: Give us some examples.

KOWAL: Well, it would be hard to name names and locations, but let me indulge in generalizations. There are certainly recorded events in which citizens' doors were broken down by sledgehammers wielded by plainclothesmen who didn't identify themselves as police officers. There are cases where they've stuck shotgun barrels into the mouths of people, made them lie on the floor, made them get naked, totally humiliated them. Here you have Joe Citizen and his word against the word of the narcotics agents. This is not just political rhetoric; this is happening in our country. I think that the DEA is one agency that could stand a thorough investigation. I personally believe that we'd do well to abolish the DEA. In the past they have been a bunch of criminals who have been given legal sanction.

HUSTLER: Do the DEA and other law-enforcement officials use *High*

Times's information against dope users?

KOWAL: The DEA and a number of law-enforcement agencies have paid for a few subscriptions. However, we're very careful about giving out information through the magazine. Let me just give you an example. We had an article about the use of dope in prison. The article carried certain smuggling techniques that were most commonly used. We consulted with a number of attorneys to see what techniques were known to the authorities. Then we published only those techniques that any halfway intelligent prison official already knew about. To our readers, on the other hand, most of whom have never smuggled dope into prison, it was a fascinating and informative article.

HUSTLER: Is the information you're imparting in *High Times* accurate?

KOWAL: We verify as much as we possibly can. In fact, when the media need the doper's point of view they come to *High Times*. The important thing is that we're dealing with a subject area where there's no ultimate source. So we have to become the ultimate source. One can verify a smuggler's story only to a certain point. You can't check with the other people involved because they might not be telling the truth. And even if they are, you can't print their names.

HUSTLER: Why do you claim the government's information about drugs is often erroneous?

(continued on page 92)

... A Study in Confusion

very well. However, it appears that the DEA has not done the job it was appointed to do.

In 1975 a White House task force recommended that narcotics agents focus their attention on gathering information about foreign drug producers and major distributors, something the DEA was to do from its inception. The task force also recommended that agents apprehend big-shot narcotics people rather than the street seller, and that heroin was one of the front-line drugs on which to focus efforts.

These recommendations were countered by the Customs Service. "Enforcement must be evenhanded and comprehensive to be effective and corruption-free," they stated. Even two years after losing its narcotics functions to the DEA, the Customs people were apparently still complaining about their hurt pride.

Then in 1976, amidst the resignation of John R. Bartels, Jr., head of the DEA since its founding, the DEA itself came under investigation by a Senate subcommittee headed by Henry M. Jackson (Democrat-Washington). "Scoop" Jackson stated that federal narcotics agents were "subjected to considerable pressures which have in some instances resulted in personal compromise or corruption" and that it was "clear that the DEA has not worked."

To some degree, Jackson was correct about the DEA's not working. Dr. Thomas E. Bryant, president of the Drug Abuse Council at the time, testified to the subcommittee that heroin use was "spreading from major urban centers to smaller cities and towns across America." Ultimately, however, no specific recommendations or effective changes in enforcement procedure resulted from the investigation.

Just prior to this probe of the DEA, Congress approved a third agency (the Office of Drug Abuse Policy), which would replace the Office of Drug Abuse Prevention—the latter was involved in the various break-ins that occurred earlier in the decade. However, the new agency, which wasn't activated until after President Carter took office, works out of the White House and is charged with coordinating the federal government's efforts to stop drug abuse.

Adding to the confusion that these three bureaucracies will no doubt produce from their infighting, an even more frightening prospect looms. On June 24, 1976, the U.S. Supreme Court, in *U.S. v. Santana*, said that police officials could enter a residence if a suspect is sighted in the doorway and if there is probable reason to make an arrest.

So even though the old federal and local narcotics raids seemed to have been stopped since the inception of the DEA in 1973, this Supreme Court ruling in effect allows for a similar procedure with a different approach. The question is, will this new ruling help drug-abuse agencies "collar" the criminals who should be caught, or will we go back to the days of the Askews, the Pines, the Giglotts and dead Dickenson?

—Zbigniew Kindela



COMING CLEAN

"Taking a nice, warm bath is one way to escape the dusty air of Cheyenne," bubbles 19-year-old Lydia, a native of Wyoming. "Besides, bathing is a double treat. It gives me a chance to explore myself and get clean at the same time."


Cleanliness is very important to Lydia, who asks very little of her men except that they be clean. "Lots of the men around here work on ranches, and they look and smell like it. That turns me off. There's no reason why a cowboy can't have clean fingernails."

Sometimes Lydia goes so far as to invite a lover to share her tub. "It's the only way I can get some of them to bathe," she says, admitting that she leads a man on with promises of sex just so she can scrub him down. However, when the job is done, Lydia is more than willing to drop the soap and bend to her man's will.

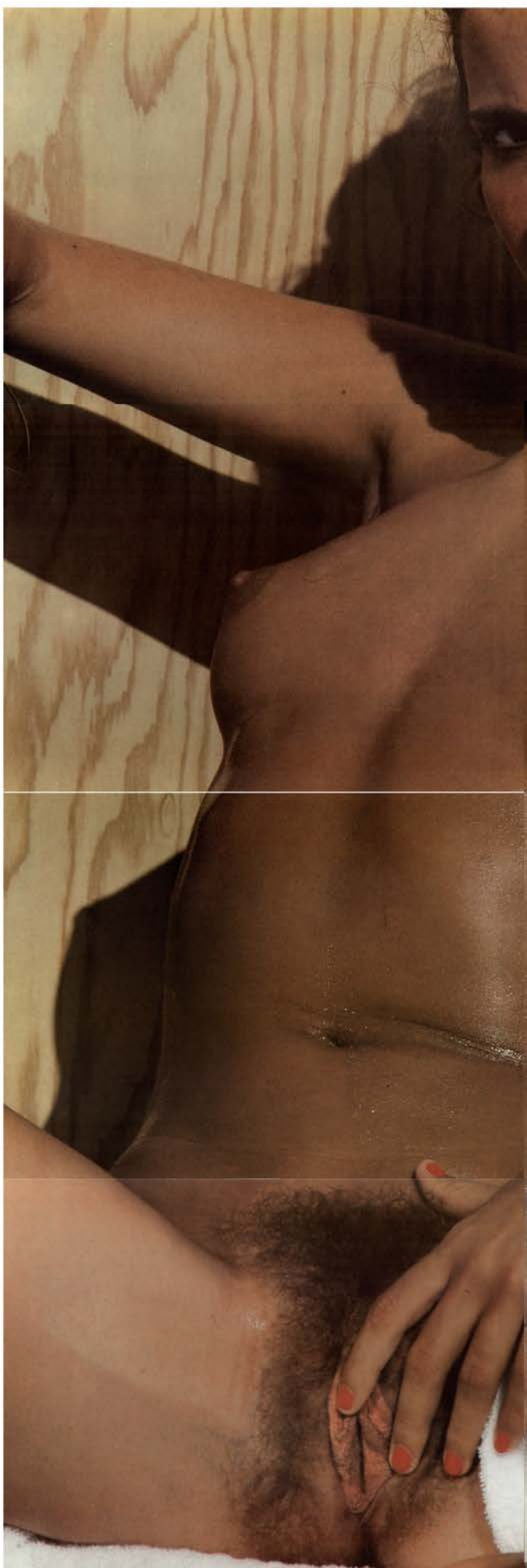






A woman is shown from the back, sitting in a bathtub. Her entire back, shoulders, and arms are covered in thick, white soap suds. She is holding a yellow towel in her mouth. Her feet, with red-painted toes, are visible in the foreground. The background is dark and appears to be a bathroom setting.

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A man walked into a bar, sat down and ordered a drink. Four seats away sat a lady. After he got his drink, he looked at the lady and proceeded to grasp his throat—gasping and choking violently. He giggled and turned back to the bartender for another drink. The bartender obliged.

A few more minutes went by when again the fellow looked at the lady, violently grasped his throat and giggled. This time the bartender asked him what the hell was going on.

"Oh, that lady lives down the street," the man replied. "Her husband hanged himself last week and I'm teasing her."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *diarrhea* as: a fart with fluid drive.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
Playing with Grandma's twat.
He stuck in his pinky,
Pulled it out stinky
And said, "Damn, it's
beginnin' to rot!"

We heard about a transvestite who went to get a checkup—and after a thorough examination, the doctor said, "Well, all I can find wrong with you is that you've got a bad case of bleeding piles." Upon hearing this, the transvestite let out a squeal of delight and giggled, "Oh, goody-goody. Now I can wear a Kotex!"

QUESTION: Did you hear about the new daredevil, Ku Klux Knievel?
ANSWER: He's going to try to jump over 50 blacks with a steamroller.

This fellow was screwing his best friend's wife when he suddenly stopped and sat on the edge of the bed, holding his head in his hands.

"What the hell has happened to you?" the lady asked.

"I feel like a regular son of a bitch, getting my best friend's pussy," the man moaned.

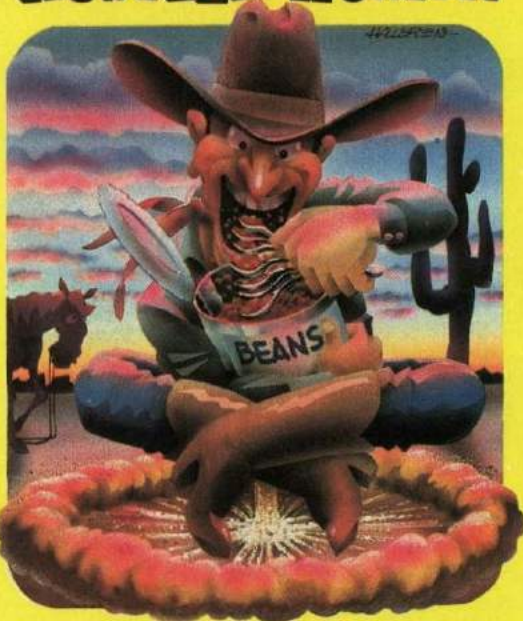
The lady reached over and patted him on his back. "Well, if that's all it is, you can stop worrying," she said. "You're not getting his pussy. His pussy is five to six inches farther down."

A country boy opened the outhouse door and surprised his 90-year-old grandfather in the act of masturbating.

"Grandpa! Are you jacking off?" the boy asked in amazement.

"Naw, boy," the old man replied, flogging his limp dong. "Just jacking."

HUSTLER HUMOR



**...and if you think
that's funny...**

One evening a man was at home watching TV and eating peanuts. He'd toss them in the air, then catch them in his mouth. In the middle of catching one, his wife asked a question, and as he turned to answer her, a peanut fell in his ear. He tried and tried to dig it out but succeeded in only pushing it in deeper. He called his wife for assistance, and after hours of trying they became worried and decided to go to the hospital. As they were ready to go out the door, their daughter came home with her date. After being informed of the problem, their daughter's date said he could get the peanut out.

The young man told the father to sit down, then shoved two fingers up the father's nose and told him to blow hard. When the father blew, the peanut flew out. The mother and daughter jumped and yelled for joy. The mother said to the young man, "That was wonderful. You should be a doctor!"

The ungrateful father jumped up, twisted the boy's arm behind his back and yelled, "Doctor, my ass! He's going to be our son-in-law. Smell his fingers!"

A father and son were having a discussion about why the boy should feel grateful for having the few toys that he did.

"My family was poor, boy," the father told his son. "Why, when I was your age, if I didn't have a hard-on, I didn't have anything to play with."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *pimp* as: America's most successful meat salesman.

It was the first night of their honeymoon, and the newlyweds anxiously climbed into bed. He cautiously pushed her head down on his crotch. She pulled away. "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you would lose respect for me." He said he understood. On their fifth wedding anniversary he tried again to get a little head. "I'm sorry, darling," she said, "but I still feel you would lose respect for me."

"Go on, please. I promise I'll never lose my respect for you," he pleaded—but she declined. On their tenth anniversary the same thing happened again. Finally on their 25th anniversary they slowly climbed in the sack and—after much pleading—she reluctantly agreed to go down on him. As she furiously worked on his member, the phone rang and he reached across the bed to answer it.

"Hello? Yeah, just a minute. I'll get her."

Then he handed the phone to his wife and snickered, "Here—it's for you, cocksucker!"

A converted prostitute, with a group of fellow Salvation Army members on a street corner, was lecturing about the sins of her life.

"I've been to bed with white men, black men, yellow men, red men..."

Just then a drunken voice yelled, "That's right, baby, fuck 'em all!"

One night a man heard howls coming from his basement and went down to discover a female cat being raped by a mouse. Fascinated by what he saw, the man gained the mouse's confidence with some cheese and then took him next door. The mouse repeated his amazing performance by raping a German shepherd. The man, very excited by this, was dying to show someone his discovery. He rushed home and woke up his wife—but before he could explain, she saw the mouse, screamed, and covered her head with the blanket.

"Don't be afraid, darling," said the man. "Wait until I tell you about this."

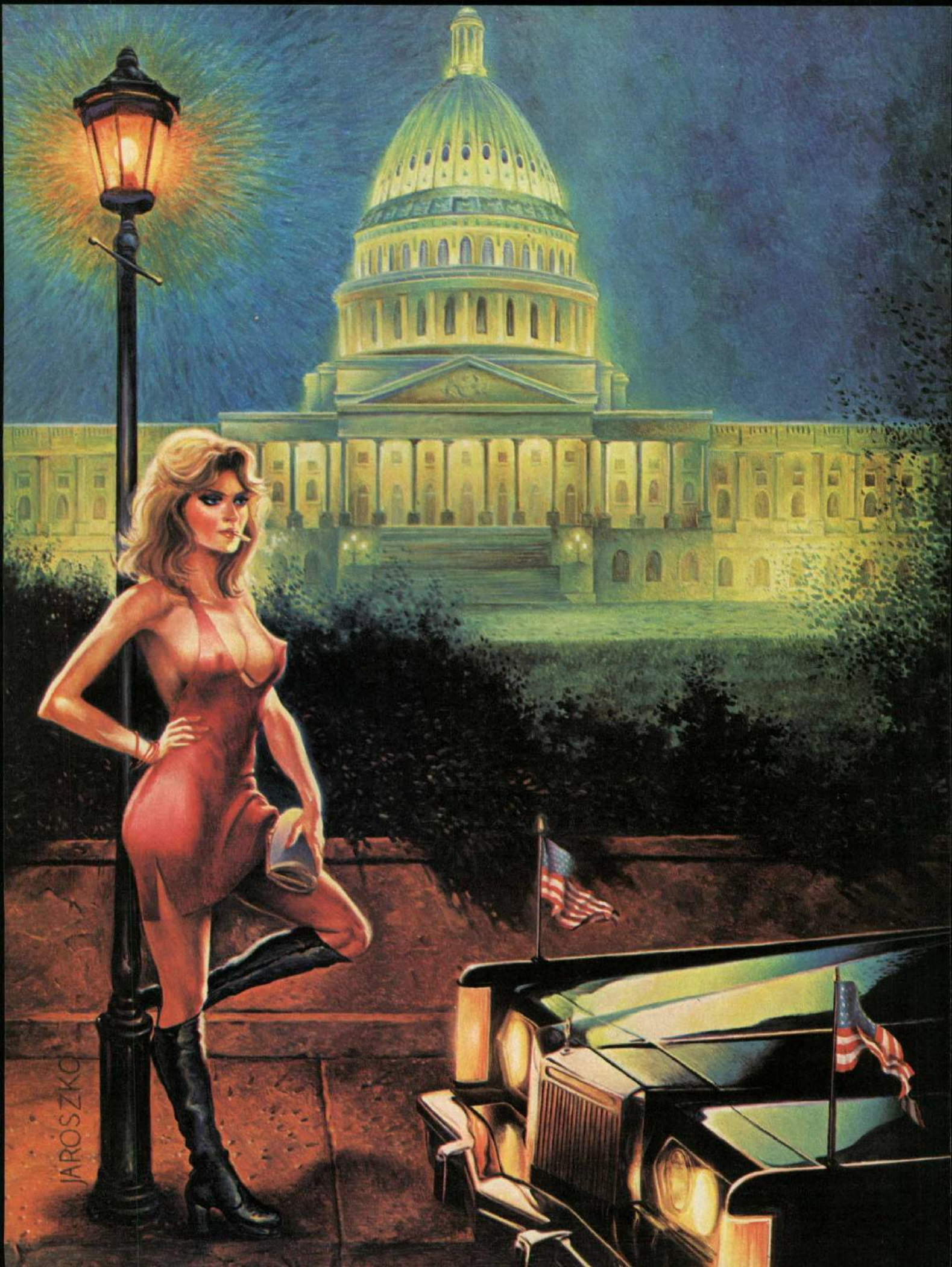
"Get out of here!" cried his wife. "And take that sex maniac with you!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. If your joke is selected, we'll send you \$25. Sorry, we cannot return jokes.

CHESTER THE MOLESTER



"Mr. President: Your daughter's new baby-sitter is here . . ."



JAROSZKO

WHY NOT A WHORE CORPS FOR CONGRESS?

Article by Flo Kennedy and Irene Davall

This article is excerpted from the authors' forthcoming book, A Prostitute in the Whorehouse Society.

A recent study of politicians — in Washington and elsewhere — reveals what many of us have suspected: Politicians are not like other men. Their sexual drives, their hungers, their self-images all are different. (Representative Wayne Hays was not the oddball you imagined.) Based on hundreds of hours of interviews with prostitutes, call girls and madams, a research team has found that politicians are more active sexually than the average man, are more likely to employ prostitutes and will pay a premium for deviant sex. Moreover, it was found that 60 percent of politicians get their primary satisfaction from sadism.

The 80 women who were the key participants in the research project had 7,645 clients, of whom 60 percent were involved in politics at some level. The

results were published in a book entitled *A Sexual Profile of Men in Power*, by Dr. Sam Janus, Dr. Barbara Bess and Carol Saltus (Prentice-Hall, 1977).

Even if you discount those well-documented findings, the recent sex scandals in Washington have alerted Americans to the sex drive of politicians; for some a drive so strong they risk jobs, family relationships and even financial ruin.

You may wonder why ordinary citizens should care about our lawmakers' sexual habits. For openers, their sex habits make them susceptible to blackmail and lobbyist payoffs, and put them in constant danger of being exposed and of losing their jobs at the next election. Good lawmakers are scarce. Thus, effective legislators should not be discarded simply because they enjoy a bit of sex, especially when they engage professional whores, substantially reducing the risk of blackmail and emotional entanglement.

The proposition we are about to make is startling. Some of you may find it controversial, even ridiculous. We assure you it is neither. Like good

lobbyists, we shall anticipate questions, meet objections and prove the benefits to be derived from our proposal.

Proposition

We propose a Whore Corps to the Congress, composed of prostitutes working right on Capitol Hill, that would provide sexual services for senators and members of the House.

Hiring would be based on experience, and members of the Whore Corps would be employees of the federal government. Their salaries would be reasonable, but not exorbitant, and they would be entitled to vacations, sick pay, pensions and other benefits. Hours, working conditions and duties would be set in consultation with such experts as Margo St. James, founder of the prostitutes' organization COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics).

Initially, we propose that the services of the Whore Corps be made available only to members of Congress. But in a year or two after determining the corps' benefits, we believe that Congress would want to extend the service to active-duty servicemen, cadets at military academies, police and fire personnel, and to all men in federal prisons.

Since this is an innovative program, we have anticipated questions and objections. They are set forth below.

Where Will the Whore Corps Be Located?

There is a massage room and gymnasium for members of Congress right on Capitol Hill. What would be more fitting than to convert a portion of that space into a congressional brothel? The construction industry is in a dreadful slump. Thousands of carpenters, plumbers, painters, etc., are unemployed and would welcome the opportunity to convert the present massage room into a brothel. Since Congress is considering a new \$75 million office building, facilities for the Whore Corps should be included in the new building as well.

What Are the Benefits?

Consider what pain, anguish, money and time could have been saved had legal sex been available near the offices of Wayne Hays, Wilbur Mills, et al. They need not have slunk off to motels or strip joints or paid for expensive love nests. How many hours do congressmen squander every session arranging for, and traveling to, sexual assignments? This is time that could be devoted to legislative matters if the need for clandestine sex were abolished.

And what about dignity? Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, was a famous womanizer. Discussing sexual

intercourse, he declared that the moment of satisfaction is fleeting, the position ridiculous and the expense damnable. Our elected representatives sacrifice an enormous amount of dignity when required to copulate under desks, on borrowed yachts or in sleazy motel rooms—wearing false mustaches, wide-brimmed hats and colored glasses. A feminist once questioned how any man can take himself seriously when he can't even control the erection of his own penis. That, unfortunately, is a trick of nature not subject to outside regulation, but at least we can provide for congressmen to maintain their dignity when erections become unbearable.

How many hours do congressmen waste arranging sexual assignments? This time could be devoted to legislative matters.

Of course, another salutary effect would be to minimize corruption. Hays need not have appointed Elizabeth Ray to a committee post only to satisfy his sexual needs. And Ray, were she able to answer the phone and type, might have devoted all her time to those duties if Hays's sexual needs had not taken priority over her work. If many of the 39,000 congressional staffers were not required to pander for the boss, that number might be reduced—and future staffers hired for legislative proficiency rather than for sexual ability. It doesn't necessarily follow that one senator we have in mind has a nonproductive staff because he insists that all females in his office be endowed with at least a 36D bust and be available to bed with him and his constituents. But his colleagues in the House "frequently stop by to check out the bevy and to pinch the new arrivals," wasting time that might better be spent reading national health proposals and reducing our taxes.

Who Would Support the Proposition?

This is always a crucial question when considering any innovative program. Congressmen must periodically stand for election and often must decide between offending one or another business, labor, black or other group that can insure their reelection or defeat. Determining which groups will support and which groups will oppose any new project is difficult, but we foresee enor-

mous support once the proposition is understood.

First to get behind the proposition should be the 1 million women who hustle part-time or full-time. Their support should be automatic and enthusiastic because the Whore Corps would be the first step toward legalization of the profession—and hence elevation of their social standing.

Support certainly will come from Nevada's one congressman and two senators, since theirs is the only state to legalize brothel prostitution.

Another nationwide group is Alcoholics Anonymous. A. A. should recognize that excessive drinking is often linked to pursuit of sex. (Candy is dandy but liquor is quicker.) Were hookers available in the Capitol Hill gym, some congressmen's drinking would become unnecessary. Wilbur Mills might have avoided alcoholism if Fanne Foxe had not been a stripper in Washington night spots. Mills reportedly spent \$1200 one night in a club where she was stripping. Now no one can drink \$1200 worth of booze at one sitting, so Wilbur must have tempted others to drink with him. Indeed, we know the Mills "mishap" at the Tidal Basin occurred because Mills was drunk, and an intoxicated friend driving the congressman's Lincoln Continental forgot to turn on the headlights and was driving "in an erratic manner." Clearly A. A., the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and other temperance groups should support the establishment of the Whore Corps.

Since it would provide jobs for its rank and file, the Washington, D.C., Building and Construction Trades Council would support the idea and might influence the AFL-CIO to back the proposition on that basis.

Following the Hays-Ray debacle, John J. Rhodes—leader of the 144 Republicans in the House of Representatives—harshly criticized the Democratic leadership's probe of the Hays affair. Congressman Rhodes should enlist the support of all Republicans for any project to eliminate inquiries, and the need for them, by the Democrats.

Some may think that organized religions would oppose our plan, but the D.C. religious group that picketed Margo St. James during COYOTE's 1976 convention objected less to her former profession than to her statements against war. We know a few clergymen—Father De Paul Genska of Lafayette, New Jersey, and the Reverend Cecil Williams of San Francisco, for instance—who have helped prostitutes in the past.

Several years ago the National Or-



ganization for Women (NOW) called for decriminalization of prostitution. NOW should support this project as a first step toward that goal. The American Civil Liberties Union and many members of the American Bar Association and the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs also support such decriminalization and should back our proposal on that basis.

Last year Congress appropriated \$5 million to "convene a National Women's Conference to assess the progress of women in American life and set timetables for further development." President Carter named Bella Abzug to head the group planning the national conference, while state and regional meetings are being held to collect ideas at the grass roots. One, held at Princeton University, called for decriminalization of prostitution. Others will follow suit. We confidently predict that millions of women will support the Whore Corps as a timid first step toward total decriminalization of prostitution.

Good-government groups abound in America-the-beautiful. Once these groups understand that the Whore Corps would decrease corruption, they will flock to support it.

Will the Whore Corps Endanger the Family?

Quite the contrary. The present hunt-and-hire system is illegal and makes broken homes an occupational hazard of political office. But any successful hooker learns to avoid emotional entanglements with clients, and any good madam sees to it that the customers "shop around"—not bed with the same woman on too many successive visits. The Whore Corps would help congressmen avoid the entanglements that are a present danger and would preserve marriage and the family.

Dr. Myles Lask wrote in the British medical newspaper *Pulse* that prostitutes might be used to help selected categories of patients—the impotent, for example, because the trick "feels no sense of inferiority" with her. Dr. Martin Cole, who made the controversial film *Growing Up*, used female therapists to help men overcome their sexual difficulties. Surrogate partners have been the subject of serious scientific study on both sides of the Atlantic. The record is far too clear to question the value of expert sexual ministrations. While we make no guarantees, it seems probable—based on Masters and Johnson's work—that legal, professional hookers on Capitol Hill could improve some congressmen's sexual relations with their own wives.

What About the Women?

Service in the Whore Corps would be voluntary, but experience as a hooker would doubtless be one criterion for employment. One advantage of this would be that neither madams nor prostitutes would require expensive on-the-job training. We have been less than delighted with the efforts of some local COYOTE affiliates to help ex-hookers become domestics and hospital workers. In no sense do we mean to denigrate work in those underpaid fields. (Nixon's mother carried a bedpan, you may remember.) But prostitution is a profession. Prostitutes are highly skilled women who should use their talents—

The Whore Corps would help our congressmen to avoid emotional affairs and preserve their marriages.

they should not be shifted into occupations for which they have no training and probably less talent, especially since there is a clear and present need for skilled hookers.

What About Older Women in the Business?

Great care must be taken to avoid discrimination against older women who have devoted their lives to hustling. We suggest retired and/or aging hookers and madams be employed as supervisors of the new Capitol Hill brothel.

The Congress is beginning to lose its status as the country's highest-paid geriatric club, and the 95th Congress is the youngest in history—the legislators' average age at election being 50. Prostitutes often tell us that some men, especially younger ones, prefer the ministrations of "mature mother figures." Madams will also be needed to oversee the workers, arrange appointments, check linen, schedule health checkups, etc.

Moreover, since new facilities are to be constructed in the present massage room and in the new office building, dim lighting will be installed. In any event, tricks in their 60s and 70s no longer have the sharpest eyesight. ("All cats are gray after dark" is another apt adage.)

Are There Some Objections?

Prostitutes, except for those who marry and remarry their tricks, are not con-

sidered "high society." But the oldest profession would attain increased status through improved working conditions and steady employment. Why shouldn't the status of a whore to the Congress equal that of a congressional assistant? Hooking should be considered to be as respectable as housewifery, and it's probably a lot more interesting. As to "moral" considerations, why is a hustler denied the same right to rent her body or sell her time as a woman who sells hers for the price of a marriage license?

Some women, even some feminists, may believe that prostitution is degrading. But like abortion, once legalized it would gain respectability. Morals, like guilt, are cultural phenomena. Respectable employment at fair wages does not produce guilt or low self-esteem.

There may be objection because some prostitutes have served time in jail. Of course they have. So have some congressmen, cops and capitalists. But prostitutes arrested for hooking are the victims of outmoded, archaic laws and must be offered opportunity to improve their condition—one precise aim of our proposition. Indeed, once the Whore Corps idea catches on, women from political caucuses and other women's organizations may be serious competition to women already in the business. Already women are avidly maneuvering to join the FBI and CIA and to become members of prison correctional staffs. While our cup of political gratitude does not run over at the thought of female FBI or CIA infiltrators in the National Organization for Women, a job in the Whore Corps would soon be as laudable and applaudable as that of Army nurse, member of the Women's Army Corps or computer operator at the Treasury Department.

It Has Never Been Done!

For those who worry about precedents, let us remind you of a few. Wherever the U.S. Army (or Navy or Marines) goes, hookers are to be found in abundance. The term *hooker* originated during the Civil War, when General Joe Hooker arranged camp followers for his army. Camp follower-prostitutes have always benefited from congressional appropriations for servicemen's salaries.

Nurses and WACs have been encouraged to "service" servicemen. Brothels existed in Vietnam with the knowledge of General William Westmoreland, the U.S. Embassy and the Pentagon "to boost the morale of the demoralized servicemen." Even earlier, American taxpayers indirectly supported mobile field brothels for French

(continued on page 128)

VICKI

A little bit of country



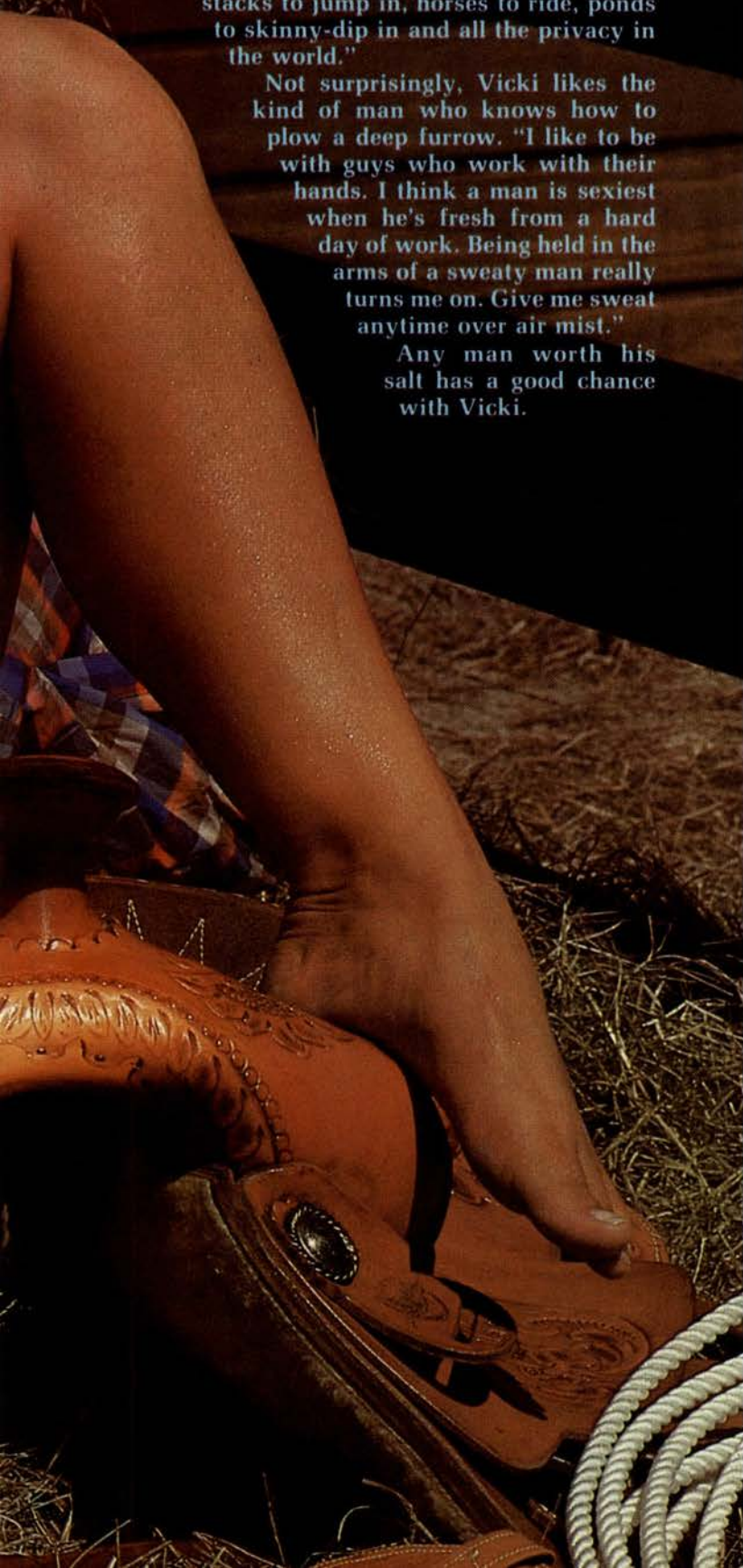


Vicki is a country girl at heart. This flaxen-haired 23-year-old grew up on a farm in central Ohio. Although she's presently living in Columbus, where she's a recreation major at Ohio State, Vicki still longs for the simple pleasures of rural life.

"Who says country life isn't exciting?" she protests. "On a farm there are haystacks to jump in, horses to ride, ponds to skinny-dip in and all the privacy in the world."

Not surprisingly, Vicki likes the kind of man who knows how to plow a deep furrow. "I like to be with guys who work with their hands. I think a man is sexiest when he's fresh from a hard day of work. Being held in the arms of a sweaty man really turns me on. Give me sweat anytime over air mist."

Any man worth his salt has a good chance with Vicki.







INTERVIEW

(continued from page 59)

KOWAL: Well, it stems back to the original crusade to ban various drugs. Harry Anslinger, who was the head of America's drug-enforcement operation from 1930 to 1962, was the main mover for criminalization. "Marijuana: Assassin of Youth" was one of the most famous anti-drug articles to be printed in the early part of the century (we reprinted it in *High Times*), and it's hysterical; it's a comedy piece. The misinformation propagated in it is tremendous. The guy who actually wrote this article, which Harry Anslinger signed, was making a living by doing circus promotions.

HUSTLER: Why was there a need for such an article in the first place? Why were they trying to suppress basically harmless drugs?

KOWAL: It has never been a popular political position to advocate legalizing drugs because, especially in the early part of the century, they were mostly used by minority groups. Blacks and Hispanics were using grass and cocaine, and the Chinese were using opiates. So laws were enacted in response to a need to put down these groups. Of course, what was banned was the use of cocaine in its crystallized state. Cocaine was being sold over the counter in patent medicines to whites while at the same time its use by poor black people was the subject of much-heated controversy. The newspapers back then carried scare headlines as long as your arm, like "Negro Snorts Cocaine—Rapes Ten White Women."

HUSTLER: Why does the government continue to disseminate so much misinformation about marijuana?

KOWAL: Their information came primarily from Harry Anslinger's article. Since there was no scientific data on marijuana at the time, the false information the writer created was used as a means of controlling people who were getting in the way of the white majority. And the government never thought to reevaluate these laws because there was no reason to do so until the 1960s.

HUSTLER: Would you agree that it wasn't an accident that the sexual revolution occurred at the same time as the drug revolution?

KOWAL: Nothing gets you higher than drugs except sex. And if you can enhance sex through drugs and make it even higher, then why not?

HUSTLER: But what caused the drug phenomenon of the '60s?

KOWAL: Drug use is not a new phenomenon. That's not a rap, it's a fact. Different cultures throughout his-

tory had different drugs that were condemned by the status quo. The Incas regularly chewed coca leaves, from which cocaine is made; there were dozens and dozens of mushroom cults; cannabis [marijuana] has been used by many cultures; and alcohol has always been around.

HUSTLER: But what about society today? Traditional roles are breaking down. People stay single much longer, the traditional family unit is breaking down and the divorce rate is extremely high. Is the drug experience contributing to these changes? Or is the drug experience just one element of a larger phenomenon?

"Politically, High Times is lobbying against all the ridiculous dope laws in the country."

KOWAL: Take the Roaring '20s as an example. The family was breaking down then from what it was like in the 1890s. The concepts of getting high and getting loose and getting laid were changing. We're just now at the newest manifestation of that change.

HUSTLER: Do you think that the family unit is a thing of the past as far as the *High Times* reader is concerned?

KOWAL: The concept of the family is changing, but I don't think the family unit is a thing of the past. I think that the type of people who might be reading *High Times* are more in the vanguard of social change. For example, we received a tremendous amount of mail when our advertisers began sticking tits in their ads. Not only our many female readers but our male readers as well were offended at this show of what they felt was sexism. We probably got more mail on this one topic than any other. Now *High Times* requires that an advertiser using a naked chick in an ad also has to use a naked guy.

HUSTLER: Now that sounds a lot like censorship.

KOWAL: Sure, it's an arbitrary censorship of sorts. We acquiesced to our readers' feelings because the magazine would not exist without them. We try to put out the best magazine possible.

HUSTLER: What do you think of President Carter?

KOWAL: I have to admit that I really dig his act. I think he's moving in the right direction, even though I've learned enough not to expect overnight miracles. After Nixon, the fact that I can feel

positive about Carter is an important sign to me.

HUSTLER: Don't you think it's kind of dangerous if we can feel too comfortable with him?

KOWAL: As long as we're not mesmerized by his image, I don't think it's necessarily dangerous. As long as we are not afraid to print accurate information, and we keep him in line to the best of our ability.

HUSTLER: Do you think that Carter uses drugs?

KOWAL: I don't think he smokes pot or snorts cocaine or does illicit drugs. He probably has an occasional drink. I don't think he even smokes cigarettes. But I certainly would love for him to come out tomorrow and say, "OK, let's get rid of these pot laws."

HUSTLER: Well, what about the scuttlebutt regarding Carter's kids and his Administration?

KOWAL: We hear a lot of scuttlebutt. We know that it was Jack Carter who got thrown out of the Navy for smoking pot. I have friends who've gotten high with some members of the Administration. I think that President Carter is certainly open-minded on the issue, more so than any other major politician in recent history. During his campaign he invited *High Times* on his press plane. Nixon or Ford wouldn't have done that. They would have looked at us as if we were an underground comic book. At least Carter's actions say to me that he's open-minded enough to consider the possibilities.

HUSTLER: Well, philosophically, what does *High Times* magazine expect to accomplish?

KOWAL: Politically, we're lobbying actively against all the ridiculous dope laws in this country.

HUSTLER: How realistic is it to assume that society will eventually eliminate all the various drug laws, specifically and most importantly the marijuana laws?

KOWAL: I predict that marijuana will be decriminalized within the next three to four years and be legalized within the next ten years. As far as other drug laws are concerned, I think there will always be laws on the books against drugs, as there have been for centuries.

HUSTLER: How will these drugs be decriminalized?

KOWAL: You see it occurring right

(continued on page 135)

Editor's Note: On August 2, 1977, President Carter indicated his support for federal decriminalization of possession of one ounce or less of marijuana. He stated, "We can, and should, continue to discourage the use of marijuana, but this can be done without defining the smoker as a criminal."



"I couldn't find a carrot."



Norman
Rockwell

HAPPY THANKSGIVING FROM HUSTLER

Many people think that we at **HUSTLER** are insensitive and uncaring, that we can't appreciate the beautiful and touching aspects of life, such as the happiness a family feels when it sits down for a Thanksgiving feast.

So in the tradition of great family magazines like *The Saturday Evening Post*, we commissioned world-famous artist Norman Rocksoff to create this beautiful painting that reflects all the warmth and bounty, the thrill and joy of relatives gathered on Thanksgiving Day. This touching rendition is typical of Rocksoff's work.

Notice how he catches the looks of glee on the family's faces as they survey the holiday spread. You can almost hear the *oohs* and *aahs* as the main course is placed before them.

Perhaps this feature will help us to establish our credibility as a magazine that appreciates life's more sentimental moments.

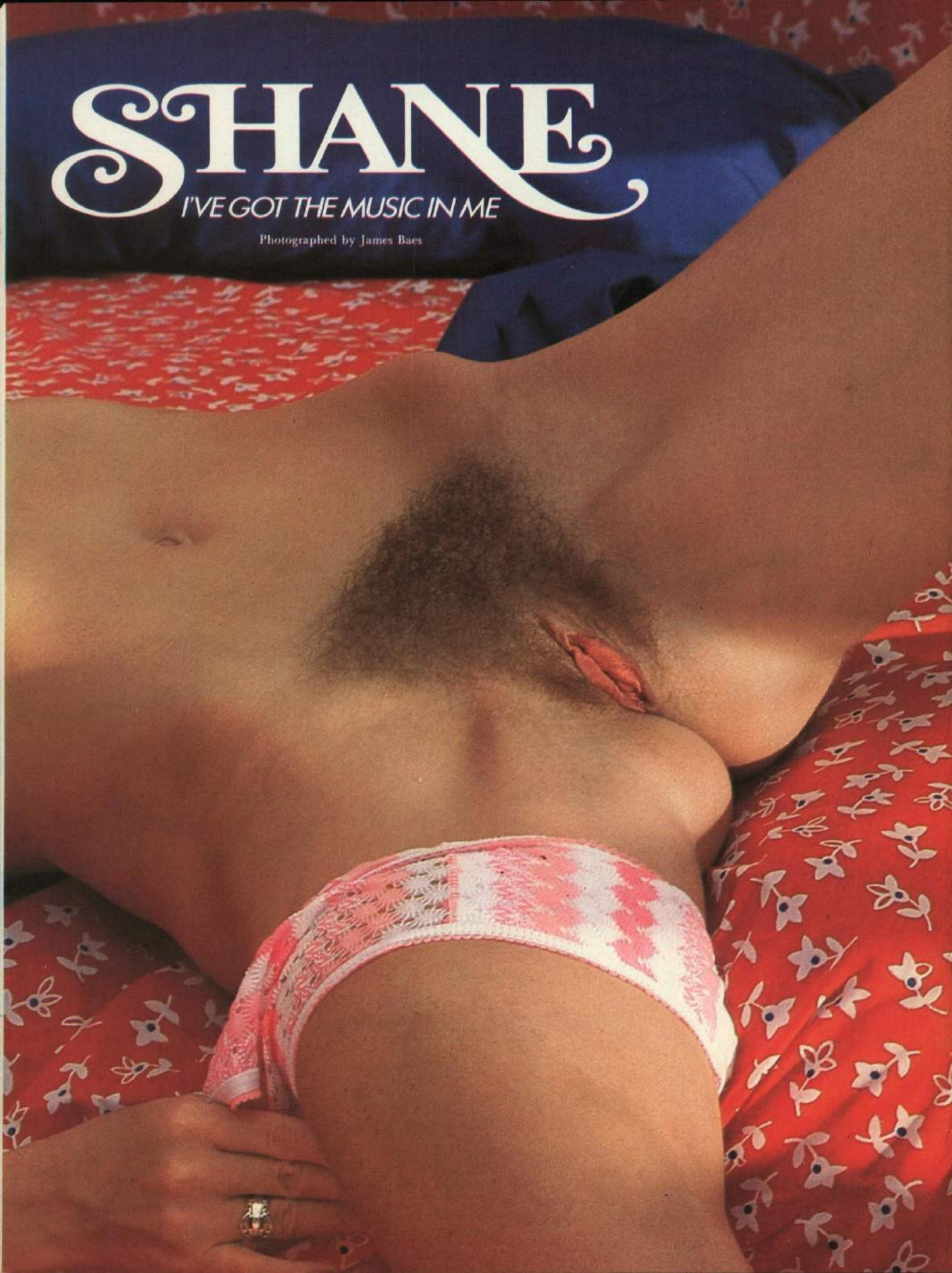
Yes, this is what life is all about.



SHANE

I'VE GOT THE MUSIC IN ME

Photographed by James Baes







"I'm a Libra and a lover," says 26-year-old Shane Stevens. "And music is my first... no, my second love." An aspiring rock singer, Shane plans to leave her home in Zionsville, Indiana, soon to pursue a singing career in the big city—"probably Chicago."

For Shane, music is just one means of self-expression. Another is sex—her first love. "I like to put the same passion into my lovemaking that I feel when I'm singing," she says, adding that she performs best when the sexual duet involves "a truly sensuous, loving man." Shane finds her ideal most often in musicians and admits to having "a definite preference for lead guitarists." But she doesn't rule out a potential lover just because he can't strum a lick. Even a man whose only musical ability is humming can strike a responsive chord in Shane.





(continued from page 54)

was immense wealth controlled by politicians, the military and those with political connections. Conversely, the vast majority of people lived in poverty.

Everything was tied to the Americans. Cuban businessmen became rich in their dealings with us, and a good percentage of the population lived off tourism. Besides the opulent hotels, nightclubs and casinos, there were said to be 270 brothels and 11,500 prostitutes in Havana alone. Although this situation made Havana a wonderland for the visitor, proud Cubans must have intensely resented the sight of so many of their women peddling ass. And who were their clientele? The "rich," well-fed Americans.

In the minds of Cubans the Batista regime was equated with the United States, and the masses hated Batista and his police. Castro's claim that 15,000 executions took place under Batista is probably inflated. (Castro himself is said to have had anywhere from 600 to several thousand executed since coming to power.) But there's no question that there were many executions under Batista and that the use of torture was widespread. Throngs of jubilant Cubans stepped over the corpses of murdered cops when Castro triumphantly entered Havana on January 8, 1959.

As our crate touches down at Havana's Jose Marti Airport, the passengers burst into the traditional applause—not without reason, I feel. A huge welcome sign spells out its message in four languages, including Russian. From the size of the place it is difficult to believe that 300,000 tourists entered here in 1958. A guitar trio plays "Guan-tanamera" as we are herded into the reception area. It's a grim scene—a small, dimly lit building divided by a glass partition. Without air conditioning, it is swelteringly hot. Two planes have landed simultaneously, throwing the customs system into overload status. The heat and the crowd cause a young woman to faint dead away. She is lucky: The rest of us have to wait 90 minutes to be processed through the "Red" tape.

While we're waiting, a man with a Canadian accent approaches me: "Are you a Yank?" He is a locomotive salesman from Toronto who's been here before. He claims that his three days of business could take up to three weeks here. "You don't know these people—they might keep us here all night."

"What's the nightlife like?" I ask, changing the subject.

"That's easy. There is none. If you

think you're gonna get your gun off here—forget it!"

Eventually the guy starts bringing me down with his avalanche of complaints about everything from the food to the weather, so at the first opportunity I engage another traveler in conversation—a bearded man in his early 30s who turns out to be an East Coast banker named Carl. He and I are both surprised that there is only one uniformed cop in view. Suddenly Carl points toward a man on the opposite side of the partition and says, "See that man? I spoke to him on the plane. He's the leader of the Communist Party of Luxembourg!"

The Cuban pimp may offer you any number of things, starting with himself—and covering the gamut from women to grass.

"Luxembourg?!" I exclaim. "That place is a postage stamp—that guy must be the entire party." Sure enough, the following night we see the man accorded a hero's welcome on TV.

Finally we're loaded onto a deluxe tour bus, which—like most everything else mechanical in Cuba—is imported. The bus was made in Spain.

One glance at our tour guides and I know they are snakes for chicks—probably have balled tons of choice Canadian tourist ass over the past few years and are looking forward to balling tons more. Nelson (a surprisingly common name in Latin America) is in his mid-30s and stands about 6-2—tall by any standard. He is also the classic Latin lover type in appearance. His partner, Carlos, about ten years younger, has that hungry look. Naturally I resent them immediately. I catch them both appraising me through narrowed eyes. They must sense that I am not the average tour-group type. Nelson collects our passports, saying they will be returned at our hotel in several days. Carl and I conjecture that this is for photostating and memorization by whoever will be watching us in Cuba. In fact, strangers address us by name at the hotel.

The bus whisks us the 40 kilometers to the hotel while Nelson occasionally points out schools and nuthouses along the route. Suddenly, amidst all the signboards exhorting the masses to "incorporate" and "glorify the Revolution," a neon sign jumps out of the night: *Napolitano Pizzeria*. No, it can't be. I look away, afraid of spotting a

McDonald's next.

We luck out. The contingent of blue-haired ladies is staying at another hotel. My group is comprised of about 20 persons—American and Canadian. Our hotel is the Marazul. Built by the Russians and opened in July 1976, it is a long, rectangular building with an architectural style that can only be termed "motel chic." Each floor has an open-air walkway leading to rooms with louvered doors. The place seems designed to withstand a nuclear attack—the floors are made of a rock-hard, marblelike material and the walls are ceramic tile. Inside the rooms is an international collection of hardware. The glasses are Spanish; the room phone is British; the propaganda-spouting radio is East German; the air conditioner is Japanese, etc. The shower is a hand-held spigot, a la Water Pik, which gushes seawater.

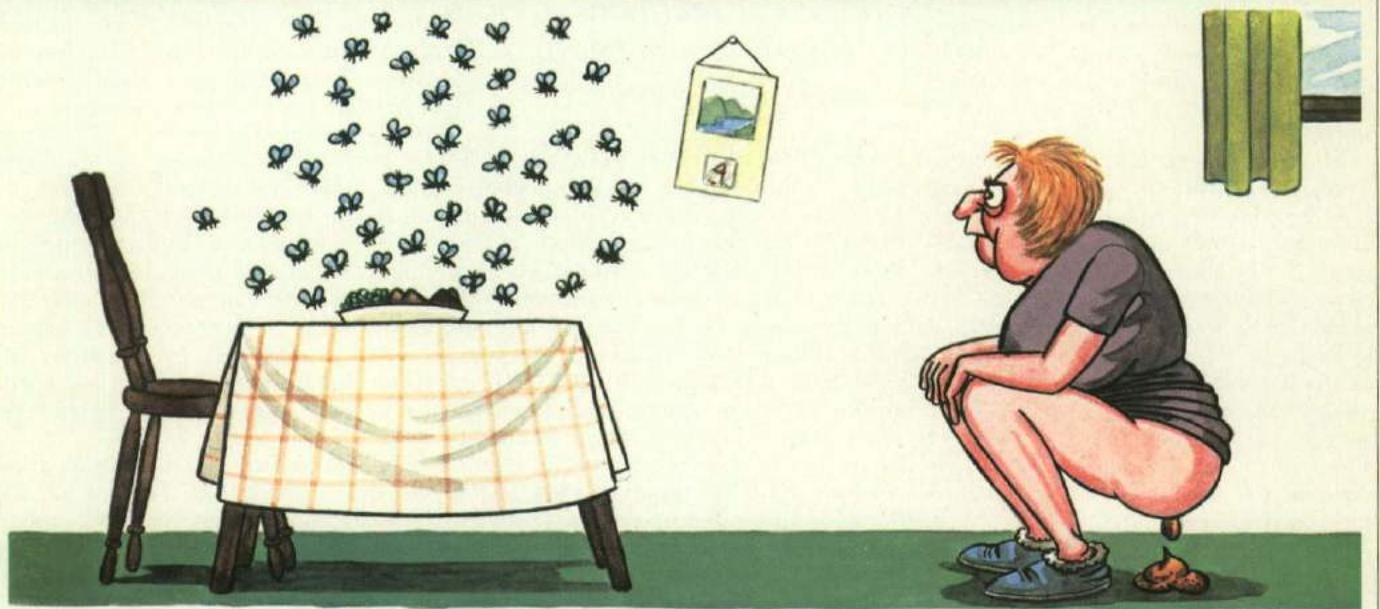
It had taken only 12 hours to get from New York to Havana, but traveling *always* makes me horny. And being horny usually affects my judgment. There is a cute little chambermaid in the room when I arrive. As I watch her smooth down my bed, I decide to give it a try, asking her—mostly through hand signals—if she wants to have a drink with me. "No! No! No!" she cries, throwing up her hands and looking as if I'd just suggested circumcising her clitoris.

"I'm as safe as cottage cheese," I reply. She finishes her tasks and scurries out of the room.

Not wanting to drink alone, I fetch Carl. We sit drinking bourbon and appraise one another. Carl is intelligent and knowledgeable, with a cast of mind tinged with common sense and cynicism. Although he is a conservative banker and I am a pornographer-pervert (which he doesn't know), we manage to find common ground—mainly booze—and form a friendship of convenience.

At 10 o'clock the following morning we find ourselves together again drinking rum and tonic while the tour guides spell out the ground rules for our stay. Nelson handles the Americans while Carlos speaks in French to the Canadians. Carlos has the better deal. The Canadians include several couples, a few single men and *six very foxy girls in their 20s*. The Americans are nowhere near as interesting: Carl, two middle-aged couples, a travel agency director from New England and a fairly attractive, 30ish single woman who radiates little sexuality.

We are told it is forbidden to photograph the interior of museums or military installations and personnel. At the travel agency in New York I was told that they don't want you photographing the military because many of the faces



QUINN

are Russian. However, I did not see any Russian faces in uniform.

The men are advised not to wear shorts into Havana, since this is a ridiculous sight to Cubans. "I don't know," Nelson says, lifting his arms and smiling. "You see a big, strong man in shorts—it is not right." It is a Latin macho rap coming from the heart, and it helps me feel sympathetic toward him.

Carl and I skip lunch and catch the bus for the 18-kilometer ride into Havana. There are no rental cars in Cuba, and cabs are scarce and expensive. Consequently the buses at 20 centavos (22 U.S. cents) a ride are the main form of transportation. Also they are always as crowded as New York rush-hour subway cars. The riders, pressed against each other sardine-style, wear the same expression of silent suffering. The drivers, who all seem to be frustrated copies of Juan Fangios (famed Argentinian race-car driver in the '50s), stop the machines in reaction to any bus-rider's three-beat rap on the tin roof: *Thump!!! Thump!!! Thump!!!* Whereupon the bus screeches to a halt, violently pitching all of us two steps forward.

Along the way we pass the huge Alamar apartment complex, where 25,000 factory workers live—and which ultimately will house 150,000. An apartment is the commodity. These apartments, which were built by the factory workers who live in them, are awarded by merit to "Heroes of the Revolution" on the basis of worker output, "Revolutionary attitude" and need. Clearly there is no shortage of need—so critical is the housing shortage that couples just married are almost always obliged to move in with their parents.

The bus enters Havana and stops in front of the old Presidential Palace, which has been converted into the Museum of the Revolution. It used to be ringed by lavish casinos. Today the main item of interest in the area is a Russian tank, complete with a plaque that reads:

This SAU-100 tank scored a direct hit on the Central Intelligence Agency ship Houston of the Yanguis during the mercenary invasion of April 1961.

Castro is a bit fanatical on the topic of the CIA, but then it's hard to blame him, since he claims to have proof of 24 CIA-sponsored attempts on his life. The CIA itself admits to eight.

It is said that Fidel and his Revolutionary *companioneros* dislike Havana because it is a symbol of "past sins." They've allowed the city to deteriorate, placing economic emphasis on the countryside instead. The entire city is in need of at least one coat of paint. This holds true from the ancient, balconied

apartments of Old Havana to the large homes in the once-opulent Miramar section. Many buildings are still boarded up, and display windows are often empty. Many of the neon signs from the bars and brothels of prerevolutionary days still hang, rusting over the buildings. Walking through the narrow streets, you can feel the spectre of decadent good times lurking around you. I expect a wild-eyed, gold-toothed type to offer me one of his relatives. But it just doesn't happen.

Then I notice the absence of police. There are cops, of course—cruising in new Peugeots—but very few of them. Policemen aren't needed. All over

*The cab driver
says our politics stink—
but America makes
the best products.
"The Russians send
us all their junk."*

Havana metal placards hang, one to a block, identifying by name and apartment number the street's representative to the Committees for the Defense of the Revolution (CDR). Ostensibly the CDR's job is to oversee the rationing of goods, arrange for inoculations and to make certain that the streets are kept clean (which they are). But the CDR is also a vigilante group and a snoop system through which the government keeps track of everyone. It is every citizen's duty to report to his CDR representative any suspicious activity on the street or among his neighbors. It's a touch of 1984 seven years early.

West of the Museum of the Revolution is the old Central Park, which has since been renamed for the George Washington of the Cuban Revolutionary struggle: Jose Marti. It is here that I will encounter the first specimens of the contemporary Cuban pimp. He is not nearly as well dressed or brazen as his Times Square counterpart, but a pimp's look of appraisal is a universal thing. Once he's determined that you're a foreigner (a very easy distinction thanks to the "quality" of your clothes), and if he feels there are no *policia* around, he'll approach you with the usual Cuban call: *Sssst! Sssst!*

A universal pimp face approaches me, offering, I discover through translation, "a girl." The pimp may offer you any number of things, starting with himself—and covering the gamut from women to grass, although the penalties for engaging a prostitute are nowhere near as stiff as for smoking dope. The

"girl" this pimp offers is leaning against a column of the opera house across the street. She is a fortyish black woman, obviously drunk—a leftover hooker from the Batista days.

"Not on a dare," I say in English, walking away. What I don't realize at the time is that she is a fair indication of the hooking scene in Havana.

As I'm walking away, the pimp offers me marijuana and I pass on that too. Marijuana is grown in Oriente Province and smuggled into Havana by seamen who have detoured through Mexico. Later I learn that the police tolerate pot-smoking as long as it occurs indoors. I am reluctant to test this out. If the information is wrong, I'll be spending the next few years making Revolutionary license plates in a People's prison.

Many Americans do not realize that Cuba is still an intrinsically poor country. It's guns before butter here. In the typical Socialist fashion, emphasis on the amenities is limited, to say the least. Carl and I walk down San Raphael Street, a main shopping drag closed to vehicular traffic. The government practices the capitalist principle of rationing by *price* certain luxuries, such as cigarettes, cigars and booze. Cubans are permitted to buy one pack of cigarettes a week at 20 centavos (25¢) and unlimited quantities at 1.28 pesos (\$1.60) a pack, while tourists can purchase unlimited quantities at 25 centavos (31¢). Certain staples are limited by quantity, like meat (one pound per person every nine days) and eggs (15 per person per month).

All clothes are strictly rationed and hideously overpriced. First of all, Cubans are allowed only two days a month during which they can buy clothing, with exceptions made for certain categories of people, such as working mothers. Then there's the question of quality. A lumpy, ratty-looking jacket that might sell in the States for \$10 is priced at \$48. A pair of children's rubber sandals of the shoddiest construction, which Carl and I agree are a 59-cent item, sell for \$4.50. Leather shoes, on the other hand, are reasonably priced at \$10 to \$15 a pair—all they seem to be worth.

"Major appliances" are available but with many provisos. There are Russian-made Kiev brand 35mm cameras and Rubin Electron Caribe black-and-white TVs—the latter selling for \$900. A three-quarter-size refrigerator costs \$960 and a second-rate Japanese stereo is \$1,400. Even at these prices there are waiting lists. In fact, the average Cuban must be "nominated" by his fellow workers, or in some other way recommended, to get on the lists. The first question in my mind is: How, here in a

(continued on page 108)

KINKY KORNER

By Ted Riley

I don't think there's a guy in the world who hasn't at one time or another said to himself, "Hey, I wonder if I could suck my own cock." Then he probably tried to throw his legs over his head and stretched his mouth toward his dick, only to emerge from this mess with something akin to a slipped disk and no cum.

But it can be done. I know. Because I can do it. I accidentally learned how from my roommate in college, when I walked in on him as he was doing it.

What happened was: It was my freshman year and I really hadn't learned the ropes of how to stalk pussy on campus. I was competing with guys a lot more experienced than me, against whom I was duck soup. Or is that fuck soup?

Well, anyway, all that means is I sure jacked off a lot—like everyone else on my dorm floor, including Doug, my roommate who was into some far-out stuff.

Yes, I whacked it a lot, just as I had all through junior and senior high, but at least I was cooler about it than Doug was.

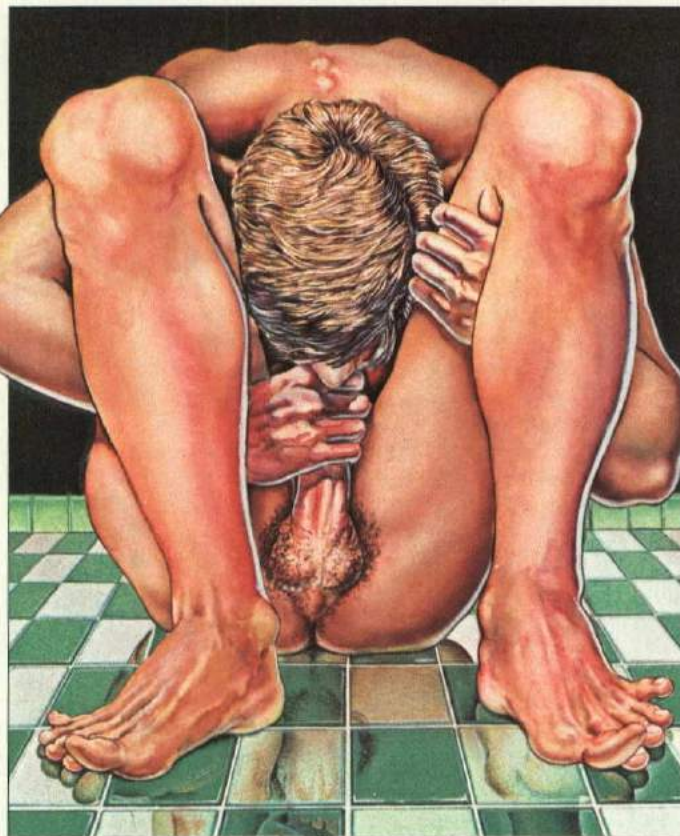
I didn't know how much cooler until one day when my Introduction to Ancient Art class was canceled, and I went back to my room an hour before usual.

I guess I must have been walking slowly, thinking in the usual way about some girl in some class, because I entered the room quietly enough so that he didn't hear me coming. I caught him with his head on his mattress, his back sort of up the wall and his legs behind him on the bed. He was doubled over, deeply and slurpily involved in cocksucking himself.

When I slammed the door, he flipped over in a clumsy backward somersault and tried to look like I hadn't seen what I knew I saw. The proof was there in his crotch—a wet, brown erection with fresh spit all over it.

"That's the most disgusting thing I've

Do you have an unusual story you'd like to share concerning one of your own sexual encounters? If so, write it down and send it to HUSTLER's Kinky Korner, the section of the magazine that is written by the readers, for the readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 for each such story we publish. Your submission should be approximately nine typed (double-spaced) or printed pages in length and accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.



SUCKING YOURSELF

ever seen," I said. "How in the fuck can you do that to yourself?"

Doug gave up all pretense then and said, "I do it because I can do it."

"Listen, man," I countered, "if I found out I could stick my head up my own ass, that doesn't mean I'd do it just because I knew how. That's disgusting."

"You think I'm a homo, right?" he asked. "Well, that makes you one too, 'cause if you can beat your meat, that means you can stand to hold onto a cock. If you can do that, how long is it going to be before you start beating other people's meat?"

"Completely illogical, you fuck," I said. But it wasn't, really. Sucking your own dick wasn't actually that much different. A cock in the hand, a cock in the mouth. So what? But I wasn't yet convinced. "But coming in your own mouth," I said. "That's really rank."

"I get off on it," he said. "It's recycling my own energy. I really can get into how I respond to myself. You have to know yourself before you can know anyone else. Besides," he leered, "it feels terrific as shit because I know what feels best."

I let it go at that, but a couple of nights later we were really getting ripped up on the roof and it was open season for anything crazy. Doug was up there too, and he said, "Let me know when you want some cocksucking lessons."

"Right now," I said, reeling a little. The next thing I knew we were back in our room, and Doug and I were buck-naked, each on his own bed, and he was showing me some preliminary exercises.

He told me I wouldn't be able to do it right away because, like yoga, it took a building-up period—a limbering of the muscles and the spine. I had to do things like keep my legs straight out in front of me and bend over until my head touched my knees. There were some isometric exercises that built

up strength in my neck—turning to one side, like when the doctor makes you cough, and pressing my palm hard against my forehead and fighting each side against the other. Most important were the spinal exercises—rolling over so that my knees touched the floor behind me, then straightening my legs so that I could do it with my toes. He told me at that point to grab my ass and pull it toward me until I could touch the tip of my cock with my tongue. When I did that, about nine or ten days after starting, I knew I was there. It was just a matter of inches, so to speak.

I waited until a day when I knew Doug wouldn't be around—and spent the noon hour in my room. I did my warm-ups, incorporating the cock-sucking exercises as usual, and then decided that I would try the real thing. So I walked up the wall with my back on the bed, lowered my legs behind my head, grabbed my cheeks, like he'd said, and pulled.

The next moment I tasted my own penis. It tasted exactly the same as my arm, because it was, after all, my own skin. But its texture was soft and rubbery. There was an interesting smell, and I wondered if the few girls who had thus far ventured south of my navel had dug that scent, a sort of half-musk and half-crotch-sweat (but not unpleasant).

My mouth closed over my glans, and I discovered that cocksucking isn't so much cocksucking as it is cocklicking, slow and luxuriatingly long laps, combined with pops of the head in and out of my mouth. I found it was a lot thicker in my mouth than I had expected it to be, much rounder and fatter, and even though it hadn't felt like that in my hand when I touched it, it was really a hell of a lot larger in my mouth.

It was also hard to keep my teeth out of the way, with some awkward scrapes in the beginning. But I learned to pad my teeth with the underside of my tongue and let the dick slide in and out, the wetter the better.

While I was doing it, I became kind of detached from myself, asking myself if this was a queer thing to be doing. It didn't seem so. I knew it was my penis, nobody else's, and somehow that single fact made all the difference and completely erased my fears.

I also found that it only took one

Giving yourself head might seem somewhat weird—but believe me, the kick is worth the kink.

hand to keep my ass in the air, and this left one hand free. What would I do with it? That was solved when I used it the same way I would when masturbating—stroking my balls and the part of my cock that I couldn't get into my mouth.

Somewhere along the way, still savoring the sensation of what it felt like to be doing this to myself, the novelty of it all, I discovered my asshole. It was pointing straight up, and wide open, and the fingers of my free hand just naturally found their way in. Until that point I always considered my asshole to be bathroom material, and that was it, if you know what I mean. Suddenly it seemed very hot and sensitive to me, and I enthusiastically played around the edges of it.

By now, I was getting my dick about halfway in my throat. I knew what deep-throating was, of course, and wondered how a girl could ever do it. It seemed impossible that I should ever be able to shove my own cock down my throat all the way. I tried—and hit some rough-edged cartilage, started to choke and gave it up. Halfway was more than enough, especially combined with that newly found rectal sensation my finger was providing me.

I'd actually been holding off coming

for a while, knowing I'd probably go soft as soon as I did. As much as I hated to admit it, Doug was right: It was definitely a neat sensation, and even if there *did* seem to be something weird about fucking my own mouth, the kick was worth the kink.

My problem was how to come. I didn't want to come in my mouth, because the one girl whom I'd coerced into letting me spunk onto her tonsils had gagged and spit the cum out immediately and told me it tasted terrible.

But something in me told me to go on and I let go. The sperm built up at the base of my cock, and I knew that even if I pulled out I'd still be coming. I didn't want to splash all over the bed and my hair and whatever, so I let it shoot into my mouth.

The first thing I thought when the cum shot was that it was so hot. It was warmer even than the inside of my mouth, and I wondered how hot it must be in my balls.

Then I noticed the taste. It was sour but not as unpleasant as I'd expected. Actually it wasn't bad, and the fact that it wasn't exactly lunch fare was made up by the thrill that I'd just made myself come in my own mouth.

At this point Doug walked in and caught me. Not exactly tit for tat, but something like that.

"Not bad, huh?" he grinned, shutting the door and walking in.

I took a sip of a Dairy Queen Coke I had bought the night before. I must have had a faintly disgusted look on my face because he said, "You know, you can control the taste of your cum. Eat a lot of bland, creamy things like ice cream and malts, and avoid shit like asparagus and tamales. You can even turn semen semisweet, or follow it with a Tic Tac."

He was right too. I started hitting the ice cream counter, and in a week or so, barring the more whacko flavors, I had changed the taste somewhat. Because I *did* keep on sucking away. It was a trip. I couldn't believe I could do it, but as long as I did my yoga I was in the right shape to pull it off. Or pull it in.

Eventually the kick wore off, and I just did it once in awhile. I began to get laid at long last, for one thing, and didn't need to give myself the helping hand (or mouth), I suppose.

Now I find it a pleasant perv, something weird to do when I've run out of positions on a Sunday afternoon. And I guarantee that everything I've written is not only possible but also true.

If you don't believe me, sign yourself up for a couple of weeks' worth of yoga lessons. Pay special attention to the spinal exercises, and try sucking yourself. Then tell me I'm making it up.



"Don't be foolish, Melissa. Of course I love you for your brain."

Watch my penis grow 28 inches —a picture at a time.

By Allen Lackoff—as told to LEASURE TIME PRODUCTS.



2 inches

Here I am at my original size. I wasn't exactly carrying a loaf of French bread. Up until this time I hadn't been formally introduced to my penis.

6 inches

Then I decided to try LEASURE TIME's Vacuum Enlarger. Using it along with LEASURE TIME's classic instruction book, *Penis Enlargement Techniques*, my penis began to show immediate results.



17 inches

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A big turning point. I gave up my stamp collection and turned my sessions with the Vacuum Enlarger into a permanent hobby. Whenever I went to bat with my Louisville Slugger I always scored.



30 inches

Success. I finally achieved my desired length. And just look at the beautiful shape it's in. To reward myself I decided to gang-bang a school of Avon ladies. I don't know who was more proud—my wife or me. But we're both very happy, thanks to the LEASURE TIME Vacuum Enlarger.

Note: Although the above photos and captions are used for satirical purposes, LEASURE TIME's Vacuum Enlarger can have a noticeable effect on the penis. Naturally your penis won't grow 28 inches. And be thankful for that. But by using the combination of the *Penis Enlargement Techniques* book and the Vacuum Enlarger, you can increase your self-confidence and perhaps have a more positive sexual attitude.

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Postage, handling and insurance (see rates above) _____

TOTAL \$ _____

I am of legal age and understand that if my merchandise is defective due to craftsmanship and returned within 10 days it will be replaced free of charge. Otherwise all sales are final.

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 5 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packaged. Delivered promptly by private carrier. (Add \$5 for foreign orders.) Quantity orders invited.

(continued from page 104)

country where the highest income is approximately \$900 a month, can anyone afford these items? The answer is simple enough: There is nothing else to spend money on. In Cuba medical and dental care is free; rent is set at 6 percent of one's monthly income; and the food that is available is proportionately cheap. Consequently, due to the shortage of other items, expensive appliances and restaurants are used by the government to siphon off excess money.

Carl and I are beginning to feel self-conscious walking through the streets. As tourists, we are one of the privileged classes in Cuba, along with diplomats, businessmen, the Communist Party hierarchy and "Heroes of the Revolution"—all of whom get the cream of the commodities, at discount, in special stores. People stare at us as we walk through a poor neighborhood.

After trudging around on foot for several miles, our collective guilt starts to melt away in the heat, and I begin to hallucinate six-foot-tall beers and rum and tonics. My main reason for walking through the city is to try and root out a hooker neighborhood and see if it's possible to buy some comfort in Fidel's Socialist paradise. Not only are there no hookers, but there aren't any bars or restaurants in the section Carl and I are covering.

Miles later we stumble onto what appears to be a main drag complete with tall buildings and a rare sight—cars parked bumper-to-bumper at the curb. We are on 23rd Street, more commonly known around the world as *La Rampa*. In prerevolutionary days it was a street

Our driver says what a relief it is to be able to talk and complain—he wouldn't dare do it with his fellow Cubans—everyone is repressed.

studded with travel agencies and fancy restaurants and nightclubs. Today it's lined with the offices of Eastern European and Russian airlines and government offices.

Suddenly I see a vision: a large truck loaded with hundreds of cases of beer. I check with Carl to make sure it isn't a hallucination: "Let's hijack it." The truck is unloading at a restaurant. We walk in. Inside, a long, curving counter is packed with Cubans and swarms of flies. The place is a sort of pizzeria serving a cheesy, six-inch pie and plates of very aggressive-looking spaghetti. We decide to pass on the food and try to order a couple of beers. First we are told that we must sit down.

There is no tipping in Cuba and, hence, no motivation on the part of waiters and waitresses. There is a 15-minute wait while the waitress clears the wreckage left by the past diners, cleans same and sets up again—all in slow motion. By the time she takes our order, we are prepared to trade our souls, even-up, for a beer. There is another rule that prohibits ordering beer without food in restaurants—but this rule doesn't apply to tourists. When the man sitting next to us—a middle-aged Cuban laborer with a good, strong face—discovers that we are tourists, he tells the waitress he is also a

tourist and orders a beer. The entire corner of the counter falls out over this. We speak to the man, who tells us that he is a construction worker with nine children and that he earns a meager six pesos (\$7.50) a day.

His only complaint is one I will hear repeated many times during the week we spend in Cuba: the high price of cigarettes. I offer him a Winston, but he insists that I take one of his. Cuban cigarettes are made from low-grade cigar tobacco and are extremely strong. The first drag hits my parched throat like a dose of cyanide. I smile as best I can, but the man, seeing through me, asks in Spanish: "Stands your hair up on end, doesn't it?" When the rest of the counter discovers that we are Americans, they smile and nod with pleasant curiosity—on a one-to-one basis years of Cuban government propaganda dissipates like smoke. When we are ready to leave, I ask Carl to engage the others in an elaborate good-bye while I slip the laborer my pack of smokes. He gives a genuine smile of surprised appreciation, which makes me wish I had a carton to give him.

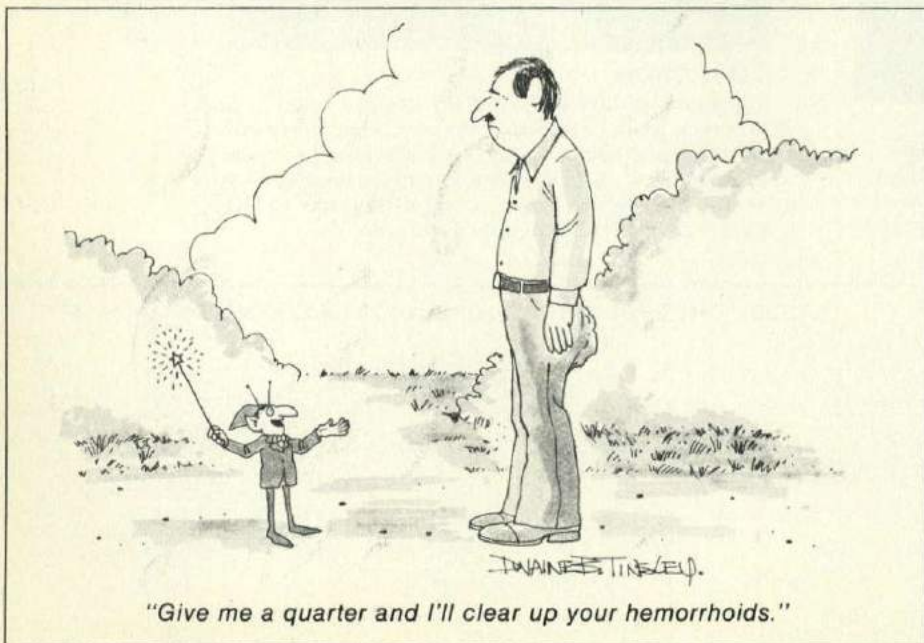
That evening Carl and I are drinking in my room prior to dinner and bemoaning the news that the Canadian chicks are balling some Cuban musicians playing at a nearby club and some Yugoslav athletes staying at a hotel down the street. "Do you know any Yugoslavian?" I ask Carl.

"No. Can you play a guitar?"

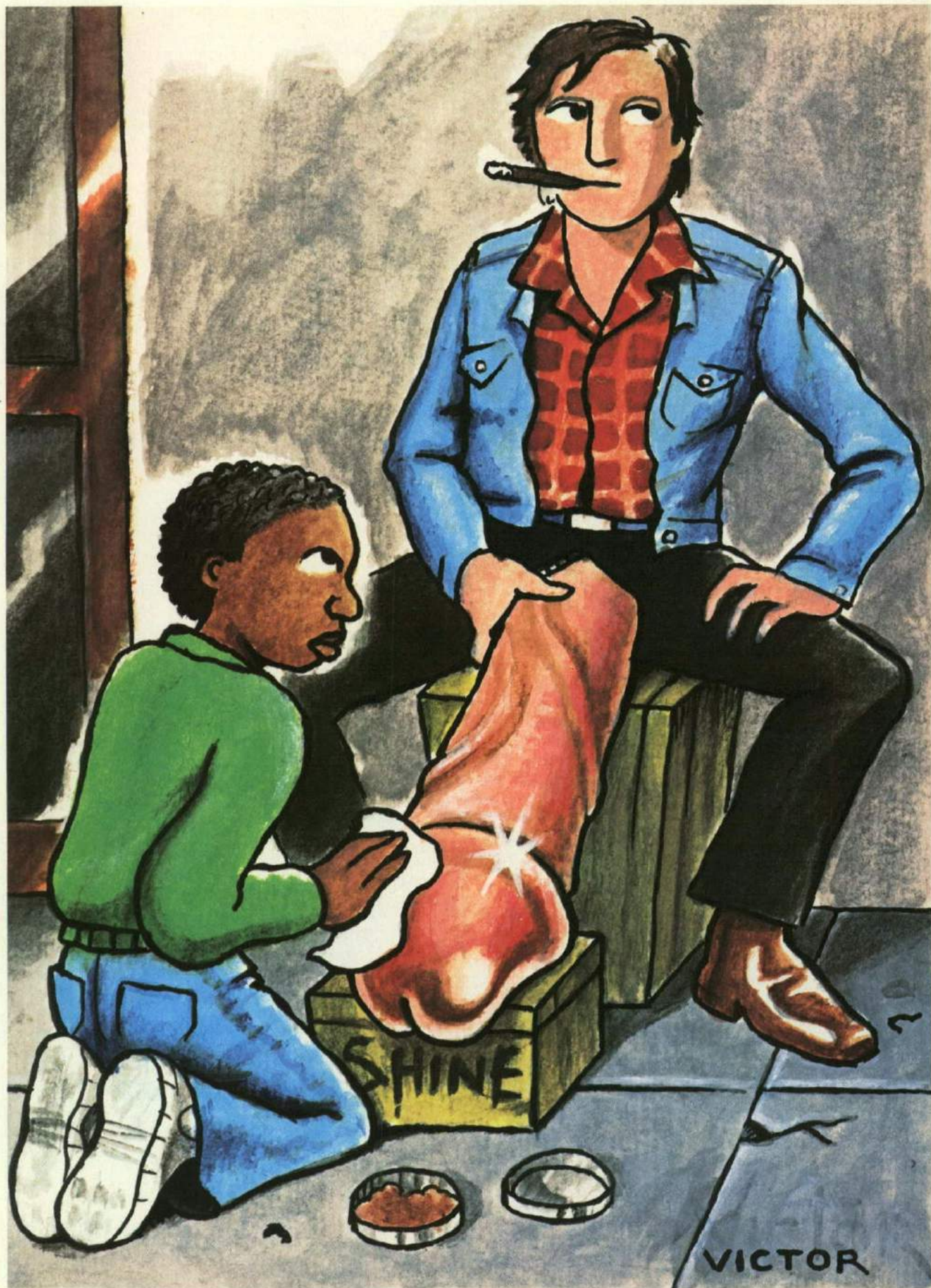
There is a thumping knock on the door. It is a burly young hotel employee with a female assistant. He walks in, saying that they are having trouble with the air conditioners and that he wants to "inspect" mine. I tell him that it's working fine, but I signal him to go ahead. He pulls the unit out of the wall and scrutinizes it carefully while the assistant watches over his shoulder. He announces that it is defective and that they will replace it the following day, even though it will be untouched during my stay. I am grateful for the incident because it rekindles my paranoia.

In the evening the entire entourage of our fellow Americans is gathered for dinner: the single woman, the New Englander and the two couples. One couple claim to be old-line Socialists. The woman is pleasant enough, but her husband is a hypochondriac and a walking catalog of screwball notions: "All Western medicine stinks! A bunch of croakers!" The other couple proudly announce to the gathering that they are Baptists. The man is president of a Bible college—no less.

Our dinner is a smorgasbord consisting of foot-high plates of shrimp, stuffed crab, barbecued lobster, deviled eggs,



"Give me a quarter and I'll clear up your hemorrhoids."



cheeses, mangoes, pineapples, bananas, French pastries and ice cream. I feel a twinge of guilt while gorging myself on this feast, but not *too much* guilt—the New Englander and I engage in a shrimp-eating contest. He wins at 35.

Thus fed, my thoughts naturally turn to sex. The two tour guides—snakes that they are—have rounded up the two youngest Canadian girls for dinner. Earlier in the day, Carl, who is a decent-looking citizen, had been quickly rebuffed by two other Canadian girls when he had tried to get us invited over to their table. They had looked at him as if he were a molester of orphans. “Where did I go wrong?” he had wanted to know.

“Don’t worry about it,” I told him. “It’s part of their national inferiority complex.”

Meanwhile I’m working on the lone American girl, but I’m being constantly interrupted by the Bible college president, who starts out bragging about his school’s bowling and debating teams, then launches into a litany of the Communist repression he’s witnessed in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. It occurs to me that he’s the sort of “patriotic” American who travels to Socialist countries in order to reassure himself that *The American Way* is still the best. He’s all syrupy tones and constant smiles—only his cold, heavy-hooded eyes reveal that he is into dealing in power. While he’s telling us how he’s the quarterback of the faculty football team—“I’m fifty-three years old!”—I ask the American girl if she wants to take a walk along the beach. She agrees, and I run up to my room to get a flask filled with Jack Daniel’s.

As a HUSTLER writer who enjoys the protection of the First Amendment, I feel that censorship is the most odious aspect of Communism.

“Why do you need that?” she asks with motherly concern.

“To ward off colds, of course.” She shakes her head and begins to lecture me that booze is not the answer. It seems that she’s married. Her husband is a psychoanalyst, and many of his patients are retreating from life via booze, drugs and sex. It’s hopeless: a shrink’s wife who’s against booze, drugs and sex—the three things I hold most dear in life.

I let her ramble on about her husband and kids—then at the first opportunity, with a sinking feeling, I steer us back to the hotel. I won’t be able to satisfy my lifelong, B-movie fantasy of balling in the surf. I see her up to her room and say good-night. She’s so healthy it makes my skin crawl.

After depositing the flask back in my room, I make it down to the lobby, where the Canadian girls are singing French songs in harmony. Nelson, the more macho of the tour guides, has fled; and Carlos, wearing an expression of total despair, is lying on the couch. Serves them right! I join Carl and a Canadian who are discussing politics. I spot a waitress—black, with an Afro, easily six-feet tall and beautiful. I point

to a bottle of Hennessy on the bar and she tells me it’s fake—filled with colored water. I pretend to weep, which amuses her and which amazes Carl and the Canadian. I then order a Cuban brandy, but when I see that it’s a thimble-sized glass, I have her bring two. This also amuses her. I order two more—and she watches me drink myself into a semi-coma while I simply watch her. Around midnight, she departs downstairs toward the poolside bar. We make eye contact and my half-numb cock responds with several anticipatory twitches. Shortly thereafter, Carl and the Canadian go their separate ways, while I follow the beautiful black amazon downstairs.

The bar is dark and crowded with Cuban couples groping each other and dancing to loud Latin music. The black girl is nowhere in sight, and I begin to wonder if she is a figment of my hungry imagination. I order another brandy and begin to feel sorry for myself. Being drunk in the proximity of so many partying strangers creates an epic sense of loneliness. When the writing on the bottle of brandy begins to resemble Hebrew, I decide to pack it in, shuffling up to my room. To top off a perfectly fruitless evening, sometime in the middle of the night I reach for the water pitcher on the night table and accidentally knock a full quart of Jack Daniel’s onto the marble floor—where it splatters into hundreds of pieces. Without putting on the light, I stagger to the bathroom for several towels, which I fling over the mess—refusing to deal with it any further.

After swabbing down my room this morning, I buy a fifth of rum in the tourist store. At breakfast we’re told that the trip to the Bay of Pigs has been called off due to lack of interest—not enough takers. When we offer to pay more, we’re assured that the minister of tourism will be consulted. We learn that a tour of a sugar mill has been scheduled, but I pass on that after hearing the New Englander’s casual comment that he thought he saw hookers cruising some Havana hotels the day before.

Just as I’m about to leave the table, another member of our tour group (the Socialist) snaps my head back: “You know, Frank, *we’ve* decided [it’s always collective with the Socialists] that there’s something about you that sets you apart from the rest of us, as if you’re on a mission. . . .”

I laugh it off: “Well, I might as well fess up. Actually I’m a hit man for the Mafia, specializing in families—with

(continued on page 117)



BEAVER HUNT



With all the fuss being made about big turkey dinners at this time of year, we sometimes forget that we have more to be grateful for than the occasional drumstick. Consider, for example, the American girl. If we really want to uphold American traditions, we should do with our women what we do with everything else we are proud of. We should flaunt them. And it just so happens that there is no better way to do that than by entering HUSTLER's *Beaver Hunt*.

Send us a sharply focused, HUSTLER-style color photo—no black and whites, please—of your favorite model in the nude, plus a short personality profile. Coax her to be as candid as possible, and be sure to fill out the model

release form that appears on page 117.

Send your entry to *HUSTLER Beaver Hunt*, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215. Sorry, but all photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine.

If we publish your girl's photo, you'll receive a \$50 contributor's fee, and everyone who sends us photos will receive the coveted HUSTLER Beaver Hunter's license. If she's chosen as best Amateur Beaver by a panel of HUSTLER staffers, your lady may be offered a chance to appear in one of HUSTLER's pictorial spreads. If we decide to feature her in the magazine, she'll receive a \$1000-\$1500 fee as a professional model. Think about it. That much money ain't cranberry sauce.

Photo by John Holden



Eighteen-year-old Sandy Holden plays tennis and swims when she's not busy being a housewife. Sandy, who lives in Moore, Oklahoma, likes to conjure up visions of making love to a man with a shaved cock.

Photo by J. W.



Basking in the warm Colorado sun is one of Denver housewife Kitty Williams's favorite hobbies, along with riding motorcycles. Twenty-seven-year-old Kitty says she dreams of giving her husband a terrific blow job, "since I find it hard to do."

Photo by H. L. B.



Skiing, scuba diving and sewing keep Cindy so busy she doesn't have time to be bored by the life of an Iowa housewife. Cindy, who is 20 years old, has only one sexual fantasy: She would like to make love constantly. Who could ask for more?

Twenty-four-year-old Marie M. attributes her great shape to an active life. Marie, an exercise instructor at a Houston health spa, fills her spare time with tennis and swimming. Marie claims to have a "terrific sex life" with her husband, and fantasizes about sex in every way.

Photo by Gary Olson



Photo by Griff E.

Roberta Traub of Minneapolis coyly admits to being "thirtyish" but, as you can see, she strikes a bewitching pose regardless of her age. Roberta enjoys dancing, walking and making love—and dreams of sweeping "two clean, warm, intelligent fellows" off their feet and into the sack.



Photo by J. R. Ray



Donna Baio, a Peekskill, New York, housewife, says she loves to "get down and dirty." Showing off her 27-year-old body is one of Donna's favorite pastimes; another is giving blow jobs. Hobbies like that leave little room for fantasies, but Donna has one: being gang-banged.

Louisville, Kentucky, is the home of Donna Clyde, a 19-year-old secretary. Donna, who likes her men rugged—bikers are her favorites—dreams of making love on a deserted beach.



Photo by Al Baio



California girl Louretta Bernhard is a cocktail waitress and dancer in Torrance. Louretta, who is 22, enjoys vigorous hobbies like tennis, horseback riding and swimming. Her fondest erotic dream, she says, is "to make love in the ocean while everyone is watching."

Photo by Dave Meiss

Photo by Gerald T.

A special treat for hair-lovers everywhere, Houston beauty Denise Sonnier enjoys baring her furry features for erotic pictures. Swimming, travel and astrology fill 22-year-old Denise's spare time when she's not working as a receptionist and model. Denise dreams of "having a person in chains and ropes, and attacking them football-style."



Fargo, North Dakota, homemaker and model Jean T. is shown here practicing her favorite hobby, "being mysterious and sexy." Jean, who's 23, tells us that her open-minded philosophy of life is: "Condemnation without investigation is truly the height of ignorance." (Translation: Don't knock it if you haven't tried it.)

Photo by Ed Lewis

Photo by Wendell McCright

Milagros Sanchez left Puerto Rico to travel, and the 25-year-old claims traveling as her only occupation. Presently living in New York City, Milagros's favorite pastimes include tennis, dancing and men.

Milagros says she has no fantasies. She does whatever she feels like doing.



Photo by Mike Meyers



Janet Meyers, a 21-year-old mother of two, stays active—mostly in bed with her fabulous husband. Janet, the “Tiger Lady” of Goshen, Indiana, dreams of making love atop a mountain.

Despite her dangerous hobbies of bareback riding and stock car racing, 18-year-old Donna M. Nannery prefers being treated like a fragile china doll. A housewife and mother from Elizabethtown, Kentucky, Donna gets off on thoughts of being nude in a room full of feathers where she would indulge in sex for at least six hours.



Photo by Steven R. Nannery



Music moves Denver housewife Debby B., who loves disco dancing. Thinking up new ways to seduce her husband is another of 20-year-old Debby's favorite activities. And her secret fantasy is to make love to her husband on the roof of their mobile home at night, while watching the city lights flicker in the distance.

Photo by Dale B.

FORT LAUDERDALE NEWS

SUN-SENTINEL

Drug Billed As Aphrodisiac Taken In Book Store Raid

By OTT CEFKIN
Sun-Sentinel Writer

FORT LAUDERDALE—"Rush"—described as a drug—is being sold in some area adult book stores as an aphrodisiac, sheriff's agents said yesterday following a series of raids on eight alleged porno shops.

Meanwhile, a disagreement has developed over what "Rush" is.

Sheriff's agents say it's Amyl Nitrate, a prescription drug.

Officials of a San Francisco firm that has been distributing "Rush" nationwide say it is not Amyl Nitrate, but another chemical that does not require prescriptions.

Eight adult book store employees say "Rush" is what they got when agents hustled them off to county jail on charges of dispensing the substance.

"As far as we're concerned "Rush" and Amyl Nitrate are the same substance," a spokesman for the Broward County Sheriff's Department's Organized Crime Division said. "Our chemists reported an analysis of both chemicals showed them to be the same."

Agents said "Rush" sold in a small bottle marked "caution," made its appearance in Broward County about a month ago and was promoted as a "new high."

Agents said adult book store operators sold "Rush" to undercover

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agents with instructions to inhale its vapors during the sex act.

The fancy package, also featuring expensive inhaling devices, is apparently geared to the swinging set known to use Amyl Nitrate as a sex aide.

Amyl Nitrate was sold openly—like aspirin—until 1969 when the FDA determined that it was frequently being used for sexual stimulation. It is described as dangerous for persons with glaucoma, head traumas, and cerebral hemorrhage.

Instructions printed on the "Rush" bottle caution the user against inhaling the contents.

"It's pretty obvious how it's being sold," the spokesman said. "Our people were sold the inhaling devices as its only means of use."

The inhaling devices, each with a wick that is dipped into a liquid, come in different styles and sell for \$6 to \$30, agents said.

"Rush," they said, sells for \$6. Single ampuls, believed to be "Rush" or straight Amyl Nitrate, sell for \$1.25 each.

At the eight book stores, including one in Hollywood, agents confiscated quantities of "Rush" in open view.

"We didn't have search warrants, so we couldn't look in store rooms," one agent said. "There's no telling how much stuff we had to leave behind."

it's the
RUSH.
hour!



AT DEALERS COAST TO COAST

Sorry—Wrong Number!

FT. LAUDERDALE — The Broward County Sheriff's Department today was forced to return all stocks of RUSH LIQUID INCENSE seized in a raid last Tuesday night. Eight store owners were charged with selling prescription drugs without a license. Clerks reportedly offered RUSH saying: "One snort during sex will give you the greatest trip you ever had!" All the raided stores were in the Ft. Lauderdale-Hollywood area.

A more careful examination by the Federal Drug facility in

Miami, disclosed that RUSH LIQUID INCENSE was not amyl nitrite, but contained a similar non-prescription chemical. Since the actual formula does not contain any prescription drug, the Broward County State's Attorney's office have indicated that they will dismiss all charges. There has been a large upsurge in recent years in the non-medicinal use of amyl nitrite for its alleged aphrodisiac effect. Store owners reported that, as a result of the large amount of publicity surrounding the raid, demand for the product has been extremely heavy.

A spokesman for the manufacturer, Pacific Western Distributing Corp. in San Francisco stated: "The product is definitely not being sold for its aphrodisiac effect, it is offered only as a Liquid Incense — a room odorizer." The spokesman further stated, "All vendors have been cautioned not to offer RUSH as an aphrodisiac. To offer RUSH for direct inhalation would be a clear violation of the Federal Drug laws. This company will absolutely refuse to ship RUSH to anyone who is established to be promoting misuse of the product."

WHOLESALE ONLY:

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SAME DAY SERVICE

NAME _____ I certify that I am over 21 ☐

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

(continued from page 110)

children under twelve always for free." They laugh uneasily, probably wondering if I'm dead serious.

ITEM: In one respect Havana is as it was in the '50s: the automobiles. Although there is a smattering of new Alfas, Fiats, Peugeots and Chevy Novas (made in Argentina), the vast majority of cars are '40s and '50s American-vintage, held together with ingenuity, baling wire and prayers.

The American shares a cab into Havana with a Canadian couple. The cab is a bright orange and black, brush-painted '54 Chevy. There are no windshield wipers, although it's raining out, and the windshield is an incredible spiderweb of cracks covering the entire surface. It's held together with a piece of metal bolted in the middle.

The driver is as interesting as his cab. At the top of his voice he explains that windshields cost 300 pesos (\$345). He is a powerful-looking man with bulging eyes, a pencil-thin mustache and beefy fingers, two of which he snaps to emphasize every other word. He bellows out that his Chevy (which has a top speed of 40 mph) cost him \$1,654 in '54 and that he puts 200 kilometers on it every day. "How many all told?" he is asked.

"Millions!!" he screams. He tells his riders that although American politics stink (Vietnam, etc.), America makes the best products in the world. "The Russians send us all their junk. It disintegrates right in your hands!"

While his cab wheezes along at 40, the cabdriver talks nonstop all the way into Havana. Five kilometers are spent wondering why the Americans, who are such "geniuses," are also so warlike. Five more kilometers are devoted to a complaint about the shortage of commodities. During the last eight he points out what a relief it is to be able to talk and complain, that he wouldn't dare do it with his fellow Cubans, that everyone is repressed. Finally, close to tears, he begs his riders not to tell anyone what he'd said. What had started as a funny monologue ends pathetically. Later the Canadians claim that they had a similar experience with another cabby on the previous day.

In 1959 the Hotel Nacional was considered the premier hotel in Cuba. Today it maintains the same status. Instead of American tourists, however, the current guests are Cubans, Russians and Eastern Europeans; they are technicians, doctors and teachers. Like the majority of Havana's hotels, the Nacional is located on the west side of town. But unlike the old Havana Hilton (renamed the Habana Libre), the Havana Riviera and the Capri, the Hotel Nacional has been rigorously

maintained. Its classic Spanish architecture is separated from the street by a hundred yards of carefully manicured lawn and subtropical greenery. The wood-beamed lobby is teeming with people, and off to the side there is a game room filled, curiously enough, with American pinball machines. Many of the faces bending over those machines are Russian.

I speak to a Soviet doctor who is on a two-year tour of duty in Cuba. She's careful to point out that she is from Soviet Georgia, not the Russian Republic—a display of ethnic pride. I mention that there is also a Georgia in the U.S. "Ah, yes! That's where Jimmy Carter comes from!" It's an interesting conversation, but the doctor isn't helping me to find a hooker, so I wander from the game room to the most elaborate hotel tourist store in Havana. With a tourist card it's possible to buy a box of Montecristo No. 1 cigars for \$28—the same cigars cost Cubans the peso equivalent of \$45. No wonder foreigners tend to be resented here.

I leave the Nacional and begin to pound the streets in search of a hooker. This can be confusing in Cuba, where miniskirts are the latest rage. (In the States hookers are about the only women still wearing minis.) In Cuba it seems like every woman wears them, from prepubescent "Pioneers"—as grade-school children are called—to fat mamas to luscious Latin morsels. However, there is a certain international walk and come-on among whores, and I don't see it at all among the women I encounter while walking my dogs off around the hotels.

I do see several *posadas*—lover's motels that Castro has allowed to exist due to the acute housing shortage. In Cuba—where people must line up for buses, water fountains, food and every other commodity and service—couples queue up at night in front of the *posadas* in order to fuck in peace. If those walls could talk—I imagine that the sound emanating from a *posada* at 3 a.m. would be a loud chorus of squeaking springs.

It is another 90-degree afternoon, and eventually I give up the hooker hunt and head back to the Nacional to find a cab. There is a covey of young Cuban touts across the street from the hotel. Earlier one had approached me, offering—in broken English—70 pesos for 40 American dollars. It is a good deal, since the official rate of exchange is 80 pesos for \$100. But I turn him down for several reasons: There is a heavy penalty for black-marketeering, it's impossible to exchange extra pesos on my return and I don't have 40 American dollars.

This time, in front of the Nacional, two young men run toward me. One is a black kid while the other is white, with a handsome, sharp-featured Spanish face. "Are you American?" they ask.

"Yeah," I say, half-dead from the heat and resigning myself to their pitch.

Pancho, the white kid, explains that they are students who work in a factory for 100 pesos (\$125) a month. "I would like—if you don't mind—to talk to you about America. Would you like to see the American Embassy? It's right down here. I will show you."

Since so few people speak English in Havana, I am surprised at Pancho's

HUSTLER BEAVER HUNTER MODEL RELEASE

Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 111). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunters contest, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

Model's Name _____

Address _____

Age _____

Phone _____

Photographer _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary.

Send prize to: _____

☐ Model ☐ Other

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature _____

command of the language. I soon find out where it came from.

"What really happened to Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison and Jimi Hendrix?" he asks.

"What?"

"You know—the singers: 'Take another little piece of my heart now—'"

"Yeah, I know, but how do you know about these people?" I ask. As we pass a monument to the USS *Maine* (a battleship sunk in Havana harbor prior to the Spanish-American War), Pancho explains that radio waves travel well over water and that sometimes it's possible to pick up stations from as far away and All-American as Little Rock, Arkansas.

"I would like you to do me a favor—if you would send me a book in Spanish on how to make antenna amplifiers. . . ."

Appropriately, we sit on the steps leading to the deserted American Embassy while Pancho and his friend tell me that by pointing their TV antennas toward Miami they can receive American TV: *The Bionic Woman*, *Sonny and Cher*, *Charlie's Angels*. . . .

I'm totally amazed; they know as much about American TV as any stateside 18-year-old; in fact, they know even more than I do.

Rubble is strewn all around us, and grass grows up through the concrete surrounding the Embassy. But it seems to me that whatever the official Cuban reason for letting it stand intact, the Embassy is symbolic evidence that the hated, meddling colossus to the north will make a comeback in Cuba—it's fate. Pancho and his friend, these two experts on American pop culture, seem to me to be living proof of this.

Eventually the conversation turns to

At one point I think I might suffocate down there—meet my fate between a pair of amazon thighs in a cabana east of Havana.

politics. Pancho yearns to join his father in the United—paved-with-gold—States. I try to explain to both of them that not all is peaches and cream in the States; that relative to the way people lived in Cuba prior to the Revolution, Cubans are better off today and that eventually creature comforts will become more readily available in Cuba.

"Yes, eventually . . . but when? When I am dead?" Pancho interjects. I have to laugh—he's a smart kid. I take his phone number and promise to get together with him again before I leave.

ITEM: *The New England travel agency director goes to the Ministry of Tourism to request an interview in pursuit of a travel agency license. To his surprise he's granted an interview the following day. He's told a car will pick him up at his hotel. It arrives two hours late. Then he finds himself sitting before the minister of tourism, a casually dressed man in his mid-30s. Although the minister had lived in America, the conversation is conducted in Spanish.*

The minister launches into an impassioned harangue, warning that no one will ever fuck over the Cubans again—least of all the Americans. He threatens the New Englander: If he as a tour director fails to deliver 100 percent of his quota of tourists—he loses

everything. Suddenly the minister changes his tack and starts to discuss discounts—if the American delivers 50 tourists there will be a certain discount, if he delivers 100 the discount will be larger, etc. The American smiles: "That doesn't sound like a Socialist principle."

The minister abruptly switches to English: "Business is business."

A rift in the Canadian-American relations of our tour group develops over dinner, when it's discovered that the Cubans want to raise the price of the Bay of Pigs tour from 13 to 18 pesos and that the Canadians refuse to pay a centavo over 13.

"What the hay, I told them we'll subsidize the Canadians—pay the difference," says the Bible college president with a determined look.

"Just like in life—real," says Carl. I laugh—we're both a little bitter about being burned by the Canadian chicks.

I had signed for a tour this evening to the Tropicana nightclub. For years I have been hearing stories about the Tropicana, that it had been Mafia-financed and known on an international level for its unique decadence. As eager as I am to see the place, I'm also up to my ears in the tour scene. The Bible college president is bragging about his chicken factory back home: "Two million eggs a day. None touched by human hands until the housewife opens the carton."

The Socialist is bragging about one of his afflictions: "I'm allergic to the sun. Without these glasses, my eyelids swell up the size of walnuts. . . ." The Canadians are hanging onto their newly found Serbo-Croatian boyfriends and Instamatic cameras. And our tour guides are riffing out propaganda in French and English. To fortify myself, I take two quick belts of five-year-old rum before boarding the bus.

Havana at night resembles New York's Financial District after dark—a ghost town. The Tropicana, however, is a credit to gangster vision. At first sight I see a huge, arched entranceway at the bottom of a dead-end street. On the other side of the arch a dazzling swirl of royal palm trees lines the drive to the front door. Twelve-foot doors, five-foot vases and a half-dozen maitre d's in tuxedos line the path.

I have never seen nor imagined anything quite like it. To the right there's a large, enclosed theater. To the left there's what seems to be an acre of tables with a seating capacity of 1,200 and a huge, terraced stage. Royal palms grow everywhere, and above—the open sky. It is the very soul of bourgeois decadence; yet the government has chosen to keep the place open, having made only two changes from prerevolutionary



"Yes, I've noticed."

days: the absence of both gambling and topless dancers. The hall-sized men's room has a table with folded sheets of toilet paper, which augment several Canadian-made hand driers.

The show at the Tropicana has a nationalist flavor—"Cuba Around the World." In broad contrast to the working populace, the cast wears lavish costumes, which at times make the performers look like so many cossacks and cosackarinas. The show itself ranges from the spectacular to the silly: Several dance and acrobatic numbers are excellent while a Nelson Eddy-style torch song about the glories of Cuba's Russian comrades (sung in Spanish by the entire cast) is unintentionally hysterical.

Upon returning from the Tropicana, I drop in at the poolside bar of my hotel. Carl is sitting, talking to the bartender and the black girl from last night. I join them and smile at the beautiful girl. She smiles back.

Carl and the bartender are talking in English, discussing art. The bartender tells us that the Party stance is "Art must serve the Revolution."

I say nothing, but I'm thinking, *Fuck the Revolution*. As a HUSTLER writer who enjoys the protection of the First Amendment, I feel that censorship is the most odious aspect of Communism.

The bartender quotes further from the Party line: "True genius is found in the masses, not individuals."

This pisses me off so much that I hear myself saying, "I don't think the masses are capable of collectively producing a *Hamlet* or a *Divine Comedy*—do you?"

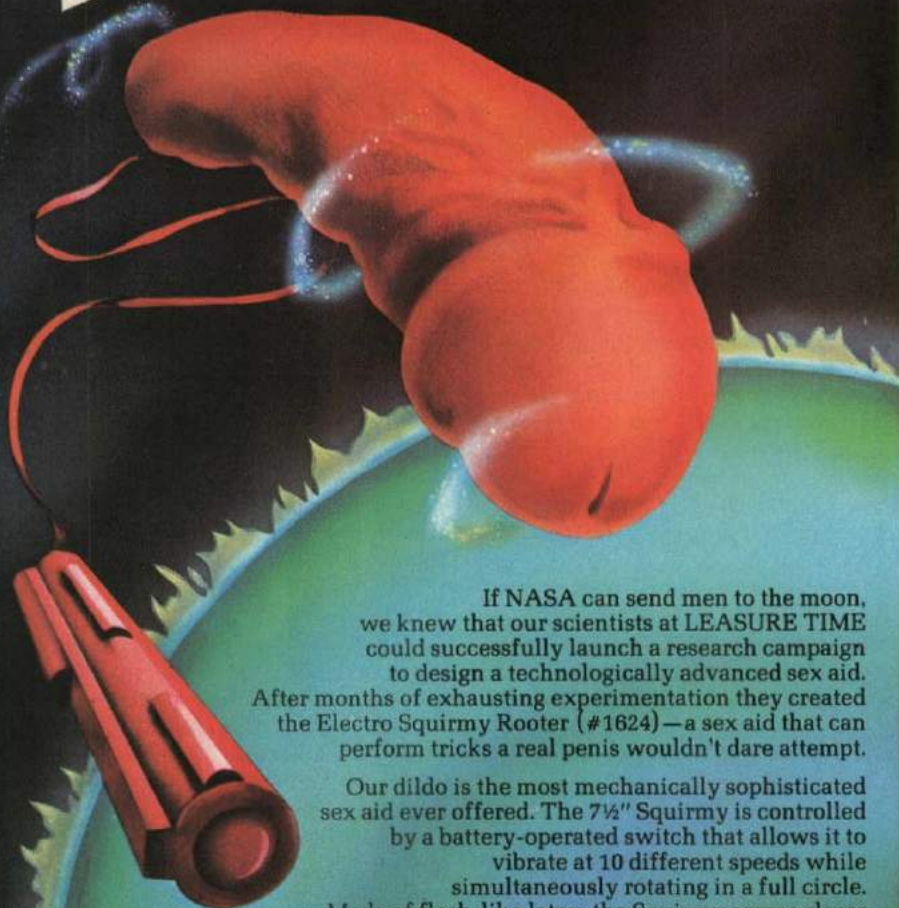
"Of course not," he answers in a low voice. Continuing to talk in a whisper, he mentions that Carl had promised to give him a copy of the *New York Times*—a precious and dangerous item in Cuba—and asks me for the same. When I offer to bring him a novel I have with me, his face lights up like a child's on Christmas morning.

Sensing that the time is right, I ask the bartender if the black woman is his wife. He laughs and says she is a friend. He introduces us. Her name is Gloria and, despite the fact that she's six feet tall, her voice is soft and feminine. Listening to her talk is giving me a hard-on. She is curious about New York City and asks endless questions about the life-style in the Big Apple. She laughs quickly, but softly, whenever I wise-crack. In spite of her imposing size, she is a gentle woman.

The bar closes at 2 a.m. and she says she must go home, where she lives with her mother. I'm loaded enough to try and talk her up to my room, but she declines, saying that if she were caught, it would mean her job at the very least.

"What can we do?" I keep repeating

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on the edge of panic. Finally I remember that there are public cabanas—hundreds of them—about a mile down the road. She laughs when I mention this, but she agrees to meet me at 1 p.m. on Thursday, when she's again due to work at 4. She leaves and I seem to levitate to my room. I can hardly wait.

ITEM: *The tourists are tooling around the countryside on rented bikes when they spot a small building: Civil Court. The court's in session, so the tourists stop, hoping to catch a glimpse of Revolutionary justice. After they take their seats in the back row, they see a panel of three judges sitting beneath posters of Castro and Jose Marti. The judge calls out a name, and a man and a woman rise to stand in front of the bench. The man looks humble, with his head bowed and hands clasped behind his back. The same judge reads the charge: "Drunk and disorderly." Without going into details, he asks the accused for an explanation.*

The man gives a long-winded reply that amounts to: "Sometimes I like to tie one on, and I tend to go a bit overboard." The judge lectures the defendant on the duties of the Revolutionary father and husband. He must keep his drinking under control and provide a good, wholesome atmosphere for his family.

The wife then gives equally long-winded testimony that amounts to: "He is usually a good husband and father, but occasionally he likes to tie one on. . . ."

The judges retire behind a partition to confer. Several minutes later they return and pronounce their sentence: a five-peso fine and another speech on the duties of the Revolutionary father. Another drunk-and-disorderly charge is brought before the magistrates. Suddenly a uniformed woman in the first row steps up to the bench and confers with the judges, pointing toward the tourists in the back. The judges nod and again disappear behind the partition. They return and whisper something to the woman, who

Gloria claims there is far less prejudice today, but social segregation remains. White Cubans look down on blacks.

approaches the tourists and tells them they must leave because one of them is wearing shorts. Wearing shorts is not permitted in civil court. The tourists realize that it's a pretext to get rid of them, but they leave quietly. Discretion is the only valor in Cuba.

On Thursday, I pedal a rented bike to the cabana, and like an overanxious virgin, I arrive a half-hour early for my rendezvous with dusky Gloria. The cabanas are actually small wooden dressing rooms, free to the public, brightly painted and inscribed with different Revolutionary quotes. The inscription on number 50, where we had agreed to meet, reads: "The Revolution Is Immortal." Not as immortal as pussy, I decide. After placing my bike against the side of the cabana, I enter.

At ten after one I start to wonder, then I hear the universal Cuban call: "Ssst! Ssst!" I open the door and there she is, dressed in her work clothes and carrying a wicker bag. I smile at her, then pounce, hands and mouth moving faster than the eye can follow. She stops me, saying she doesn't want to wrinkle her uniform. I sit watching her as she carefully undresses. I'm nearly shaking with lust. Her body is gorgeous, and I start moving toward her.

Again she stops me, saying that only one set of legs should be seen from outside—the dressing room wall begins a

foot or so above the floor. I have her sit on the bench with her legs raised, and I half-kneel, half-squat between them. As I go down on her, I'm thinking a woman as attractive and unusual as Gloria is a commodity *anywhere*. Basically the reason she's with me is not because of my looks but because I'm a novelty to her—I'm an American. But then I reason: *So fucking what?* Besides, she is writhing and whispering, "Si! Si!" Her hands are yanking my hair, and her huge, powerful thighs are vise-gripping my head into her mound of brown sugar. At one point I think I might suffocate—meeting my fate between a pair of amazon thighs in a cabana east of Havana.

About an hour later, soaking wet and satisfied, Gloria changes into a bikini she'd brought along (I'm wearing trunks), and we head for the water. After a swim, as we lie on the beach, she tells me about race relations in Cuba. Blacks comprise almost 30 percent of the population. She claims that although there is far less prejudice under Socialism (under the Batista dictatorship blacks needed a pass in order to enter certain white neighborhoods), the races are still socially segregated, and white Cubans tend to look down on blacks.

Black women are frequently seen with white men, but the opposite is still a rarity. She notes that in spite of the fact that three members of the Central Committee—the policymaking body of the Cuban Communist Party—and the Ambassador to Moscow are black, blacks do not hold high positions in proportion to their percentage within the population. Her complaint sounds similar to the situation in the States and reaffirms my belief that race relations are affected more by human nature than by political systems. Soon it is time for her to go to work. We exchange addresses and promises to write. I find myself flooding Gloria with compliments. Never have I been more grateful to a woman for her body.

Thanks to official intervention by the minister of tourism, the Bay of Pigs trip is on for Friday. The Canadians, under this interesting plan, pay 13 pesos each while the Americans pay 18—sort of a belated payment for American involvement in the Bay of Pigs fiasco. I have come to despise the guided-tour scene thoroughly, but since it is the only way to travel beyond the boundaries of Havana Province, I have no choice but to stick with it. I'm not too crazy about the departure time either—8 a.m. Since I had been drinking the previous night, I'm the last to stagger onto the bus. And the Bible college president, bright-eyed and bushy-tailed as ever, can't pass on

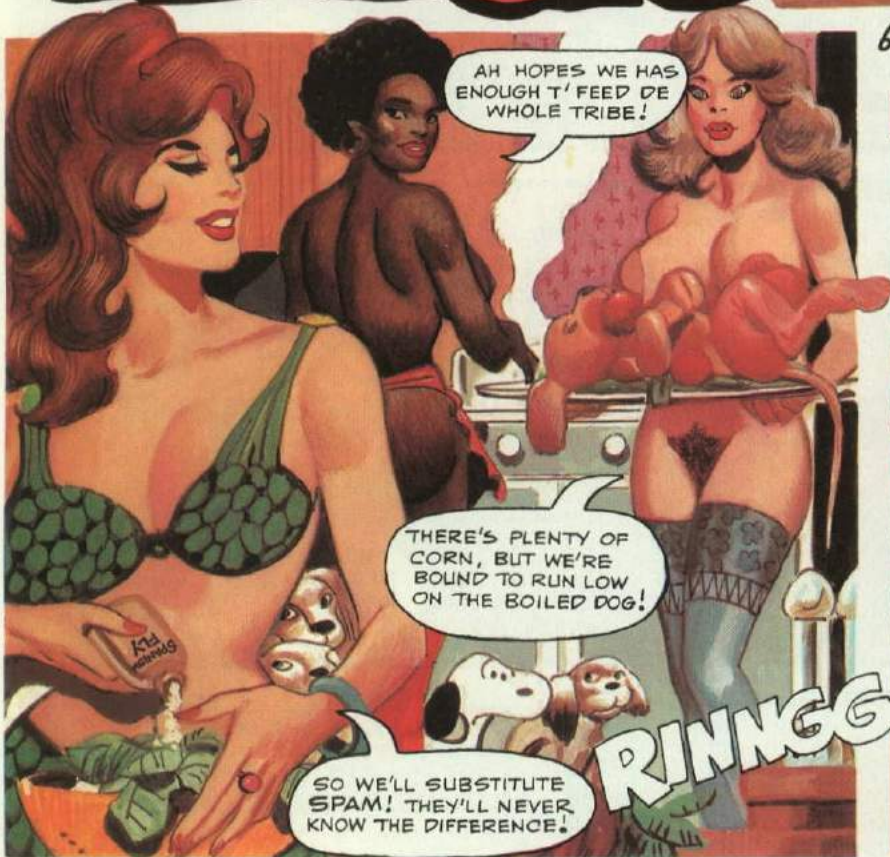
(continued on page 125)



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AH HOPES WE HAS ENOUGH T' FEED DE WHOLE TRIBE!

THERE'S PLENTY OF CORN, BUT WE'RE BOUND TO RUN LOW ON THE BOILED DOG!

SO WE'LL SUBSTITUTE SPAM! THEY'LL NEVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE!

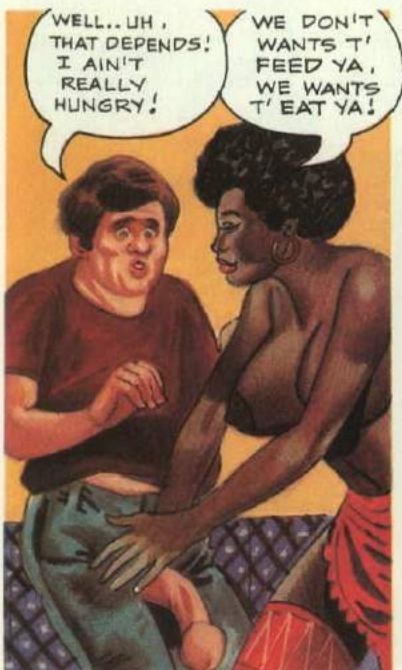
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SHIT, OUTA CASH!

AND THE BANK'S CLOSED TODAY! WANNA TAKE IT OUT IN TRADE, SWEETMEAT?



WELL...UH, THAT DEPENDS! I AIN'T REALLY HUNGRY!

WE DON'T WANTS T' FEED YA, WE WANTS T' EAT YA!



BUT.. BUT MY BOSS GONNA WANT MONEY! HOW'LL I EVER...A LITTLE LOWER, TO THE LEFT....

THAT'S ONE WAY TO BEAT THE HIGH COST OF HOLIDAY MEALS!

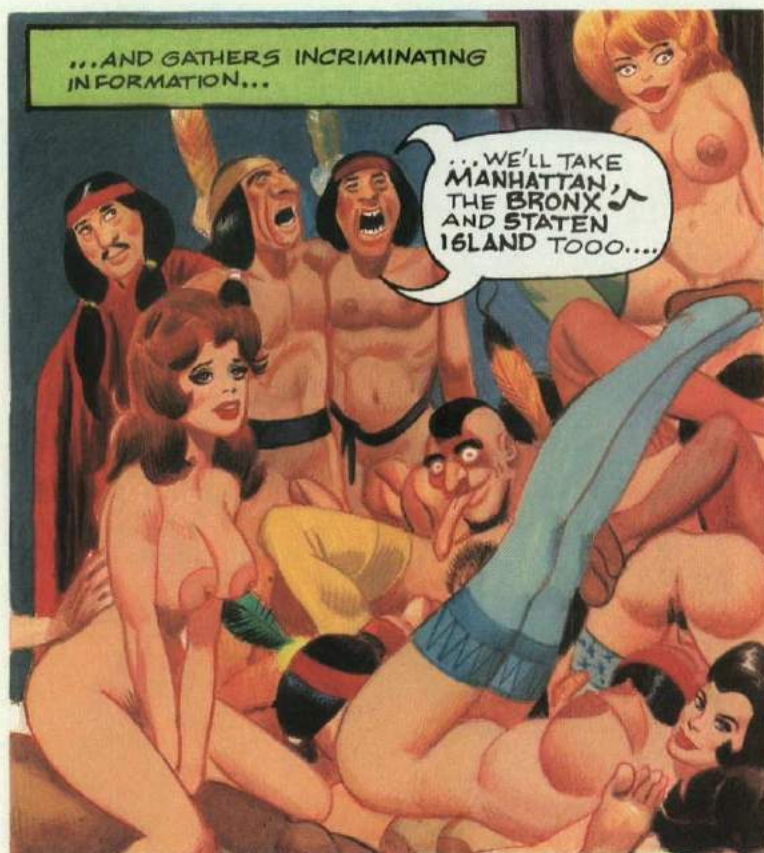


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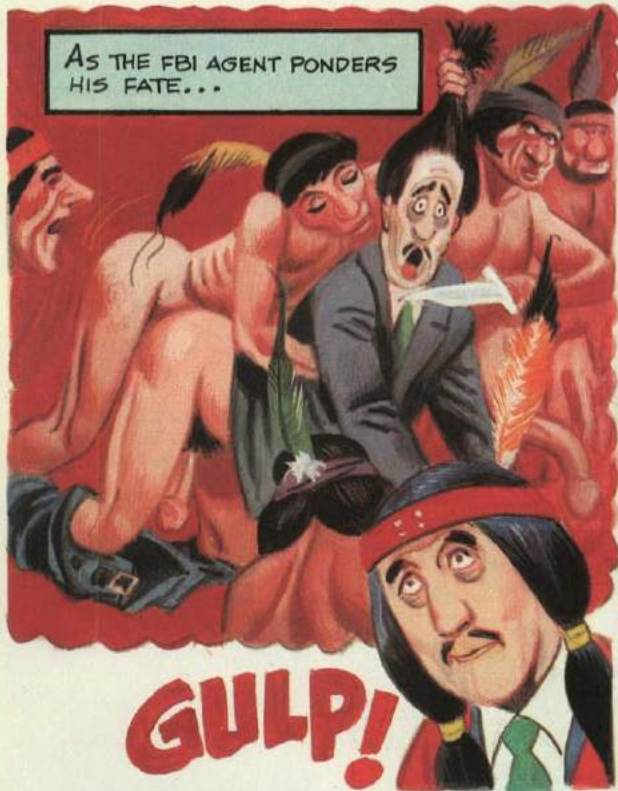
HONEY, THEY'S A DOZEN PINTOS COMIN' UP DE DRIBEWAY!

OUR GUESTS ARE HERE! HOPE THEY REMEMBERED TO BRING THEIR OWN FIREWATER!

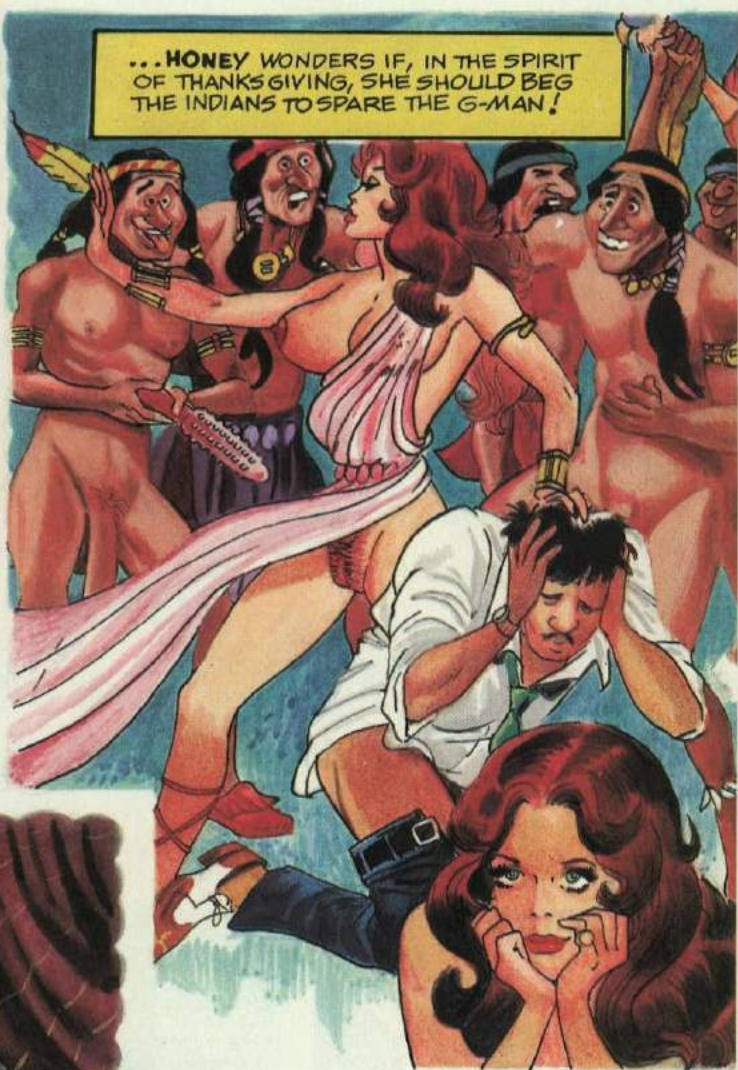




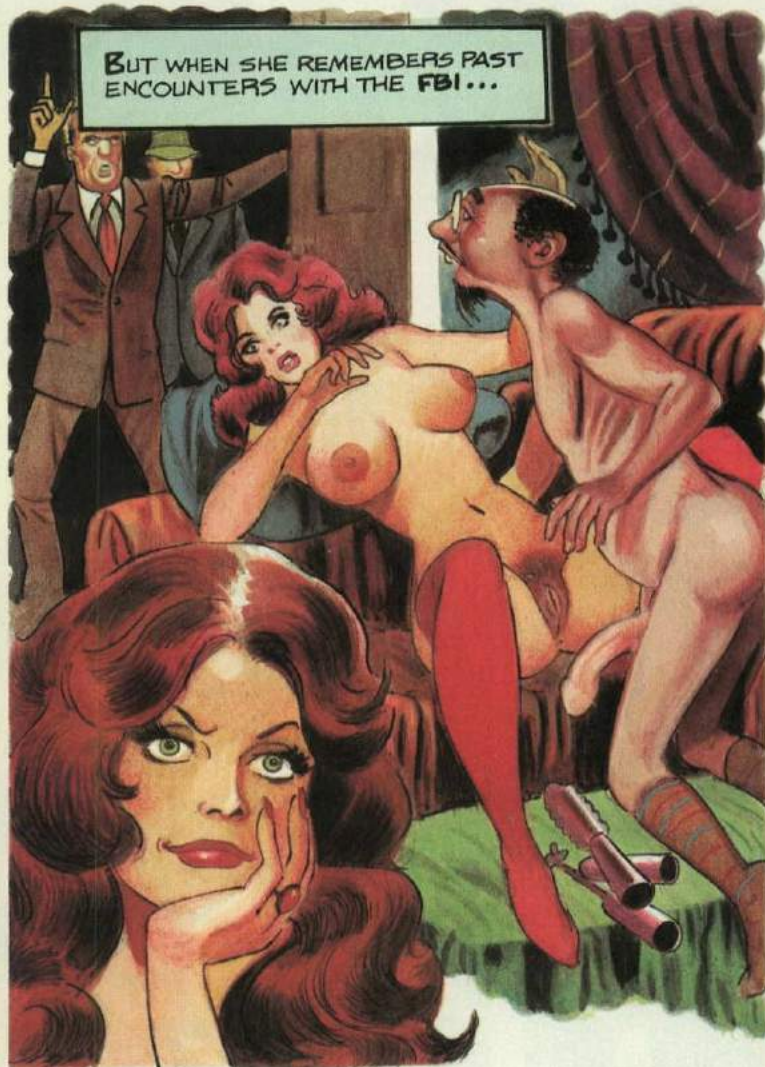
AS THE FBI AGENT PONDERES
HIS FATE...



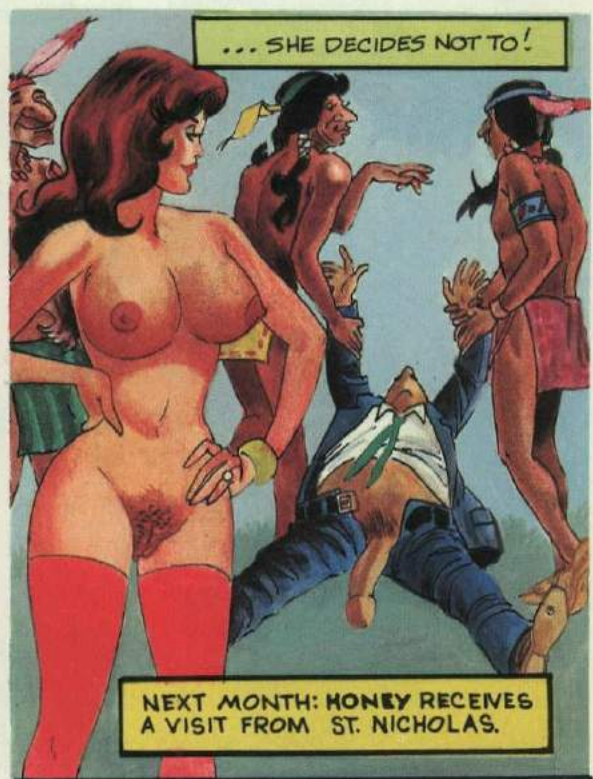
...HONEY WONDERS IF, IN THE SPIRIT
OF THANKS GIVING, SHE SHOULD BEG
THE INDIANS TO SPARE THE G-MAN!



BUT WHEN SHE REMEMBERS PAST
ENCOUNTERS WITH THE FBI...



... SHE DECIDES NOT TO!



NEXT MONTH: HONEY RECEIVES
A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

(continued from page 120)

the opportunity to moralize. "What's a matter, Frank?" he asks in his usual liquid tone. "Feeling a bit under the weather?"

"Please don't scream," I say, holding my head. "I ran out of heroin yesterday and I'm a little shaky today." Always affable, he forces out a weak snicker, probably believing me.

"One of the most favorable spots for human existence on the earth's surface" is what author Lowry Nelson had to say about the Cuban countryside in his book *Rural Cuba*. A short distance outside Havana, I begin to see what he meant—beautiful rolling hills are dotted with royal palm and banana trees as far as the eye can see. Above our bus dozens of hawks circle at various altitudes.

We are to see two natural ports—the city of Matanzas, on the north side of the island and not far from Havana, and Cochinos Bay (Bay of Pigs), on the south side of the island. Matanzas is an old-looking city of 100,000 people, set on a series of hills leading down to the water. About the only signs of newness are the Peugeot cop cars. The locals stop and stare at our bus with open curiosity. Outside of town we see fewer cars and more horses and mules. The men wear

sombreros and sure enough, even in the hinterlands, the women wear miniskirts.

The landscape becomes rural in a hurry—pigs and roosters scavenge in the yard of a small church we pass, while the houses take on a ramshackle quality. Nelson, our guide, assures us that they were built prior to the Revolution.

We spot lines of teenagers working in the fields. They farm in the morning and go to school in the afternoon. Nelson assures us this time that they "get to spend weekends with their parents"—perhaps not realizing that this is a shocking idea to the capitalist mind, which believes in keeping its kids home.

Actually the peasants—and there are plenty of them—are the class of people who have benefited the most from the Revolution. Castro, who himself was raised in the countryside, gives long speeches expounding "absolute respect for the free will of the peasants," while at the same time moving them away from their individual plots of land to co-ops. They do have a better deal today than in Batista's time, when they lived in grinding poverty. In the past it was not unusual for peasants to flag down cars on the highways of outlying provinces in order to offer their children as servants—simply because they could not afford to feed them. The girls often wound up in Havana's whorehouses and sex shows. Today Castro is careful

about the peasant consolidation, and they are given free TVs, refrigerators and housing as inducements to work and live on cooperative farms.

At a turn in the road we happen upon a prison, with its guard towers and double barbed-wire fence. It is the first jail I have ever seen painted bright pink. The Cubans call certain prisons "rehabilitation farms," which house minor offenders and political prisoners who authorities feel can be brought back into the fold. An estimated 10,000 political prisoners are housed on various prison farms—the remaining prisoners are kept in conventional jails, which we are not allowed to see. In Cuba the subject of political prisoners is a touchy one. Nelson evades all pointed questions.

Just for spite, it appears, we are taken to an alligator breeding farm, which—inadvertently—is also a very successful mosquito breeding farm. With the price of alligator accessories rising due to international sanctions, Cuba is picking up the slack in an attempt to play every angle in pursuit of foreign credits.

After donating some of my American blood to several dozen Revolutionary mosquitoes, I feel I've earned the right to see the Bay of Pigs. Instead we are loaded onto an African Queen-style launch for a cruise to a reconstructed Indian village—reconstructed because the Spanish, with their usual colonial

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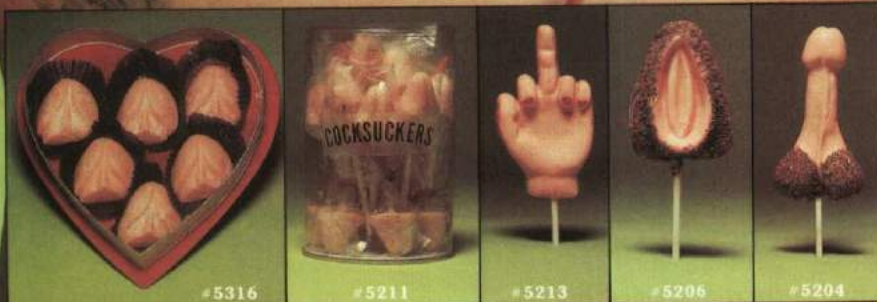
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benevolence, slaughtered nearly all the real Indians by the year 1550.

We're accompanied on the ride by a contingent of Revolutionary brats—"Pioneers"—in red, white and blue uniforms. Actually they're cute. These half-pints, full of vim and vigor like kids anywhere, are happily oblivious to almost everything, while their parents appear joyless and grim from the grind of life in a poor nation.

Upon arriving at the Indian village, we see that it is merely a series of thatched-roofed houses built over the water on stilts. The village serves as a honeymoon haven for Cubans at the relatively expensive rate of \$32 a day. We encounter an American film crew that has been there all week shooting a fishing film. One of them, a good ol' boy, claims to have caught a 10-pound bass earlier in the day.

Toward the middle of the afternoon we're finally taken to the Bay of Pigs, which is surrounded by a swampy lowland. Prior to the building of a two-lane highway in 1959—two years before the American invasion—the bay was in one of the most remote provinces in the country. Several miles down the road from the bay a large signboard proclaims: "The mercenary invaders of 1961 were stopped at this point." Mercenary? Mercenary? Another placard at the bay states: "Three thousand mercenaries trained by the CIA landed here after training in Nicaragua." This is inaccurate in two respects: First of all, the number of invaders totaled less than 1,500 and, secondly, they were Cuban patriots and zealots, not mercenaries. However, Castro wants the invaders known as mercenaries.

It's true that the U.S. government paid the invaders or their families \$400 a month while they were training, but money is *hardly* the reason these men risked their lives—there were enough men among the 700,000 Cuban refugees in America willing to invade purely on principle. No doubt, many of the refugees *still* would. (Word filtered to us, for example, that a Miami travel agency had been bombed out because it had been booking tours to Cuba.)

Anyway, most of the invaders landed before dawn on April 17, 1961, from a six-ship invasion fleet, and met stiff resistance from local militia and peasants who were very much in favor of the Revolution. The local forces sustained heavy losses until army regulars arrived. Castro announced that 87 defenders had died, but other sources put the figure at close to 1,250—with another 400 dying later from wounds. Ultimately the outcome of the battle was decided by two

factors: President Kennedy's reluctance to deploy air and sea support to help the attackers, and the skill, daring and luck of the five-plane Cuban air force. The Cuban planes—two Sea Furies, a B-26 (with only six of its eight machine guns working) and two Russian T-33s—managed to sink the *Houston* and the *Rio Escondido*, which were still loaded with supplies of ammunition and gasoline. The *Houston* carried a battalion of invaders who had not yet landed. The remaining ships retired from the firing zone—and the attack force ran out of ammunition in three days.

The Bay of Pigs is a finger of water that cuts 15 miles into the coastline. Today it is as it originally was, a beach for Cubans. About 50 kids are swimming and diving for bottles. Even in daylight the place gives me a strange, eerie feeling. Despite the peculiar quiet that pervades the area, with sea-grape trees growing right out to the water, hawks circling and the water looking dark and somber, I can visualize the place as a battlefield. I walk over toward Nelson. He is being regaled by the Bible college president, who—with typical tactlessness and a patriotic gleam in his eye—is arguing: "We lost here because of poor air support!"

After listening to this guy bluster for a week, I feel like giving him a burn: "Let's face it, Vietnam and the Bay of Pigs are two of the worst blunders our country has ever made." He nods in silence, and Nelson raises his arms to the sky as if to thank the heavens for getting the Bible-pest off his back.

But then I can't resist pulling Nelson aside: "We all know this was a CIA operation, but do you really believe that the invaders were mercenaries?"

He pats me on the shoulder and says softly, "They were mercenaries" and then quickly changes the subject. Nelson has to work within the system.

This evening I have a dinner appointment with Pancho—the Cuban kid interested in American pop culture—and a friend of his. While waiting, Carl and I, as is our custom, sit drinking and discussing the day's events. The day before, Carl had petitioned the Ministry of Finance for an interview on banking matters. Today a man Carl had never seen had buttonholed Carl by name in the hotel lobby. The man had said that he had personally received a call, and the caller had informed him that Carl's interview would begin in two hours. This strange encounter had been perplexing to Carl. Two hours later a Russian Volga sedan with an official from the Banco Nacional inside had picked Carl up and whisked him off to

Lenin Park, to the Ruins—perhaps the best restaurant in Cuba.

"How did it go?" I ask.

"It was oily," Carl says. "The man was thoroughly acquainted with the rhythms of international finance, but very evasive. Whenever I tried to nail him down on a specific point, he would become vague or simply change the subject. But this is a good sign in Latin America—it means cautious interest. If they weren't interested, they would just tell you."

Suddenly the phone rings. Pancho and his friend are in the lobby, where they have been stopped from coming upstairs. I go down to get them, and over the elevator operator's protestations, drag Pancho and his friend up to my room. As we sit drinking, I comment on the quality of the seven-year-old rum—it is the best I've ever tasted. "Awhile back rum was difficult to come by—beer too," Pancho's friend tells us. Like Pancho, he too has an amazing grasp of English.

According to Pancho's friend, at one time, other than eating at a restaurant or visiting a *posada*, the only way you could cop some beer was to get married. "The government would supply—free—25 cases of beer and a large cake to couples

getting married. However, Cubans like to party, so couples were getting divorced—a relatively easy procedure—then remarrying just to get the beer and throw a party. But then the government got wise and raised the price of divorce far in excess of the value of the beer."

I change the subject to prostitutes since I've already tasted a freebie. I have only one full day left and still haven't shagged my first jelly-roll-for-hire. "They exist," says Pancho, "but it's hit or miss. It's forbidden, but when the prostitutes are caught, the cops usually just throw them in jail for the night. They usually prefer clothes to money—good-quality clothing can't be bought at any price. And if your size happens to fit the girl's pimp, you're in luck." Carl mentions that he had been accosted by a girl in Old Havana. Pancho and his friend verify the possibility.

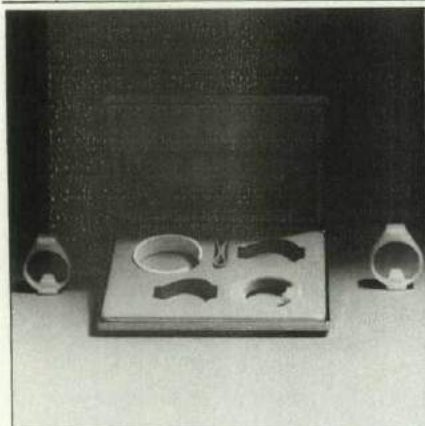
At dinner Nelson comes over to our table to chitchat amicably when he sees that we have two Cuban guests. He is a proud man who apparently views our dining with Cubans as a positive gesture—as if we had volunteered for work in the cane fields.

After dinner a different elevator lady protests loudly as we return to my room to swill some more rum. Again I talk us

out of it—but shortly thereafter there is a loud knock on the door. A black man is standing there—the house dick. He tells us in Spanish that Cubans are not allowed in the rooms. The elevator lady had dropped lip on us. Pancho's friend talks to the man for 15 minutes, and finally it's decided that they can stay—outside the room. But when the New Englander, who happens to pass in the hall, attempts to take a picture of Pancho's *amigo*, the friend jumps up exclaiming: "No! No! No!" He explains that he has a good job in the government and that the visit from the house dick has shaken him up. "If it is found out that I am visiting Americans, I could lose my job." The night ends on that sour note. We exchange addresses, and Pancho reminds me to send him, as he did on our first meeting, a Spanish-language book on antenna amplifiers so he can pull in American TV shows.

On my last day in Cuba I'm standing in a bar on the edge of Old Havana, ready to take my final shot at buying some comfort in Cuba. I order an Aguardiente, a rather vile-tasting liquor, refined—though just barely—from raw sugar. The bartender sees my reaction

(continued on page 134)



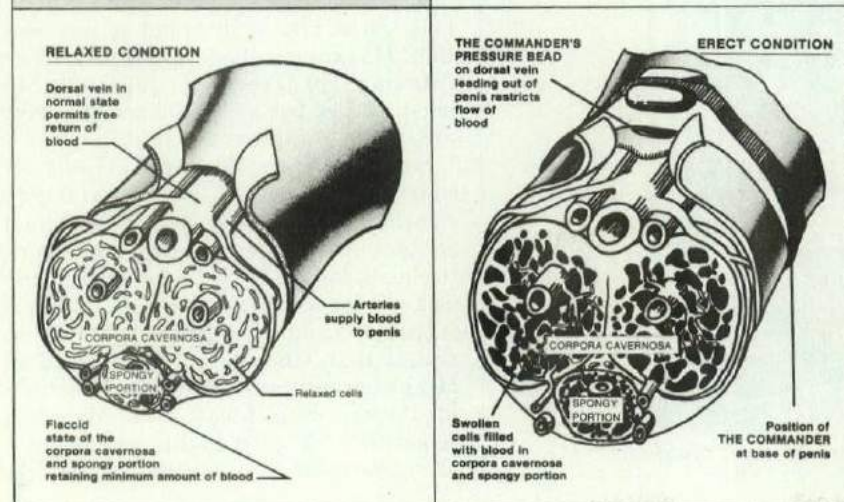
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Please send me _____ set(s) of Commander Cock Rings (#1698) @ \$14.95 per set.

Please Print Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Enclosed is my ☐ check ☐ money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC:

Interstate No.	Ex. Date	mo.	year
----------------	----------	-----	------

Signature _____

Date _____

I am of legal age and understand that if my merchandise is defective due to craftsmanship and returned within 10 days, it will be replaced free of charge, otherwise all sales are final.

Subtotal \$ _____

Ohio residents, add 4% sales tax _____

Postage, handling and insurance 1.00

TOTAL \$ _____

Money order and credit card purchases will be shipped in 3 working days or less. All orders are discreetly packaged. Delivered promptly by private carrier. (Add \$5 for foreign orders.) Quantity orders invited.

WHORE CORPS

(continued from page 86)

soldiers fighting in Indochina.

In 1869, Dr. John B. Ellis published a book entitled *The Sights and Secrets of the National Capital*, in which he wrote: "Houses of ill-fame are numerous, and scattered all through the city. . . . [The women] come from all parts of the country, and rarely remain in the city after the adjournment of Congress. . . . The majority of the 'patrons' of the better class houses are men of nominal respectability, men high in public life, officers of the army and navy, Governors of States, lawyers, doctors, and the very best class of the city population. Many of them are husbands and fathers. . . . There is a woman in Washington, the proprietress of one of these houses, who boasts that 'it would be impossible to carry on the Government without her aid.'"

Until he was shot to death in May of 1977, Alexi Goodarzi was the maitre d' at a fashionable Capitol Hill restaurant. According to the *New York Daily News*, Goodarzi "operated a call girl ring that supplied prostitutes free to a number of congressmen. . . . A witness to some of the transactions said he had seen at least five congressmen 'fixed up' by Goodarzi at no cost. Congressional aides, however, were charged \$100 each for the call girls, he said."

What About Congresswomen and Homosexuals?

So far we have addressed ourselves solely to congressmen's desire for sex with females. The few women on the Hill are probably not in need, but male hookers

Since legislators whose sex needs are met will be less prone to declare war, Congress could slash the military budget.

exist; and should demand warrant, service could be provided.

A few congressmen prefer sex partners of their own gender. Since every large city has establishments that cater to those tastes, supply could easily meet demand. There is even a precedent. During World War II, Navy Intelligence raided a house of male prostitution on Pacific Street in Brooklyn, New York. The bordello "specialized in supplying its clients with servicemen, especially sailors; and some of its visitors were foreign agents who served much liquor and asked questions about shipping." Reportedly, the most prominent client was David I. Walsh (Democrat-Massachusetts), chairman of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee, who "always preferred sailors and went out of his way to have his contacts only with them." Appropriately, the summation of the Navy's raid (which denied Walsh's involvement, in spite of the evidence) was written by J. Edgar Hoover.

Who Will Pay For the Whore Corps?

In considering any new project, the question of financial responsibility always arises. Being a congressman pays rather well now—\$57,500 a year plus an astounding expense budget. Is it reason-

able for American taxpayers to foot the bill for their legislators' sexual services?

The fact is taxpayers already foot the bill for congressional sex, a bill that some experts estimate exceeds \$5 million annually! Originally, we assumed the normal procedure would apply, that Congress in voting sexual services for itself (legitimizing what already exists) would vote an appropriation to cover the necessary personnel, building maintenance and related costs. We are not convinced such an appropriation is justifiable. But, on the other hand, that's the way things always are in Washington. Alternatively, Congress might assess each of its members a pro rata share of the total cost of the Whore Corps, but past experience teaches that such an assessment is an exercise in futility. Most congressmen would find a way to include the assessment in their office expense budget, which would increase bookkeeping without relieving the taxpayers.

On balance, we think, the Whore Corps would be considered an essential service, supported by taxes, but we do recommend that Congress slash an identical amount from the swollen military budget, since legislators whose sex needs are graciously met will be less belligerent and therefore less prone to declare war.

Conclusions

We have now answered all the major questions that could be raised and have concluded that Congress should proceed to establish the Whore Corps to provide itself with sexual services. The benefits would include comforting the disturbed, decreasing scandal, increasing governmental efficiency, cutting taxes, reducing police corruption, ending some (not all) political hypocrisy and helping—at least indirectly—the 1 million women who are currently criminals under existing antiprostitution laws.

Initially, you may have believed our proposition was irreverent and ridiculous. Now you understand it was neither. It is simply the formalization of an informal practice of questionable legality that has existed since the days of George Washington.

Some of you may agree with our premise that senators and representatives should live modestly, be in continual contact with the people, and work tirelessly for the people's benefit. At the end of his or her tenure in office a legislator should be no richer and no poorer than when he or she entered it. His or her morals should be an example for the rest of us, but as H. L. Mencken remarked: "A good [politician] is quite as unthinkable as an honest burglar."





MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

This column will help to simplify ordering mail-order erotica. We will review any mail-order sex products, including those advertised in *HUSTLER*, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll actually receive when you order. Companies that would like to have products reviewed in this column are invited to send sample merchandise and information to Mail-Order Feedback (Product Review). Also, we'll advise customers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert our readers to frauds and faulty products.

By Todd David Schwartz

PRIME-TIME PRURIENCE

Today it is possible to enjoy television viewing the likes of which you'd never catch on an episode of *Laverne and Shirley*. If you have a home video recording and playback unit such as the Sony Betamax, you can flood your living room with cathode-ray raunch from a company called *Pacesetters* (14338 Victory Boulevard, Van Nuys, California 91401). *Pacesetters* sells 78 different hard-core porno movies with sound transferred onto both 3/4-inch video cassettes and Sony 1/2-inch Betamax cassettes. All tapes run for an hour. Each video cassette is a hefty \$125.

Pacesetters sent me two videotapes from their collection. Both are typically uninspired, dumb, grade-B fuck movies. The first—*She Did What He Wanted*—is about a guy who uses hypnosis to turn women into obedient sex slaves. While not particularly abundant and not always sustained, the sex is often groin-grabbing, involving two mediocre-looking men, three attractive females and a nice blonde cocksucker, who appears only at the very beginning. The second tape—*Melissa's Inside Straight*—has a darker, rougher-textured photographic quality, and direction and acting that are strictly Pinhead City. The males are fat and ugly but, along with two tolerable women, there is one fine honey-haired chick whose body made my schween go into spasms that only an epileptic could mimic. Although shorter on plot, this pic has more continual schtupping and slurping than the other.

Pacesetters will send you its current list of X-rated videotapes upon request.

EAR-OTICA

"Ol' Blind Bennett," who stands on a Columbus, Ohio, street corner with a tin cup and white socks, probably isn't going to be spending the nickels and dimes that get tossed his way on a copy of *HUSTLER*. Bennett might instead consider stroking his white cane over audio cassettes available from *Betty Adams* (P.O. Box 2269, Santa

Clara, California 95051). Each tape is a 60-minute solo performance by a dirty-talking woman. The recordings also come on reel-to-reel tapes and eight-track cartridges.

On "Betty Has At It," both sides of tape #102, Betty is a seductress who takes on the listener for a few sessions of fucking and sucking. This broad sounds about 50 years old and carries all the vocal enthusiasm of a strung-out barbiturate addict. What's more, her babble is redundant and condescending.

If golden showers are your cup of tinkle, you're in for some fun with tape #121, "Panties, Pussy and Pissing." Speaking in an excited whisper, a lass describes sniffing panties drenched in her cunt juice—and details her boiling desire for you and her to piss on each other.

Price is \$10 per tape. Brochures are 25¢.

MAIL-DISORDER

In our September 1977 column, notice was given that *World Wide Gifts, Inc.*—the parent company of a multitude of sex-oriented mail-order companies—had filed for a Chapter 11 bankruptcy arrangement, which is a way of staying in business while leaving to the court the responsibility of handling back orders.

The president of *World Wide Gifts* is Ronald A. Stewart. Most of Stewart's companies (they are all listed in the September 1977 *Mail-Order Feedback*) have extremely shoddy reputations. *HUSTLER* has thick files on these companies, comprised of complaints from readers who have received neither products nor explanations as to why orders could not be sent.

I have learned that there were approximately 300,000 product orders never filled by Stewart's companies at the time he entered the bankruptcy proceeding. This represents about \$4 million. As of this writing, an estimated 75,000 claims have since been filed by customer creditors. Unless more claims are mailed in, those other 225,000 unfilled orders (a whopping 75 percent) can be legally ignored. History is repeating itself. A Stewart company, *RAS Enterprises, Inc.*, filed successfully for a Chapter 11 bankruptcy back in 1971. The court should be investigating the question: Is Stewart a crook or merely incompetent?

As part of the Chapter 11 procedure, Stewart has filed a bankruptcy plan, which is still pending court approval. One of the proposals of this plan is that customer creditors receive their goods within one year following the plan's confirmation by the

court. If you are a victim of the *World Wide* mail-order mess, you can get proof of claim papers by writing to Bankruptcy Division, U.S. District Courthouse, Room 230, 40 Foley Square, New York, New York 10007.

FEEDBACK LETTERS

I ordered four films from *K.S. Company* (P.O. Box 3744, Beverly Hills, California 90212) in January 1977. I sent a \$53 money order but never received the films. I wrote two letters asking about my order and never got an answer.

P. S.
Catskill, New York

It seems obvious that K.S. Company stands for "Krooked Shysters." Reader complaints about these people have been pouring into the Mail-Order Feedback office, and K.S. has not replied to letters of inquiry we sent them. You might try writing to the Beverly Hills Postal Inspection Department (P.O. Box 30456, Los Angeles, California 90030), giving pertinent specifics about your complaint. In the meantime, add K.S. Company to the roster of Shifty Sellers.

In the July 1977 *Mail-Order Feedback* you listed *Overlook Company* (6311 Yucca Street, Hollywood, California 90028) as a Shifty Seller. How do you explain the fact that in the same issue there are eight ads with that address, but with different company names?

G. B. C.
Wahiawa, Hawaii

It may be possible that several, if not all, of these companies are controlled by the same operation, dishonest or otherwise. However, the fact is that 6311 Yucca Street is the location of Postel, Inc., a mail drop that has been in business since 1949. It has more than 500 accounts, and since it insists on maintaining client confidentiality, there is no conclusive way of determining that those HUSTLER advertisers—even though they use the same mailing address—are necessarily one and the same outfit.

If you have any problems with the service that you receive from any mail-order advertisers, including those in HUSTLER, write us a letter so we can alert other readers to possible rip-offs. Include the firm's name, address and all pertinent facts about the incident. We'll contact the firm and check it out for you. If you have dealt with a good, reliable company, we would like to know that too. Please address all such correspondence to: HUSTLER Magazine, Mail-Order Feedback, 40 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

MAIL-ORDER MANIA

HARD PRICKZEL

The paperweight that's made by hand (a hand job) with loving care and baked to erection. Mounted on acrylic base. Life size or larger. \$12.95 plus 6% tax for Pa. residents.

Send check or money orders to CLK Products Co., P.O. Box 14457, Phila., Pa. 19152



I NEED IT — BAD

Sometimes I get the itch so that all 113 pounds of me cries out to be crammed full of your love. Are you man enough for me? If you think so I'll send you 8 photos of me nude, posed just the way you'd want me. Please enclose \$2 to cover the costs. Please hurry!

DEBBIE GREENE, P.O. Box 483, C-315
Bridgeport, Ohio 43912

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Rates: Write National, Box 5, Sarasota, Fl. 33578

*BE A RENT-A-Date girl! Anonymously-Everywhere! Earn! Call (refundable) *Hotline: (212) 461-2421, (212) 359-6273, (212) 461-6091 Now!

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DISCREET, personal introductions. Sensual, sophisticated swingers. Couples-Singles. Inquire: Plamates, Box 3355, York, Pa. 17402. 1-717-848-1408.

*RENT A Date! Everywhere! American! Your lifestyle! (Deductible) *Hotline (212) 461-2421, (212) 359-6273, (212) 461-6091

DEVELOP stud size: Lasting "Penetration Power". \$1.00. Box 2517R, Van Nuys, Ca. 91404

FOUR of my unpublished poses. Gorgeous color. \$4. Adults. Write me personally. "Evelyn \$50.00 Treasure Chest West", 6331 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 603A, Hollywood, Ca. 90028

SO MANY Women, so little time, you will say. Man-hunting young women eagerly seek new adventure-some males. Send \$1.00 for personal reply. Super Club, 334 Lincoln Federal Bldg., Dept. TH4, Louisville, Ky. 40202

PROSTITUTES Directory! Details \$1. Directory (92982), Box 426, Dayton, Oh. 45401

SEX TALES, actual case histories recorded live on cassette tape, super turn on. Send \$5.95 to: Tapes Unlimited, 1516 E. Ganson, Jackson, MI. 49202

FREE photo to mature, discreet men. Maria, Hillside, Ill. 61257

WOMEN Are Waiting! Broadminded young women actively looking for men. They contact you, so don't hesitate! Send \$1.00 for membership info. Your Choice, 705 Olive St., Room 309, Dept. 6HL, St. Louis, Mo. 63101

MEN'S LIB! You say "Yes" or "No" to women in your area. Our gals ready to make first move. Send just \$1.00 for personal communication: Inside Man, 3942 No. Central Ave., Dept. H7R, Chicago, Ill. 60634

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PUT HER IN YOUR MOOD with PASSION PLUS

They'll make her want you! Just a little help from PASSION PLUS and she'll be HOT-TO-TROT to your tune... no matter what you want to play. Put one of these in her food or drink, then just watch the fast results! Stimulates her desire and makes her crave you. Completely safe. Works fast and lasts for hours.

and be ready for the action with... **PETER-POWER** \$4

Be the big man you always wanted to be! Control your ejaculation, stay harder and last longer. Fast-acting PETER POWER will give you the performance and sex power you're looking for. Be longer... stronger, she'll love every inch of you!

☐ PASSION PLUS \$4 ☐ PETER POWER \$4
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BOOSTER PRODUCTS Dept 2884
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FREE SEX ACTION PHOTOS

Plus GIANT "NO BULL CATALOG" featuring the greatest selection of sex products, films, photos, books, magazines, etc. Plus a valuable FREE GIFT. Adults 21 or over, state your age. Just send \$1 to cover postage & handling to: Parker Sales Co., Dept. HU12, P.O. Box 203, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375.

FREE 100's of HOT OFFERS
100's of PHOTOS

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ADULTS ONLY

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\$ SAVE MONEY \$

Answering this ad is better than writing off for all the other stuff in this magazine!!!!

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for MEN only!

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Send \$2.00 to cover Postage and Handling
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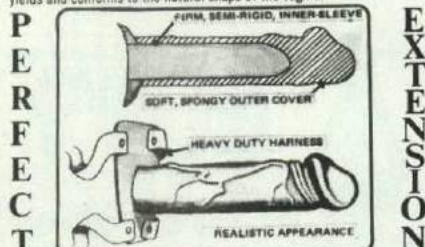
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1 1/4 x 5" 1 1/4 x 7"
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FOR INCREASING SEXUAL DESIRE!
Not only will this placebo turn-em-on... the imported Ginseng can help solve all energy problems. Dissolves in food or drink and the results are fast and lasts for hours. So... use it yourself or give it to a friend and then be prepared for lots-a-lovin'. You'll be back for more!!

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60 capsules, \$9.95 180 capsules, \$19.95
Order now & get \$2 marital aids catalog free.
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I've enclosed my check or money order for \$24.95 plus 75¢ to cover shipping and handling. Please rush me my Super Stud Vibrator in a plain package today. (N.Y. Residents add applicable sales tax.)

Name _____
Signature _____ I'm over 18 years of age
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Now you can get any woman to respond to your sexual desires. A little pinch of EXCITERS and your partner will crave and need you to satisfy her. EXCITERS can work so fast you may have to take some yourself. Safe. Easy to use and lasts for hours.
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Here's a NEW product to help you maintain erection and control ejaculation. make every inch count with a little help from STUD CAPS. No prescription needed. Safe and long lasting.
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\$8.95

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NOBLE PRODUCTS A2b7
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CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP _____
SIGNATURE _____



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Member No.		Exp. Date	mo.	year
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HU1277

— SENSUA-90 Kit(s) #1619 @ \$14.95

Subtotal \$

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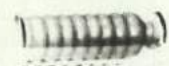
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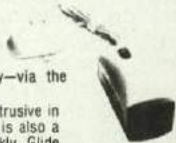
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CUBA

(continued from page 127)

and squeezes some lime into the glass. It doesn't help.

I hit the streets without confidence. I've tried everything to hook up with a Cuban trollop—short of placing a 20-peso bill in my fly—and have come up with a blank. Wearing ostentatious *turista* clothing hasn't helped. Neither has talking to cabdrivers. A pointed question to a cabby results in a suspicious look and a *no comprende*. Pursuing hookers in Havana is like hunting the Loch Ness monster in Scotland—a quest for a seeming ghost.

I tramp through the streets for hours, basting in the sun. It is almost impossible to visualize this place as having been a Sodom and Gomorrah in the '50s. Today's hookerless Havana stands as a testimonial to human adaptability—in one generation the most wide-open culture in the Western Hemisphere has been transformed into a puritanical society. I search the faces of older women I encounter in the streets for clues to what life was like before. Surely some of them must have been hookers during the Batista regime. There are no clues in their faces, but at least they haven't been turned into salt.

I pass a police station, which in Cuba is always identifiable by a uniformed guard standing in the doorway, brandishing a Russian AK-47 carbine with a huge banana clip. In fractured Spanish, I ask him directions to La Bodaguito del Medio, which he gives me, while slapping me on the back as if my appearance at a police station is a sign of mutual friendship.

La Bodaguito del Medio—which I'd heard about earlier in the week—is an artists' restaurant and bar with a "bohemian" atmosphere that is unique in Havana and probably in all of Cuba. It is an old building with a small Z-shaped bar, an overhead fan slowly whirling and a maze of small, connected dining alcoves. The walls are covered with salutations and revolutionary quotes from around the world. It used to be a favorite hangout of Ernest Hemingway. And evidence of Hemingway's official canonization by the government can be seen in quotes on the walls from his novels and a large poster proclaiming the annual Ernest Hemingway Fishing Tournament—Cuba's largest. There is also a display case containing a pair of boots worn by Salvador Allende—the deposed ex-leader of Chile. A sign in the display case tells us that he was murdered by the CIA. There are various

anti-American sentiments scrawled on one wall—an international indictment from Angolans, Arabs, Poles, Russians—half the planet it seems. A poster on the wall is a rare display of Revolutionary wit—albeit bitter:


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jet set, credit card, Junior League, T-bone steak, squash, Scotch, wash-and-wear, rent-a-car, Fiesta Palace, public relations, European Health Spa, Diner's Club, VIPs, Mexico City pink zone, cocktail party, English in six weeks, aggressive salesman, junior executive, Latin lover, Penthouse, Playboy, Made in Mexico. YES YOU:

COMO CACA
[eat shit—in lettering
like Coca-Cola]

But as I stand in this place taking it all in, I realize that the anti-American sentiment will disappear from the walls of La Bodaguito eventually, just as it will disappear from the consciousness of Cubans. Most Cubans with whom I have spoken realize that politics is a game and that the Cuban-American confrontation is about to change direction. Havana will never be the tourist wonderland it once was, nor will Cuban leaders become running dogs to American interests. However, it seems inevitable that a new bond will form between our two countries.

Of course, there are a number of differences—material and moral—that separate us. For instance, there is the small matter of the \$1.6 billion expropriation tab—for American businesses nationalized by Castro's Revolution—and the fact that Cuba still exports that Revolution. The expropriation tab may somehow be settled in time—as money matters always are—and Cuban involvement in Africa may diminish as Cuban reliance on the Soviet Union lessens. The Soviets are tiring of pumping money into Cuba (at \$2 million a day). And Castro, despite official rhetoric to the contrary, is more concerned with national than international goals.

Cuba has many problems: chronic shortages of almost everything, limited natural resources and an economy that is trapped by world market prices into a near-total reliance on sugar as the main export. Nevertheless, the majority of the Cuban people are behind Fidel Castro and his Revolution. And the reason is simple: For the first time in its history, Cuba's fate is controlled by Cubans. 

INTERVIEW

(continued from page 92)

now, but it's piss-poor the way it's happening. Ten states have decriminalized the possession of marijuana—that is, possessing small amounts is not a criminal act. Some states give a citation—something along the lines of a traffic ticket—and they're not even a misdemeanor offense. But that is really bullshit. Why should you even get a citation for having up to an ounce? Federal and state studies have shown that antipot laws are not effective deterrents to smoking pot. Only a minute percentage of those who don't smoke pot stay away from it because it's illegal. And the states that *have* decriminalized pot have not seen a great rise in its use. **HUSTLER:** Is it possible in some states to grow certain amounts of marijuana for personal use?

KOWAL: Not too long ago the California legislature was toying with the idea of letting people grow up to six plants. Now they're down to three plants. The point is that the possibilities of this kind of legislation are fascinating. Does that mean three plants per person in your family? If you have a family of five, does that mean you are allowed to grow 15 plants? The absurdities of this type of legalization are so apparent that it's hard to talk about them seriously.

HUSTLER: How harmful, in fact, is marijuana?

KOWAL: A friend of mine who owns a large rolling-paper company carries a *New York Times* clipping about a guy in London who died from an overdose of carrot juice. It seems this guy had been drinking so much carrot juice that he turned orange before he died. There has never been a conclusive study showing the bad effects of pot that hasn't been refuted by at least five other studies. I personally believe, even though I smoke pot regularly, that a human's lungs weren't made to take in any kind of smoke. I don't smoke tobacco and I can't believe that pot smoke is any better for your lungs than other kinds of smoke one can inhale. Other than that, pot doesn't cause you to lose your memory; after smoking grass you don't suddenly become a dope fiend and go on to hard drugs.

HUSTLER: We would disagree with the point that smoking a lot of heavy dope isn't going to affect your memory.

KOWAL: I'm not saying that pot cannot be misused. I know people who smoke their first joint of the day the moment they wake up. Minutes later, their second joint. You're talking about people who are smoking so much that it

*High Times and
HUSTLER are both
pushing the limits,
opening up an
expanded
consciousness.*

becomes their main preoccupation—even more important than a family or a career.

HUSTLER: Isn't marijuana used for treating glaucoma?

KOWAL: It doesn't cure glaucoma, but it helps relieve pressure behind the eyeballs. Marijuana is even being tested at the University of Virginia Medical School as a pain-reliever for cancer patients.

HUSTLER: Well, what about cocaine? Very popular and very expensive. And it seems to be gaining more and more acceptability now.

KOWAL: While being one of the most expensive drugs, cocaine is also one of the least harmful drugs that exist in the underground market today. A recent book, *Cocaine* (by Dr. James B. Bakalar and Dr. Lester Grinspoon, both from Harvard), seems to bear this out. They weren't able to find any study showing deterioration of health from the use of cocaine. The stories about perforated septums from snorting too much cocaine are a myth.* Cocaine has been used by the natives of South America for hundreds of years and wasn't illegal in this country until the early 1900s. Of course, it too can be abused, but it's less harmful than liquor or tobacco.

HUSTLER: Could an overdose of coke

seriously harm or even kill you?

KOWAL: You can inject water or air into your veins and kill yourself. You can inject anything into your veins and kill yourself. But you can't kill yourself by snorting coke.

HUSTLER: What's the big attraction to cocaine. There isn't an appreciable "rush" from it, yet it costs so much?

KOWAL: Cocaine is an energetic—it makes you feel good about yourself, but in a very subtle way. And it's certainly expensive when you consider how subtle the high is. The pricing is ridiculous. Don't get me wrong. I happen to enjoy cocaine tremendously, but I think the price per high is not economically worth it. Cocaine is a status symbol—especially in the rock 'n' roll world, in the entertainment industry and in major urban centers. Coke is like driving a Rolls as opposed to a Chevy, if by Chevy you mean marijuana.

HUSTLER: Would you say that the most dangerous drug and manipulator of the population is television?

KOWAL: Yes, I would.

HUSTLER: Do you think the legalization of marijuana and cocaine would ultimately take the public away from television, which is an opiate controlled by Big Business?

KOWAL: No, I think television is too big. I think it's only going to get bigger and more advanced technologically.

HUSTLER: OK, what ever happened to LSD?

KOWAL: It's still alive and kicking. In

**Editors Note: Several studies have shown that prolonged abuse of cocaine can in a small percentage of cases cause a perforated septum—Journal of the American Medical Association, January 1975, Vol. 231; Medical Journal of Australia, July 10, 1976.*



"Now remember, Miss Drecksbottom... when the MC says 'Presenting Miss Hemorrhoid 1977,' you pop out of the asshole!"

fact, it's been enjoying a bit of a resurgence lately. LSD seemed to die out after its real "chic" period in the late '60s and early '70s. But it's the kind of drug that should be respected—it shouldn't be taken lightly. Most people found that after a finite number of trips on LSD they'd gotten what they wanted to get out of it. Many people, including myself, felt that LSD was beneficial to the expansion of their consciousness.

HUSTLER: After a certain number of trips, though, it seems that one's ability to think slows down. Regular users in the '60s talked about having burned holes in their brains with LSD.

KOWAL: LSD, more than most drugs, can definitely be abused because it's a powerful psychoactive [affecting the brain] agent. Again I have to repeat: All drugs can be abused.

HUSTLER: You have said that you were in favor of the legalization of *all* drugs. How would you justify that with respect to heroin—the skull at the end of everyone's argument?

KOWAL: I believe heroin should be legalized, although I don't necessarily think that people should be using it. The main premise is that I don't believe the government or anybody else has the right to tell you what to do with your body. I don't think suicide should be illegal either. The people who are going

to take heroin are going to take it no matter what. At least we would have control over it. More heroin-related deaths occur from the impurities found in it than from the heroin itself. If there were some regulation, there might be a step toward helping the people who do have heroin problems. The immediate benefits from legalizing heroin can be hinted at by examining New York City. Estimates show that up to half of all street crime in New York is heroin-related. People have to rob, and in some cases kill, in order to go out and buy this drug. If there were some way the government could regulate its use (and I don't have the answer to how it would be done), it's conceivable that we could cut out 50 percent of the street crime in New York City.

HUSTLER: You're talking about people who are already addicted. But we have to disagree with you most emphatically about legalizing it, since heroin is so debilitating, so dehumanizing and so highly addictive.

KOWAL: Heroin is *not* highly addictive. Most people who take heroin are not addicted to it but are occasional users, called "chippers." And besides, the concept of addiction is not a cut-and-dried issue. A single concept of addiction has never been ratified by the whole scientific community.

HUSTLER: That's bullshit. There's been a lot of information recently about how opiates, such as heroin, block the manufacture of enkephalin. When you withdraw from heroin, the body has to have a time to readjust and to remanufacture the enkephalin, which is a pain-suppressant."

KOWAL: Let me qualify what I'm saying, and I'll cite as the basis for my facts Dr. Andrew Weil and Dr. Norman Zinberg, both from Harvard. According to them, drugs are not the problem. People are the problem. People who have problems with their personalities—problems of insecurity, or what have you—find

Editor's Note: When functioning normally, the brain produces a pain-suppressing chemical, enkephalin. When heroin is introduced, however, it binds with brain cells and acts as an artificial enkephalin. Heroin is capable of binding with particular brain cells because its molecular structure is similar to them. In other words, heroin tricks the brain into accepting it as the chemical enkephalin. Scientists say it's likely that a heroin user's brain eventually gets lazy and stops producing the pain-suppressing chemical, while relying on the artificial enkephalin. When heroin is withdrawn, it takes the brain a period of time to readjust and begin manufacturing true enkephalin again. This transition period may be what causes the agony of withdrawal.

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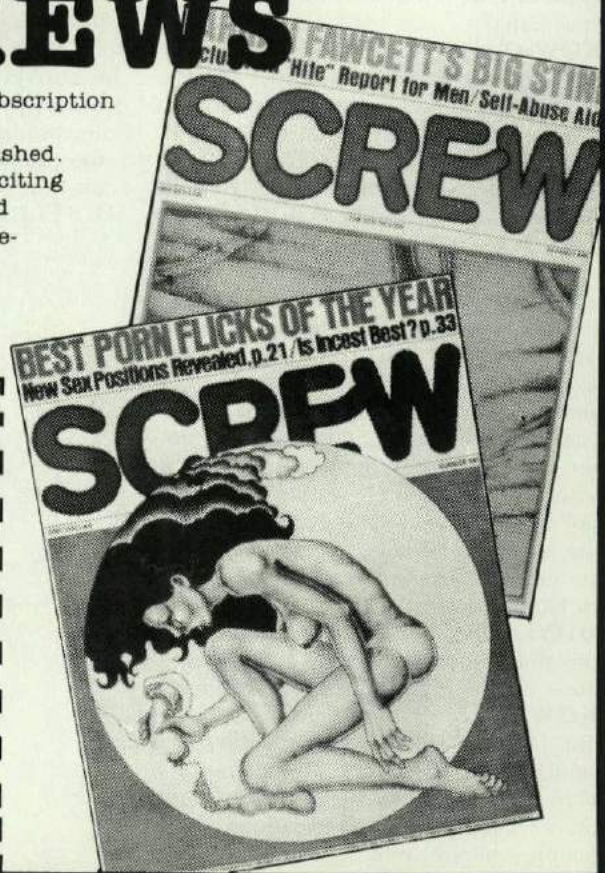
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relief in drugs. I firmly believe that if heroin didn't exist, the same number of Americans who are now heroin addicts would still have debilitating problems. Maybe alcoholism, or—

HUSTLER: We would say that, at the very least, if heroin were decriminalized, users should be registered.

KOWAL: I'm not disagreeing. I say I don't have the answer to how it could be accomplished. *High Times* does not use heroin in its editorial matter because we don't believe that it's of great interest to our readers. Certainly some of them probably use heroin, but *High Times* doesn't really get involved with the heroin issue except from the theoretical point of view concerning legalization.

HUSTLER: One of the funnier things you do in *High Times* is to present a centerfold of a pound of grass or some other drug instead of a nude female, as we do.

KOWAL: Right, and we'll continue to do so as part of our maintenance of coverage of the dope scene.

HUSTLER: Do your readers jack off to the centerfold or do they try to smoke the pages?

KOWAL: Virtually! People come to me and say, "Where the hell can I get something like that? Where do you guys find it?" In fact, I often get complaints that we shouldn't run pictures of such exotic grass because it's so hard to find.

HUSTLER: Are the various drugs you photograph for *High Times* real, or do you use substitutes, such as sugar for cocaine?

KOWAL: No, we always find the real commodity.

HUSTLER: Why go to all the extra trouble? Nobody would know the difference between sugar and cocaine.

KOWAL: But I would. In a real close-up photograph you could tell the difference. We've already checked out ways to simulate cocaine, but we haven't run any of those pictures. In some cases it would probably be wise to do that because a large amount of cocaine would be an expensive centerfold. However, I think that if we started presenting pictures of bogus dope, we'd lose some of the credibility we've been trying so hard to gain.

HUSTLER: Has *High Times* been harassed by law-enforcement officials?

KOWAL: The only heat that *High Times* has experienced, to my knowledge, occurred when the New York City police planted a cop on our staff.

HUSTLER: How did you find out?

KOWAL: After we hired a guy as an errand boy, several staff people came to me at separate times and said, "I hate to say anything, but this guy has been asking an awful lot of questions about you and the magazine that he has no reason in the world to ask." We had our private

"The American press has failed to talk intelligently about drugs. It took a magazine like High Times to do that."

detectives trail him one day, and they saw him take a package out of the *High Times* office. He met two other plainclothesmen, who opened the package, made sure it wasn't a pound of cocaine or something else, and sent it back on its way. Our detectives followed the errand boy for two more days, and the pattern was the same. The vibes running around the office were so heavy that he finally packed up and quit.

HUSTLER: Have federal agents ever watched your office?

KOWAL: Periodically we've noticed a van with two guys in it parked across the street. Now maybe they're just a couple of building contractors taking an eight-hour lunch. We've never proven conclusively that they're watching us. Of course, our paranoia—due to the controversial business we're in—tells us that it could very well be the feds.

HUSTLER: Do you have special security screening for new employees?

KOWAL: For a long time after we found the cop, all employees were screened by a private detective agency to make sure they weren't police agents. We haven't done so lately, because all the people who work at *High Times* now are so professional that I can't believe they're moonlighting cops.

HUSTLER: The fact that it took a

magazine like *High Times* to really talk in an intelligent manner about drugs indicates the failure of the press in the United States to reflect the needs of the people. The *New York Times*, for example, would shy away from your type of treatment for fear of losing advertisers.

KOWAL: Certainly not as much anymore. We'll take some credit for that.

HUSTLER: Do you think publications like *HUSTLER* and *High Times* are confronting the rigid, inflexible attitudes of the past, represented by the Establishment and old-line politicians?

KOWAL: No question about it. The first time I met Larry Flynt, I told him that I felt a relationship existed between our respective magazines because we're both "outlaws."

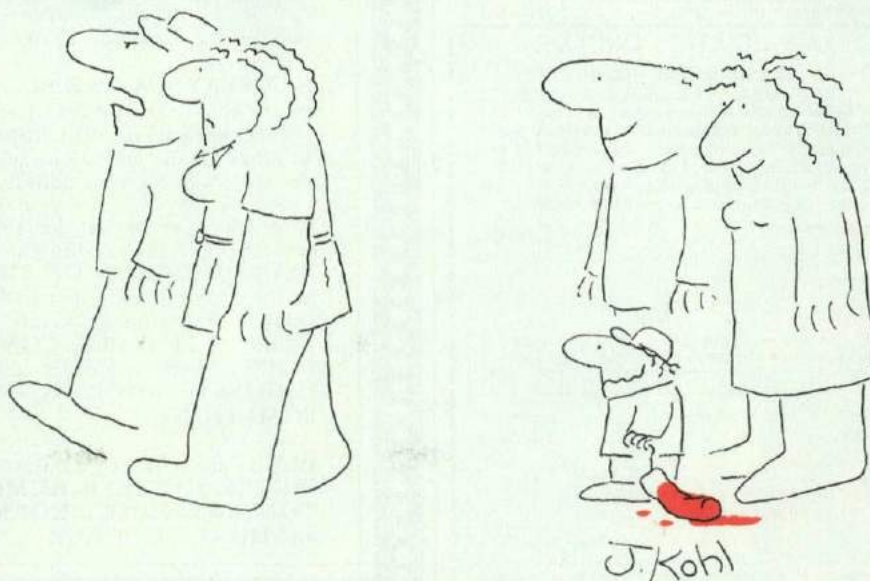
HUSTLER: But the consequences of our being "outlaws" have been different for both of us. Your magazine deals with an illegal item, drugs, and we deal with sex—which is, after all, legal. You never faced the law, yet we have.

KOWAL: Yes, but we were harassed in an extralegal way by the economic community—they wouldn't distribute us. Both of our publications are pushing the First Amendment right up against the wall. We're taking it virtually as far as it can be taken.

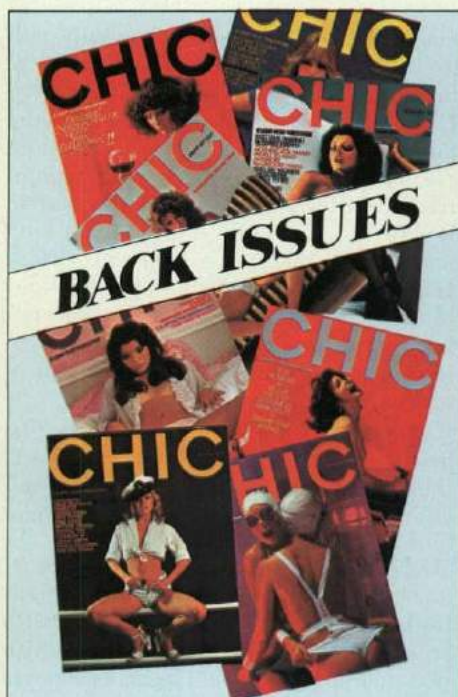
HUSTLER: Ultimately, of course, 10 or 20 years from now we'll be considered the Establishment, don't you think?

KOWAL: Exactly. We've seen it happen with *Rolling Stone* and *Playboy*, which were doing what *High Times* and *HUSTLER* are doing today—pushing the limits and opening up a new and expanded consciousness.

HUSTLER: Right, absolutely true. And we'll defend your right to advocate your point of view without necessarily agreeing with it. You have that right. 🌐



"I told you not to wear a short skirt around the little bastard!"



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THIRD ANNUAL REVIEW OF MEN'S MAGAZINES—One of the stars from the NBC television smash *Saturday Night* and little-known connoisseur of smut, Garrett Morris, throws a couple of cream pies during this unbiased critique.

WHY WE'RE FREEZING THIS WINTER—When your lips become purple and your balls turn to ice this season, it may make your blood boil to know that Jack Frost is manipulated by the federal government and the oil companies. By Ira Rosen

THE STATE OF THE INDIAN NATION—In this special report, HUSTLER examines how native Americans have fared at the greedy hands of the white man. We sent writer Charles Raisch and photographer Bob Day to reservations from Maine to California to investigate and document the plight of American Indians.



HUSTLER'S GIFT GUIDE—If holiday gift giving means nothing more to you than argyle socks and a Kodak Instamatic, you'll appreciate these newfangled items that Santa's elves created under the influence of laughing gas. By Steve Sayadian



SLIDER—Life often takes a downhill turn and when it does, you can either let yourself get burned by the friction or hang on and enjoy the ride. The slant of next month's fiction concerns a man who returns home after a year's absence. By Bruce Margolius

SEX PLAY: EATING PUSSY—Since we first published a *Sex Play* on the art of eating pussy (June 1975 HUSTLER) many of our women readers have asked us to provide instruction in the fine points of cunnilingus for the male beginner. Next month Sean Carlisle runs down the secrets of superior muffediving.

And while we're on the subject, there's something fishy about the sexiness of **BLUE: CHICKEN OF THE SEA** that will wet your Jockey shorts. But you'll also want to sink your hook into **ALLYSON: TAKING IT HARD**, **CONNIE: EASY DOES IT** and our life-size centerfold catch, **CHRISSY: LOOKING TO START SOMETHING**.



PLUS—Snowflakes of education and entertainment in **BITS & PIECES**, **HUSTLER HUMOR**, **BEAVER HUNT**, **ADVISE & CONSENT**, **KINKY KORNER**, **MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK** and **HONEY HOOKER**.

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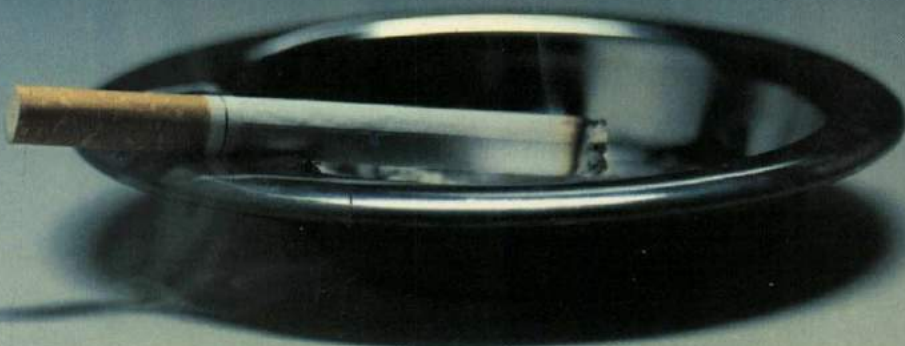


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